# November Harpers MAGAZINE

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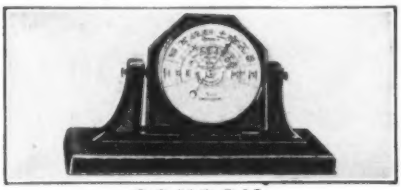

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# A Boy's Glimpse of the Starry Heavens Almost Revolutionized a Science

A SMALL boy of nine stood with his eye glued to a telescope pointed into the limitless spaces of the universe. He was getting his first close-up of the constellations. The thoughts that were buzzing in his small head as he viewed the stars and planets that swam into his field of vision may only be conjectured, but many years later he wrote, "Young as I was, the scenery of the moon and the rings of Saturn impressed me deeply. . . . The entrancing beauty of that first sight has never been forgotten."

The sense of "entrancing beauty" flowered within the soul of that growing boy; the desire to explore the heavens and to see again the wonders which he had barely glimpsed became an obsession. But the son of a poor saddler and the eldest of seven children had little opportunity — and less money — to satisfy whims of such a kind. For the time, he had to content himself with lying on the grass at night, gazing up at the stars, lost in speculation about those far-distant worlds and dreaming dreams of the day when he could once again see the beauties and wonders of the universe at close range. Meanwhile, an understanding grandfather, who shared his passion for astronomy and who had paid for the boy's first view through the telescope, taught him the little that he knew.

Through the years of adolescence and young manhood, John Alfred Brashear cherished the memory of that magnificent vision of the stars. He had, at the age of twenty-two, taken a wife whom he supported by his trade as a pattern-maker in the mills of Pittsburgh; even the rigors of a hard life of breadwinning could not lessen the compelling force of that youthful vision. He finally decided, since he could not afford to buy a good object glass, that he would make a telescope for himself.

He knew nothing about the polishing of lenses, but by dint of careful saving, he secured enough money to buy the glass for a five-inch lens and borrowed a few books to tell him how to go about the work. He was arising at 5:30 every morning to go to the mills where he was employed; often he did not return from his work until after 6:00 in the evening. But with the constant and invaluable aid and encouragement of his wife, who had come to underst l the desire that burned within his heart, he labored over the polishing of the glass far into the nights.

It was three years before the lens was mounted, temporarily, and stuck through an open window for its first revelation of the heavens. Wonderful! Once more he saw the blazing glory of Saturn with its encircling rings. After his wife had also enjoyed the sight, he called in all the neighbors.

Through the making of his first lens, he made the acquaintance of Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley, who was then at the old Allegheny Observatory. It was he who made possible the fulfillment of Brashear's dearest dream — the opportunity to have a look through the thirteen-inch telescope of the Observatory. Naturally he felt a sense of discouragement with his own results when contrasted with those of the larger instrument, but of that dissatisfaction was born a new incentive — the desire to make a better telescope.

For eleven years, he endured the hardships of life in the mills in conjunction with long hours of night work devoted to study and experimentation. At lunch time he used to go down into the ash-pit of the rolling-mill furnace and there would tell the stories of his stars to fellow workmen, picturing them on a piece of sheet-iron with a lump of chalk. Always sharing the newly discovered delights of astronomy with others, he spent his evening hours at making instruments for his friends at a nominal cost. Then the idea of making them on a commercial scale occurred to him. A short time later he suffered a nervous break-down due to over-work; this decided him to devote full time to instrument making.

At this turning point in his career, he met William Thaw, that philanthropist and great friend of science, who gave him the financial aid necessary in going into business for himself. From a very modest beginning, he rose to become the peer of any maker of astronomical lenses and instruments of precision of his day. It was the perfection of his work that caused the demand for his lenses by astronomers everywhere.

Brashear's great contribution to science lay in his mastery of the art of making a plane surface. Through this, he rendered invaluable aid in the work of the distinguished physicist, Henry A. Rowland of Johns Hopkins University. The speculum-metal plates from which the famous Rowland Diffraction Gratings were made required a very accurate surface, no error of even

one-fifth of a light wave, or one two-hundred-thousandth of an inch. A further important contribution to science was the Brashear Method of silvering mirrors; another great achievement was in connection with the design and development of the spectroscope for astronomical uses. It is impossible to estimate accurately the progress of the science of astronomy due to his mechanical genius.

Mechanical genius he certainly had. His numerous technical papers contained valuable contributions to scientific knowledge. But genius of this kind cannot explain why this man without a formal education should, in the twentieth century, be chosen Acting Chancellor of a large university, or why he should be selected by Andrew Carnegie to have a large share in the work of making and executing the plans for the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Mechanical genius cannot explain why Henry C. Frick, when he wanted to give half a million dollars for educational purposes in Pittsburgh, should have selected John A. Brashear to handle the fund, a man whose entire life had demonstrated his inability to grapple successfully with financial and business problems. There was a genius other than mechanical which made John Brashear the intimate of millionaires and paupers, of scientists, educators, and of untutored workmen.

The force that dominated him was a sincere desire to share the beauty of the universe with all mankind. It made of him a unique figure, of broad sympathy and understanding. Crusty old scientists came to him first because his genius could aid them in their work; they returned because they loved him. To literally thousands of people he became known as "Uncle John." On his death in 1920, he was mourned not only as Pittsburgh's, but as Pennsylvania's "best loved citizen."

The story of the boy with the love for the stars, who surmounted every obstacle until he became the leader of all living men as maker of astronomical lenses and instruments of precision, is a true romance of our own time. The story of almost any successful man is just such a romance. Brashear is but one of the unusual figures in our country's history.

To bring to light these authentic romances which are woven into the background of our heritage of common knowledge; to set down these personal histories which are not only records of individual achievement but mile-stones along the road of our national progress; to preserve the story of our nationhood as reflected by the lives of those who caught the vision of an expanding America — these are the larger purposes of the Dictionary of American Biography, where appears the story of John A. Brashear, together with the interesting accounts of equally eminent, but perhaps little known, Americans.

Broader in scope than any other biographical collection, this monumental work includes the life-stories of many men and women who cannot be placed in the conventional categories of tradition. Here may be found accounts of great scientists, manufacturers, technicians, sportsmen, educators, actors, who contributed, in their own fields, quite as much to our national consciousness as did the more traditional figures — the statesmen, diplomats, clergymen, soldiers with whom we are more familiar. The aim of the Dictionary of American Biography is to include within its pages the life-story of every American who had made some contribution, beyond mediocrity, to many sided American life.

Being published under the auspices of the Learned Societies of America, the Dictionary of American Biography — of which three volumes have already appeared, and of which subsequent volumes will be published at the rate of three a year — has the unmistakable mark of authority. But it is not only an indispensable reference book; it is a storehouse of entertaining, amusing, tragic information about the men and women who have made America. Biography need never be dull and uninteresting. The strangest thing in life is truth; the most romantic thing in life is man. So the nearer we approach the truth about a man, the closer we come to romance, more strange and thrilling than fiction. The Dictionary of American Biography has been prepared with that thought in mind. The result is that *readability*, as well as *reliability*, is one of its distinguishing characteristics. The coupon below will bring you full information.

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# AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

*Literary Editor of the New York World*

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FORSYTES

*THE FORSYTE SAGA* grew out of John Galsworthy's stories about members of that remarkable English family which is probably as well known to American readers as is the reigning English house. As book succeeded book, it grew to the proportions of a history, and the author collected his work in one binding. But the life of the family went on, and year after year this author added to his famous group, until another great segment of the Forsyte chronicles had been recorded. Mr. Galsworthy has now united the books written since 1924 into the second part, called *A Modern Comedy*. Comedy? Mr. Galsworthy uses the word neither facetiously nor ironically, yet admits that no other word will fit that restive period in which we have lived since the War. "An age which knows not what it wants, yet is intensely preoccupied with getting it, must evoke a smile, if rather a sad one." *A Modern Comedy* contains, reading from left to right, *The White Monkey*, the little interlude called *A Silent Wooing*, then *The Silver Spoon*, another interlude, *Passers By*, and *Swan Song*. The first group of *The Forsyte Saga* dealt with that sense of property which was inherent in the family; it will now be useful to compare the two divisions of the chronicle to observe what changes have come about in this strict loyalty of the elders and in what form they have passed it down to their sons. Mr. Galsworthy has written a story running from 1886 to 1926. In his introduction to the new book he has told something of his aim and something about England. He points out the contrast between the older generation and the younger, the difference between those who "retained their sense of property and their desire to provide for and to live on in their progeny," and "the generation which came in when Queen Victoria went out, which through new ideas about the treatment of children, because of new modes of locomotion, and owing to the great War, has decided that everything requires re-valuation. And," continues the author, "since there is, seemingly, very little future before property, and less before life, it is determined to live now or never, without bothering about the fate of such offspring as it may chance to have. Not that the present generation is less fond of its children than were past generations—human nature does not change on points so elementary—but when everything is keyed to such a pitch of uncertainty, to secure the future at the expense of the present no longer seems worth while. That is really the fundamental difference between the present and the past generations." To Mr. Galsworthy youth is still balancing, twirling on the tiptoes of uncertainty, but there are signs abroad that youth is beginning to look for a dance less giddy. At any rate here is the galaxy—Old Forsyte, Old Mont, Fleur, Foggartism, Jon, parliamentary doings and the adjustment of the post-war years. Almost a social study of a class—a class that, in the older generation at least, was always sure of itself. Mr. Galsworthy has written one of the truly great books of our time in the chronicles of the Forsytes, and has shown how life, with its tragedy and its comedy, may be viewed with a saving grace of humor. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

# *Among the New Books*

ETCHING AND FINE PRINTS

The series of books called *Masters of Etching*, which William Edwin Rudge has been introducing in the United States, has now reached its twenty-second book with *L. C. Rosenberg, A.R.E.* as its subject. This is a particularly interesting subject for Americans, many of whom are watching Rosenberg's work with intense enthusiasm. He has been before the public only seven years, having taken up etching seriously after becoming professor of architectural design in the University of Oregon after the War. His etchings, always dealing with an unusual grouping of buildings, also have in them the atmosphere and the people of the localities. Another recent book in this series dealt with Malcolm Osborne; the series began with Frank Brangwyn, and has included Meryon, Benson, Rembrandt, Lumsden, Seymour Haden, Brockhurst, Forain, and others. Another series of art books is *Famous Water Colour Painters*, of which the fifth and sixth books, dealing with Peter De Wint and Thomas Rowlandson have recently been issued, as well as *Famous Sporting Prints*, of which the last, the fifth, has eight reproductions of Henry Alken's famous prints. *Contemporary American Portrait Painters*, prepared by Cuthbert Lee, describes the work of fifty living painters, a full page being given to a biographical sketch, opposite a reproduction of one of the painter's best-known portraits, reproduced by the aquatone process. The compiler's object—to present briefly and effectively some knowledge of living portrait painters, who are most likely to be overlooked in the rush of American life—seems successfully achieved.

GILBERT SELDES
Author of "An Hour with the Movies and the Talkies"

THE INCREDIBLE DUMAS

There was so much to write about Alexandre Dumas that it is a wonder that Herbert Gorman managed to get so well-rounded a tale about him into the pages of one book. His biography, like his romances, overflows volumes; he had so much vitality, did so much, made so much noise, was such a tremendous swashbuckler. Mr. Gorman calls his story *The Incredible Marquis*. He portrays not alone one man, but an epoch. He describes all the men and women with whom Dumas came in contact—and that means most of the personalities in the first half of the nineteenth century in Paris. Dumas was a prolific maker of tales—although he had half a dozen men assisting him in digging out plots and preparing material from the archives. In our time he would have made a startling editor of a Sunday newspaper supplement, or a tabloid. He had many dreams, many stories, many loves. He was extravagant with his money and lost most of it; he was vain and made himself ridiculous. His castle of Monte Cristo is a villa between Marly and St. Germain-en-Laye; if you have ever taken the motor trip out from Paris in that direction you will recall its familiar turrets and gables. It was singular that, despite his tremendous popularity as a story-teller, Dumas became personally disliked on account of his manners, his insults, and his buffoonery. His long career included contacts with Louis XVIII, Marquis de la Fayette, the Duc d'Orleans, and Garibaldi. In the late years of his life he came in contact with Adah Menken, the famous heroine of *Mazeppa*, and "the world's delight," who is the heroine of a new book by the latter title written by Fulton Oursler. Yet nearly everywhere Dumas overdid matters; he made himself obnoxious to the king, to Lafayette, to Garibaldi, and to his son, Alexandre, the dramatist, and was laughed at by Adah. He conquered Paris practically a hundred years ago and waxed fat with the popularity of the romantics of the 1830's,

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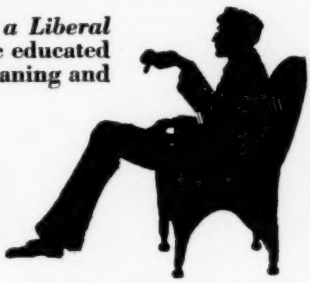

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# *Among the New Books*

but when he died in 1870 he had outlived most of his contemporaries, his loves, and his fame. Those who enjoy the Dumas romances will thoroughly enjoy this biography of Dumas. Mr. Gorman has caught the atmosphere of those times and written with gusto. (Farrar & Rinehart.)

"SEVEN IRON MEN"

Paul de Kruif has dramatized in his new book, *Seven Iron Men*, the career of the seven sons of Lewis and Hepzibeth Merritt, who discovered the Mesaba iron range in northern Minnesota. The Merritts reached this trackless land in 1856, after having moved from New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio to Duluth. That the development of this rich deposit was due to their perseverance is conceded by many historians. Yet the riches that it held went to Eastern capitalists and great corporations. That is what makes the whole story so dramatic—the finding of the ore, the years of work trying to get money interested, the watchful care of old Hepzibeth, who lived to see the iron mines and the railroad in her son's hands, and lived also to see them lose everything in the panic years of 1893 and 1894. The author has portrayed this with great effect, especially in the chapter telling how Leonidas Merritt, the oldest of the seven brothers, visited Washington in November, 1911, and tried to explain to a congressional committee how the famous properties had passed out of his hands. In 1893 the freighters took their first 600,000 tons of red ore from the Lake Superior mines, and in 1910, the year before Leonidas testified, the range that he had found had shipped nearly 30,000,000 tons. "To look at him, you'd never suspect he had been one of the prime causes of the phenomenal rise, between 1896 and 1900, of the profits of the Carnegie Steel Company from $8,000,000 a year to $40,000,000."

WILL CUPPY
Author of "How To Be a Hermit, or A Bachelor Keeps House"

The tragedy is that after a lifetime of exploration and development these men did not have the luck or the cunning to keep what they had gained. So far as the records adduced by Mr. de Kruif go, there seems to have been a streak of ill luck which the Merritts failed to weather, and which the Eastern capitalists, with superior financial backing, were able to withstand. He closes his book with a sketch of the third generation, a fine brood of Merritt children who are making their mark in the world, and who might have been ruined if they had amassed the wealth of the iron barons. In fact, it is not always easy to say that the wealthy were the victors in the development of iron. Mr. de Kruif's singular style has one great quality—it permits him to say a great deal between the lines. He wrote, as readers may recall, *Microbe Hunters* and *Hunger Fighters*. (Harcourt, Brace.)

THE NEW "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"

The fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is now available. It comprises twenty-four volumes of about 1,000 pages each, containing roughly 30,000,000 words of information. Such figures are always impressive, at first glance, but the meat is in the articles. A great deal has been written about humanizing the *Britannica*, and Americanizing it as well. I have not read all of the 30,000,000 words, but those which I have read prove that the *Britannica* is a most remarkable work, closer to the activities of life than ever before. It retains discussions of scholarly subjects by the best authorities, and adds studies of modern scientific and business methods. One may gauge the scope of these articles by naming their titles, or listing the names of their authors; in either case the result is impressive. To find the best of contemporary minds writing on their own subjects makes the *Britannica* a handbook for this day and

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Virginius Littlepage was obviously the happiest of mortals. He had a lovely daughter saving the Balkans and a genuinely good wife endowed with every charm except the thrilling touch of human frailty, but he found himself bound to the fate of each one of these three who stooped to folly, by pity, chivalry or desire. This gleaming and ironic comedy, as seen through his wistful eye, is the most quoted book of the season.

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# *Among the New Books*

age. Albert Einstein, Henry Ford, Gen. John J. Pershing, Frank B. Kellogg, George Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Murray, Albert A. Michelson, H. L. Mencken, Owen D. Young, Orville Wright, Bishop Manning, Cardinal Bourne, James Harvey Robinson, Lion Feuchtwanger, Jesse L. Lasky, Gene Tunney, Mackenzie King, Alexis Carrel, Elmer A. Sperry, Cecil De Mille, Thomas G. Masaryk, Paul Painlevé, William Beebe, Col. E. M. House, Benedetto Croce, Helen Wills—these are but a few who contribute to the new edition. The *Britannica* is American owned, but edited under the direction of J. L. Garvin, editor of the *London Observer*, assisted by editorial boards in London and New York. The articles gathered by these two boards were compared and studied in both cities. The tone of the *Britannica* is one of Anglo-American co-operation, and in various articles the unity of the English-speaking people of the world is emphasized. Although the American scene is described more in detail than ever before, and American business life, culture, architecture, music, literature, and history are handled in great detail, there is a compensating use of space for describing English and British activities. Thus the *Britannica* remains an international work and, as far as I can see, it is an ambassador of good will between the nations. The greatest change has come about in articles describing aviation and aeronautical topics, in business and factory methods, and in scientific contributions by Einstein, Michelson, and other authorities. Sculpture, architecture, even book-making show some remarkable additions—especially in the United States. Philosophy may not have changed much, but there is an unusual clarity about the articles, giving the layman a chance to understand what it is all about. Motion pictures get the fullest possible description, including comment on manufacture and direction, and illustrations showing how films are made, how pictures are taken, and how famous actors, such as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Lon Chaney, get their effects. An added advantage is the grouping of all maps in one book, so that it may be used as an atlas. The best development of the *Britannica* occurred in the twelfth edition, issued in 1910 and 1911. Two supplementary editions of three volumes each were issued in 1922 and 1926 to incorporate changes made during the War years and after. The fourteenth edition, entirely reset, and for the most part rewritten, is an eloquent mirror of English and American activities and interests in our age.

BRAND WHITLOCK
Author of "La Fayette"

NOVELS OF THE FALL SEASON

The fall book season has seen the publication of a large number of new novels, many of them first or second books of young authors. Opinion in general seems to approve the courage of authors in tackling new and difficult themes. There has even been applause for what might have been termed experimental novels a year or two ago. *Money for Love*, by Josephine Herbst, is one of those showing the successful use of a new method. The author draws her vocabulary from the stratum she describes, and in her descriptive passages remains bound by the usage of the vernacular. The result is striking. In writing about commonplace people the author reports their thoughts and acts in the language they would use. The novel deals with the half-hearted attempt of a girl to get money from a former lover by amateurish blackmail; and she and the other characters are men and women who have lost the original bloom of youth and now have a mild affection for one another based on their propinquity. What might have been a drab tale becomes a successful view of a segment of life. (Coward-McCann.)

*Whiteoaks of Jalna*, by Mazo de la Roche,

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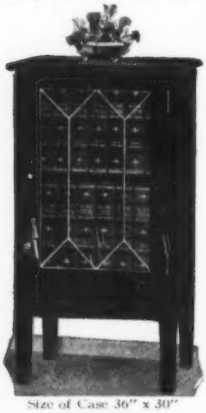

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has also been making friends among all those who read *Jalna*. Miss de la Roche visualized her Canadian family at Jalna so well that she could carry her story forward without giving the appearance of strain. Every one of the Whiteoaks is alive, and their record provides one of the best of the family novels of this season. Here again we see the old grandmother, with her parrot; Renny, the head of the house, in middle age; Eden and Alayne, disagreeing with finality, and permitting the one to elope and the other to have Renny. Here is Finch, the little lad, growing up and furnishing the chief discussion for the family group. And old Adeline, passing out after a game of backgammon, as a centenarian. (Little, Brown & Co.)

Then there is *Up at the Villa*, by Marie Cher, who investigated the history of Charlotte Corday a short time ago. Her new book is a novel describing the life at the Roman villa of an Englishwoman who tells the story of two young girls, Adela and Tatia. These girls are being pursued by two young men when Silvio, an Italian painter, who is unscrupulous in his conquests, turns their heads sufficiently to create difficulties for the men. The tale is easy reading, but good entertainment. (D. Appleton & Co.)

*Gardens of This World* may not exactly fall into the category of novels, yet it has a running story and ought to go there. It happens to be a book written by Henry B. Fuller half a year before his death at the age of seventy-two this summer. Oddly enough, it carries forward the comment of two gentlemen whom readers of Fuller's first book, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, first met in 1890. Grown gray now, but still philosophical about the world and its hectic doings, two old cronies, the chevalier and the Seigneur of Hors Concurs, set forth from Paris for the gardens of the south, lingering over the old cities of Italy and discovering how the new age is strangely out of tune with the old. Fuller's style would be denounced as excessively mannered by the radicals of to-day, but there are many who will welcome a return to prose that has the gracefulness of an old gavotte. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

A book which came to the United States laden with the appreciative comment of English reviewers and novelists is *Ultima Thule*, by Henry Handel Richardson. This book reveals writing so distinguished that one forgets pessimistic forecasts about the passing of the novel. The author tells the story of one household, describing the slow mental

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disintegration of Richard Mahoney, which is due to the untoward action of events upon a sensitive, sometimes obtuse character, who moves from one place to another, from one walk of life to another, trying to conquer fate, but always getting in the way of his best intentions. His wife, who sacrifices everything for him, is sketched with understanding and sympathy. The author has unusual story-telling power. She happens to be a woman, although this was not generally known for many years—I have a copy of her *Maurice Guest* with an introduction by Hugh Walpole in which he speaks constantly of the author as "he." Her style is said to have been of great influence on modern writers in England, and this may well be. (W. W. Norton & Co.)

The Donn Byrne novel of the fall, *Field of Honor*, is unfortunately his last. The young author, who was killed in an automobile accident, left this manuscript dealing with the fortunes of two Irish persons, Garrett McCarthy Dillon and his wife, Jocelyn Munro, during the final phase of the Napoleonic period. In his colorful English Donn Byrne has told of the tribulations of these two. The husband becomes the aide of Lord Castlereagh, whom Donn Byrne pictures as a consummate villain of the deepest dye. This leads to an estrangement with his wife, who abhors Castlereagh. Napoleon is highly romanticized in the book. The book abounds in colorful passages, although the love story is of the light and intangible character found in other books by this author. (The Century Company.)

*How Like a God* by Rex Stout struck me as a story intensely interesting, although I detest the use of the second person singular for a narrative. The story-teller is mounting the stairs to an apartment, ostensibly with the idea of killing a woman who has hurt his pride. On the way he reminisces about his past life, and we learn that women have always influenced him. The one who holds him enslaved keeps him in the bonds of an ignoble passion which he is unable to break although his reason commands it. But neither has he been completely independent of the others. He tries this time to do something drastic, with what results the reader will see. (Vanguard.)

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readers will have a wide choice this season. For at least three years we have been predicting that the flood of biography could not keep up, yet it continues, and authors repeat studies of such well-known men as Washington and Lincoln. We overlook, perhaps, that interest in personality is perennial, and that the career of a man, told by an author with a penetrating mind, is more likely to hold the interest than novels of pathological cases, many of them speaking a language which only other authors, interested in technical novelties, can understand.

The present reviewer naturally disclaims any intention of appraising all the new biographies; he can, for lack of space and time, merely direct attention to a few of the latest. Brand Whitlock, whose *Belgium* was proof of his deep attachment for the little nation that he served so valiantly during the War, has completed another labor of love, *La Fayette*, a complete biography of the great leader, published in two volumes by D. Appleton & Co. *Abraham Lincoln: The Politician and the Man* is a new biography of the president, not weighed down with documents but endeavoring to get an estimate of the man as a whole, from the days when he was a frontier lawyer until his death. This and *Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall* by Allen Tate, who last year published a biography of Stonewall Jackson, written from the Southern point of view, are issued by Minton, Balch & Co. *George Washington*, a life by Shelby Little, is also published by this house.

The man who made Russia a modern nation is the subject of a biography. *Peter the Great* comes from the pen of Stephen Graham, known for many books, fiction and travel. (Simon & Schuster.) A full life of Sir James M. Barrie, following the fortunes of this remarkable writer to his seventieth year (is it possible that Barrie is already seventy?) is called *Barrie: The Story of a Genius* by J. A. Hammerton. (Scribner.) *The Life of George Meredith*, by Robert Edmonde Sencourt, is another biography of a literary figure. (Scribner.) Famous figures in American history with new "lives" are *Thomas Jefferson: The Apostle of Americanism*, by Gilbert Chinard (Little, Brown & Co.), *Daniel Webster*, by Allan L. Benson (Cosmopolitan), and *Mad Anthony Wayne*, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner's). *Lorenzo the Magnificent* has been written down by David Loth, author of *The Brownings*. (Brentano.) *Beaumarchais* has a new "life," by Réné

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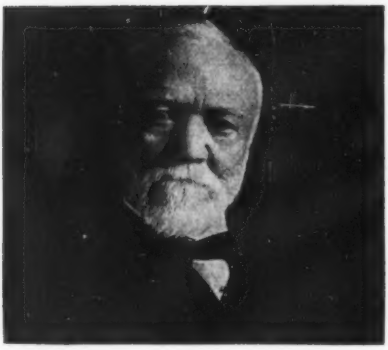

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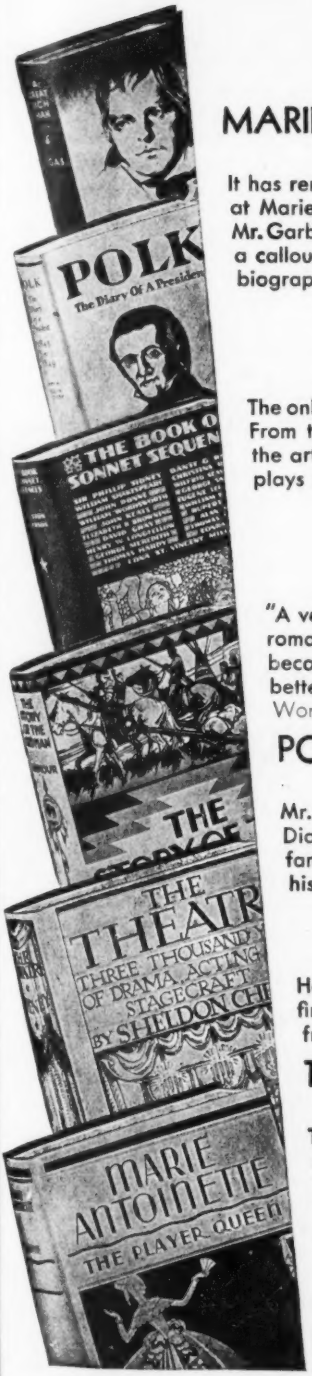


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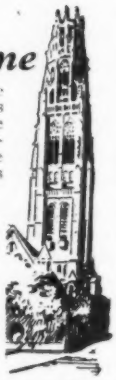

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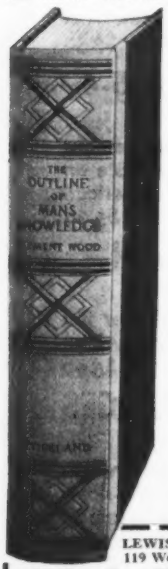


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But he was not forceful, and he did not have the nature to override men's opinions by an appeal to their emotions. He dealt with politics from the standpoint of common sense, acquiesced when necessary, fought often and valiantly, but made no conquest of the imagination of his own people. But America loved him, for he came here as a youth with flaming enthusiasm and courage, and America owed him much. Mr. Whitlock has told, in a fluent, readable style, the story of the early campaigns in the United States, and later described La Fayette's great moment—his apotheosis, when he returned to these shores, in 1824, as a man of sixty-seven, to visit the scenes of his youthful campaigns. The La Fayette visit is still recalled in every hamlet and town that he visited; only this summer I was in the Vermont home of a family which treasured the goblet from which he partook of wine under their roof. He went everywhere conscientiously, saw everybody, was accessible to all sorts of patriots, and everyone loved him. Yet in his own land he passed through the most difficult periods and, although he was one of the men who favored the Revolution and helped bring it about in France, he won only exile and misrepresentation. Yet we see him coming back into power every now and then, even dictating the abdication of Napoleon after the fiasco of Waterloo. A full career of usefulness was his. Mr. Whitlock has taken all the available sources of information and gleaned from them the life story of this remarkable man. He fits into the reading of every American who has enjoyed the recent lives of Napoleon and Washington, for La Fayette dealt with both. His story is partly that of an American, for when he was complimented in 1824 on the excellence of his English, he replied that he was but an American returning home after a long absence in Europe. The book comes in two volumes. (D. Appleton & Co.)

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### Adventures of a Librarian

**by Harland H. Ballard**

*Cleveland Plain Dealer* — "A librarian really has adventures — if he has an adventurous mind. And this book, scholarly and quiet as it is, has positive excitement in it for the reader. I have taken much delight in reading it; and the next time I drive through Pittsfield (which I must do, to get to Cape Cod!) I promise myself to stop and thank the author for it. He must be a delightful person." $2.00

### Life of Ambrose Bierce

**by Walter Neale**

*Large octavo; 489 pp.; 200,000 words; illus.; $5.00*

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written to-day. Neither do authors approach their themes in the same way. Some observe behavior, develop plots, set down the traits of characters; others wait upon the mood and let a story grow without attempting to spread it upon a formula. *Creating the Short Story*, by Henry Goodman, is a "symposium anthology," that is to say, it gives representative short stories, as well as letters from authors telling how they write. In addition there is an informing introduction by Mr. Goodman, who teaches on the faculty of Hunter College in New York City. Many of the authors are unable to tell exactly how they evolve their stories; others tell how they grow. The most practical is probably Ben Ames Williams, who keeps a notebook and each day adds something to the development of a story plot or character; the least sure is Morley Callaghan, who writes that he is trying for sincere, cautious, and fresh expression, writes only of things around him, and tries "to give an insight or illumination of the character, to place the character in life, to give a kind of higher truth to the story in terms of my own emotion for the character." One may also read explanations by Fannie Hurst, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Richard Matthews Hallet, Ruth Suckow, Richard Connell, Struthers Burt, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Ernest Hemingway, and others. (Harcourt, Brace.) Another book of the short story is called *Present-Day American Stories* and offers eight short stories to refute the charge that the American short story is following standardized patterns. Included are "Your Obituary, Well Written" by Conrad Aiken, "The Kentucky Boy" by Thomas Boyd, "Beauty and the Blantons" by Struthers Burt, "A Wedding Dress" by Morley Callaghan, "The Rich Boy" by F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Undefeated" by Ernest Hemingway, "Some Like Them Cold" by Ring W. Lardner, and "Beatus Rex" by Stark Young. (Scribner.)

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The famous method of finding out about people by impersonating a fellow worker has just been given a new twist by Frances R. Donovan, who took a position in several of New York's large stores and learned enough about girls to write *The Sales-Lady*. (University of Chicago Press.) She entered one of the largest department stores in the country and sold women's ready-made dresses, becoming the associate of the employees. Her book reveals a situation very different

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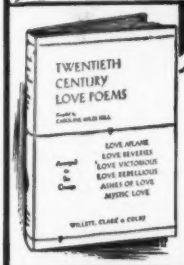


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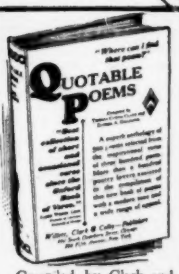


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from that of twenty and thirty years ago. Girls no longer live in attic rooms and work for a pittance. They have plenty of opportunities of increasing their wages, and of buying at low prices, and when a girl does not fit in one department she is sent to another, for the modern store, having taken time to teach girls, does not want to lose them. The modern girl, who may be aged anywhere between 18 and 60, is interested in her work, takes pride in her section, and tries to keep her record clear of mistakes. She studies the customers, becomes competent and ambitious to rise in the organization. Such girls

DONN BYRNE
Author of "Field of Honor"

are not easily imposed on by men, according to Miss Donovan, who sees them size men up carefully. Many sales-ladies are married, often returning to the store soon after marriage either because that is economically feasible or they enjoy business life more than the home. Miss Donovan discovered that girls are able to dress with taste and to enjoy an annual vacation on what they have saved, and that their pleasures are varied and profitable. This book is one of a series of sociological studies introduced by Robert E. Park of the University of Chicago, so it can hardly be suspected of partiality to the modern store. It gives some interesting glimpses of life behind the scenes, especially the home life of the girls, and their hopes and problems.

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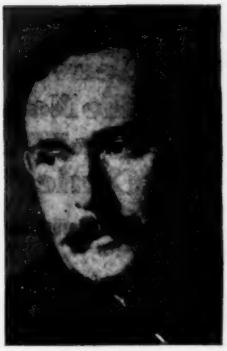

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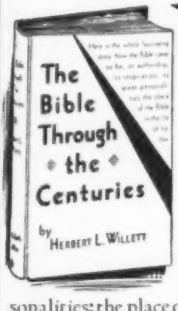


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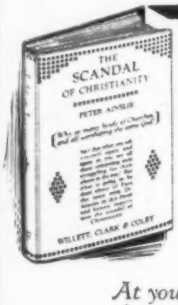


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*By Eugene Exman*

"WHY are so many religious books being published?" queried a librarian recently, pointing out that in December, 1928, the number of religious books issued was more than twice that of fiction.

*Courtesy National Association of Book Publishers*

The increasing number of religious books being issued is further evidenced by the following figures: Religious books published in 1880, 239; in 1900, 448; in 1920, 665; in 1928, 776.

Last year 1,135 fiction titles were called to the attention of readers. The religious classification, with its 776 titles, stood second. It was followed by biography, 640 titles; juveniles, 634 titles; poetry and drama, 595 titles; sociology and economics, 502 titles, and so on down the list, making a total of 7,614 books turned from the presses of America's publishing houses last year. This total may seem somewhat startling, but when one is reminded of the fact that a total

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of 10,612 new books were published in Great Britain last year; nearly 20,000 in Japan; over 30,000, including new editions of old books, in Germany; and more than 35,000 in Russia, it is evident that the saturation point for America has hardly been reached.

It may seem surprising to many that in number printed, religious books stand second only to books of fiction in the total output of this country. In one generation they have superseded the classifications of law books, general literature, juveniles, and text-books. In 1900 all these groups preceded religious books. Why this rise from sixth place to second place in proportion to the total number of books published?

The obvious answer to this question would be that people to-day are more interested in religion than they were a generation ago. Such a statement, however, must necessarily be challenged. Many hold that church attendance has declined during the last twenty-five years, although certain denominations show increases in total membership. There is a growing conviction, however, that people are less concerned with institutionalized religion and more interested in religion as a way of life and in interpretation of the world in which we live. Religion is no longer a subject to be avoided at the dinner-table. It is as keen a subject for pullman argumentation as is politics.

This "intellectualizing" of religion is apparent in magazine articles being issued to-day. The editor of one of our leading periodicals says that every edition of his magazine which is now out of stock—meaning for which there has been the greatest demand—contains an important article on religion. The editor of another maintains that the issues of his magazine which have the widest news-stand sale contain articles on religious subjects. The editor of this magazine considers religion one of the five or six most vital themes which may be treated.

Many other instances of a renewed interest in religion could be advanced. Certain it is that the wide publication of books dealing with religion is reflecting this interest. They are much different in content from those published a generation ago. The days of the wide circulation of the "pious and introspective" books of F. B. Meyer and Andrew Murray seem to be past. Readers to-day are asking for a more practical and virile type of religious book. As expressing this new interest and illustrating trends certain recent books are significant.

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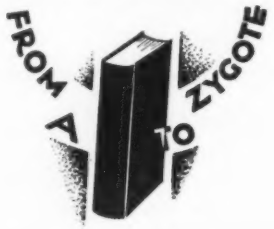


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In *Man's Social Destiny* Professor Charles A. Ellwood of the University of Missouri sees religion giving life a fuller meaning, creating personal and social idealism, and furnishing man with an adequate control over his daily world. He argues that religion should take its rightful place in the vanguard of human progress. That the author is familiar with the philosophic pessimism of many recent writers is evident. He also reviews the humanizing trend in science, as he shows how man may achieve the complete life. (Cokesbury.)

This full recognition of the scientific point of view also characterizes *Religion and the Modern World*, by John Herman Randall and John Herman Randall, Jr. Here religion is stripped of its many highly-colored vestments and, clothed in sackcloth and ashes, bows before the God of Science. A humble position, truly, but a necessary one, the authors contend, if religion is adequately to meet the needs of a new day. (Stokes.) A voice opposing religion's frank acceptance of the scientific world-view comes from Dwight Bradley in *The Recovery of Religion*. He sees religion and science occupying the unrelated fields of objective research on the one hand and subjective experience on the other. Religion must be "recovered" from its domination by science, a contention that will be welcomed by many but challenged by a host of present-day theologians. (Doubleday, Doran.)

Not only is the content of religion being reexamined to-day, but likewise its organized forms are widely questioned. Criticizing disunity among the churches, the Reverend Peter Ainslie asks, in *The Scandal of Christianity*, "Why are there so many churches, and all worshiping the same God?" He sees denominationalism blocking the way to Christian progress. (Willett, Clark & Colby.) Curiously enough, denominationalism is much less a factor in missionary countries. This fact is strikingly brought out in a noteworthy volume of 930 pages, *A History of Christian Missions in China*, by Dr. Kenneth Scott Latourette, Professor of Missions and Oriental History in Yale University. Dr. Latourette sketches the progress toward Protestant co-operation since 1900, resulting in recent years in the project of a "United Church of Christ in China," with which 16 denominational groups have affiliated themselves. (Macmillan.) Another extensive historical study is published under the title, *The History of Christianity in the Light of*

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*Modern Knowledge*, a composite work by 21 scholars. Like most symposia, this book shows a marked lack of unity and inequality of value among the contributions. Yet the volume commends itself because of the scope of its subject and the eminence of its contributors. (Harcourt, Brace.)

Every year brings several books on the life of Christ. Of the recent output, an important volume has been written by the Reverend Robert Norwood, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. With a title which would have been startling twenty years ago, *The Man Who Dared To Be God*, Dr. Norwood gives a poetic version of the life of the Galilean. His aim to present a picture of Jesus for this generation is ably achieved. (Scribner's.) An interpretation of Jesus which is at the same time an expression of the author's faith in the reality of the spiritual life has just been written by Winifred Kirkland. Her book, *The Great Conjecture*, is written in Miss Kirkland's characteristically spirited and vivid style. (Holt.)

The authors of many other religious books are likewise stressing a mystical interpretation of life. Space forbids the mention of more than three of many books that seek to picture the personal religious experience apart from the material world. Bishop W. F. McDowell raises his quiet but forceful voice against the "secularized soul" in *Them He Also Called*. He would have men, irrespective of trade or profession, find that satisfying life which religion, interpreted through Jesus, may give. (Abingdon.) Dr. Henri Bordeaux, in a recent biography, finds St. Francis de Sales exemplifying the mystical life. That the inner experience of man is the genesis of a rational and balanced existence is the philosophic undertone to this book, *St. Francis de Sales*. (Longmans.) From Japan comes a personal apologia for the reality of the spiritual, in *Love, The Law of Life*, by Toyohiko Kagawa, probably the foremost Christian of the Orient. His is a lyrical appeal for the dynamic life of unselfish love. Here is the personal story of a vigorous, influential modern. (Winston.)

These brief résumés of some significant books can only introduce the reader to the wealth of religious literature appearing today. One may no longer be ignorant of religion in its modern phases. For informative and stimulating reading select a religious book from a list any publisher will gladly forward.

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## Forecast of Fashions in Children's Books 1929

*By Virginia Kirkus*

THIS month we can only skim the surface, giving a glimpse of the books for younger readers which pour in with every post. Next month we shall try to give you a fuller canvass.

Among the books for the youngest members of the family, *The Runaway Sardine*, by

*Courtesy National Association of Book Publishers*

Emma L. Brock (Knopf) is one of the most delightful. It's a tale of Brittany, a picture book with brief text, but full of the feel of the fishing village, with its intimate glimpses of streets and doorways and seaside life. The quaint pictures in black and white have something of the appeal of *Millions of Cats*.

Then there is *The Magic Switch* by Fjeril Hess (Macmillan) for the next older. There is a real story here, a story of a little goose girl of Czechoslovakia and of how her finding a magic switch which helped her understand everything the birds and beasts and flowers and trees said to her carried her right into a new wonderland. A charming fantasy with a folk touch which makes it seem to have grown right out of the soil of the country. And woven into the tale is the story of

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the origin of the beautiful Czechoslovakian peasant embroideries which we all associate with that country. The illustrations seem a very part of the substance of the text.

*The Long Bright Land* by Edith Howes (Little, Brown) is perhaps the most interesting collection of folklore which has come to us this fall. Stories of the Maoris, it seems to have maintained its identity and freshness while at the same time yielding a sense of timelessness, of the stories having grown with the race and the land. We find here a strange blending of suggestions of myths of other races, and yet a feeling that these legends were so changed in transplanting that they stand on their own merit, a very part of the country of their rebirth. The illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop do not seem to us to be quite up to her highest standard, but nevertheless have the distinction and charm that always characterize her work.

In *Marionettes* by Edith Ackley (Stokes) we have a practical, workable presentation of the making of marionettes, the planning of the stage sets, the adaptation of the figures to various parts. It will be invaluable for those groups in schools and playgrounds and libraries and settlements who are eager to try this recently popularized form of play. The directions are illustrated with simple charts and line cuts which any children trained in the rudiments of carpentry and handicraft could follow with success. And the brief plays included in the volume are such as to demonstrate the practicability of the first portion of the book.

Dhan Gopal Mukerji in *Chief of The Herd* (Dutton) has given us another epic of the jungle. On first reading it, we felt that it lacked the spontaneity of *Gay-Neck*, but in retrospect, the story seems to live as the embodiment of the spirit and sagacity and power of its hero, Sirdar, leader of the elephants. The writer seems to see into the very soul of the magestic beast, and one sees not only his life from the time he takes the initiative in an emergency and is made Chief of the Herd to the time when against all conflicting factors he maintains discipline and brings his people back from the threatening dangers of man. It is an epic of leadership rather than a story. And its lesson is one of selflessness, whether for man or beast. For Mukerji is first and last a great philosopher.

*You Make Your Own Luck* by Elsie Singmaster (Longmans, Green) is one of the outstanding books for girls in a year when books for girls seem well above the average. It is a

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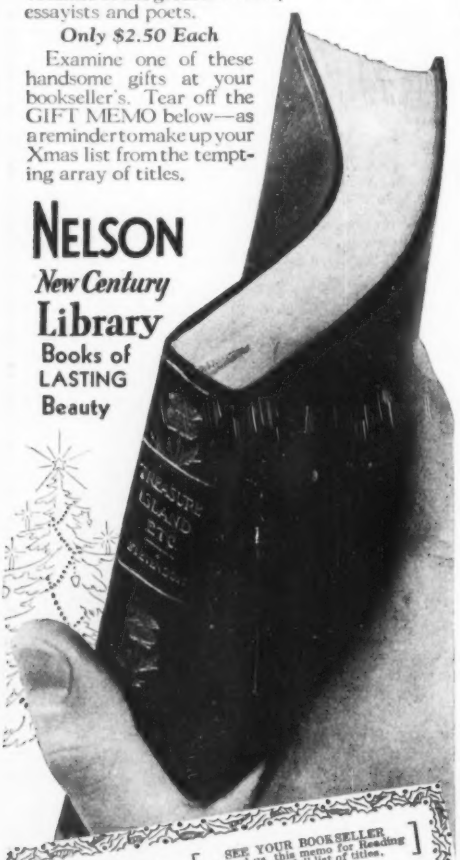

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story of the Virginia mountains and of a young girl who pulled herself out from the life which seemed her destiny and found her own luck by sheer grit and a certain ability to imagine something beyond the surroundings that hemmed her in. There is mystery and adventure too. And a vivid picture of life in a little understood section of our country.

The last book we have chosen for this month is *Long Island's Story* by Jacqueline Overton. (Doubleday, Doran.) We need more of just this type of book on our publishers' lists, and this is, we hope, simply a forerunner of stories that are made from the warp and woof of our nation's growth. History, enlivened by anecdote and a keen sense of the personalities that went into its building. A graphic picture of the shifting scene, with sufficient of interpretation to give it deeper meaning. Perhaps a little overlong to hold the average child unless he has an understanding curiosity concerning the background of his country greater than most adults. But on the whole an excellent piece of historical writing, sound, thorough, and inspired by a real love of the country of which she writes.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Once long ago—perhaps it was years or again perhaps only months—we believe that we answered the question of books on child psychology. Our new questioner, Mrs. Peter Fuller, Indianapolis, Ind., asks for those dealing with a variety of types of children and children of different ages. The following should cover much of the ground Mrs. Fuller wishes to study: *Gifted Children* by Leta S. Hollingworth, $2.00, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Ave., New York City; *Psychology of the Subnormal Child*, $1.80, by the same author and publisher as the first book; *Psychology of the Kindergarten and Primary Child*, L. A. Pechstein and Frances Jenkins, $2.00, Houghton, Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass.; *Psychology of the Junior High-School Child*, $2.00, also by Pechstein and Laura MacGregor, The Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston; *Adventuring with Twelve-year-olds* by Leila Scott, $2.00, Greenberg Publishing Company, 112 East 19th St., New York City; *Mental Growth and Decline* by H. L. Hollingworth, $3.00, David Appleton Company, 29 West 32nd St., New York City; *Psychology: Its Method and Principles* by Fleming Allen, Clay Perrin and David Ballin Klein, $2.25, Henry Holt and Company, 1 Park Ave., New York City;

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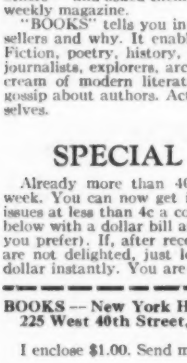

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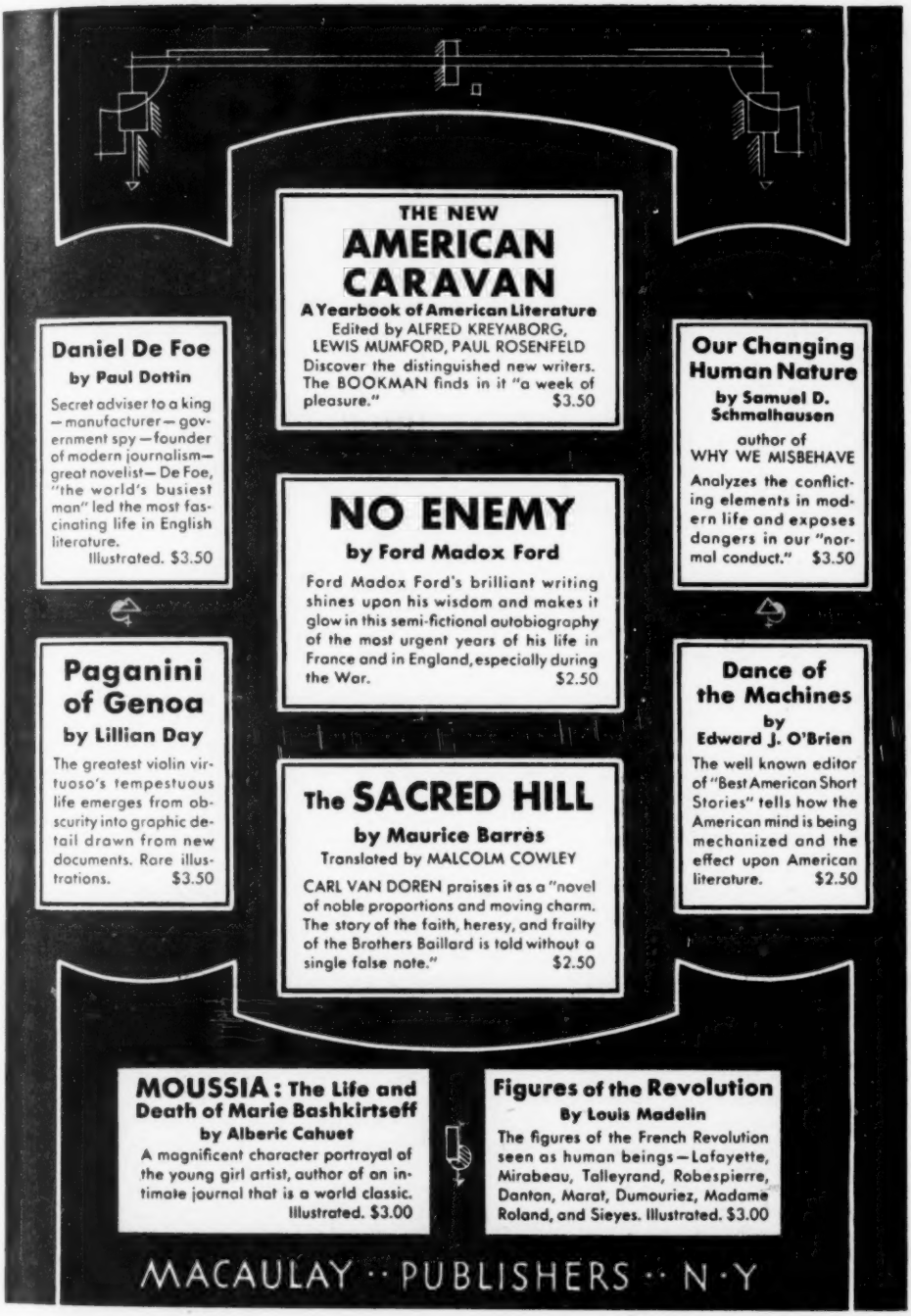
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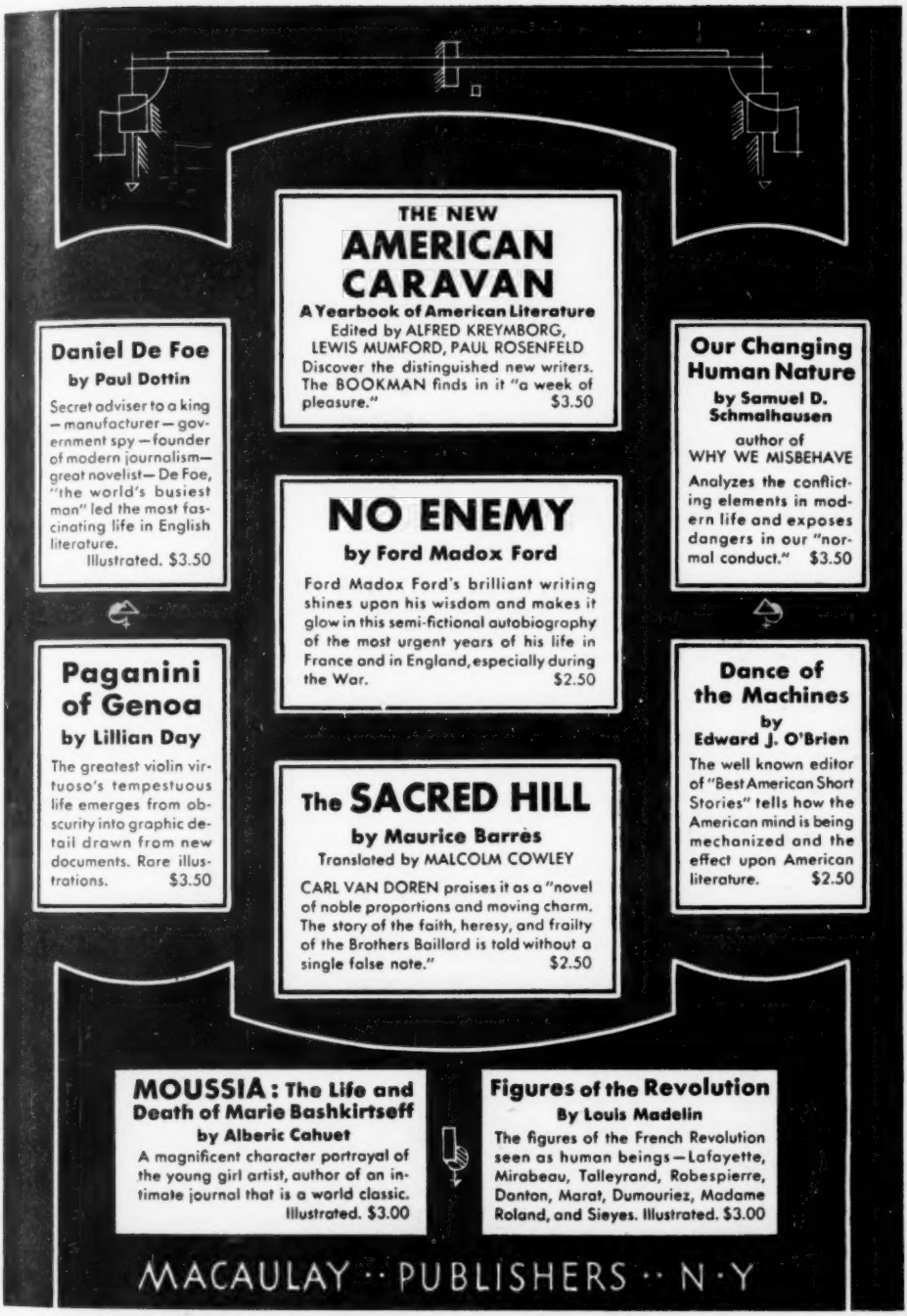
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Miss Mary Osborne, Washington, D. C., requested this information. . . . Another request for the author and publisher of a book comes from Miss Jane Lorraine, Montreal, Can. The title of the book she is interested in is *The Theory of Poetry*. This is by Lascelles Abercrombie, and the publisher is Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City. The price is $2.75. . . . There are two editions of *This Way to Christmas* by Ruth Sawyer. One is called the "Library Edition" and has an illustrated jacket and frontispiece. This sells for $1.25. The other is called the "Holiday Edition" and has ten illustrations in color, beside the jacket. The price of this is $2.50. It is sold all year round and not only at Christmas time. Harper & Brothers are the publishers. Information on this book was asked for by Mary L. Snedd, St. Louis, Mo. . . . Our last request, before we give the information asked for on fiction, comes from Helen L. Smith, Akron, Ohio. She asks for the price of *Obstetrics for Nurses* by De Lee. It sells for $3.00 and is put out by the Saunders Publishing Co., New York City. . . . Miss Phyllis Leech, Salt Lake City, Utah, has a favorite author whose name is Jeffery Farnol. She is very anxious to know if he has a new book this winter. We are pleased to inform this correspondent that Mr. Farnol has a new novel called *Another Day* due on October 19th of this year. Little, Brown Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., is the publisher, and the price will be $2.50. . . . Another fiction request comes from Miss Marjorie Havens, who informs us that she has missed installments of several serials because she went on a Mediterranean Cruise this summer. Now that she is home she wants to see how the stories turned out and wishes to know if it is possible to obtain them in book form. In every case save one the books are now published. The story called *Gloaming* we could not locate at all. As our correspondent does not recall the author of it nor the magazine in which she began it—and is not entirely certain that the title is correct—we believe that it must be incorrect. However, if anyone else began such a story and knows where it can be found we shall be pleased to receive the further information. The publishers and the prices of the books requested by Miss Havens follow: *Jim, the Conqueror* by Peter B. Kyne, $2.00, Cosmopolitan Publishing Co., New York City; *Sacrifice* by Owen Johnson, $2.00, Longmans, Green Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City; *The Incredible*

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*Year* by Faith Baldwin, $2.00, Dodd, Mead Co., Fourth Ave. at 30th St., New York City, and *The Merivales* by George Barr McCutcheon, $2.00, also a Dodd, Mead publication. We cannot positively say whether or not *Jim, the Conqueror* is the last book written by Peter B. Kyne, but we rather think that it is. . . . We advise Miss Dorothy Pearson, San Jose, Cal., to add to the list of books we are about to quote, those we have mentioned above in the two fiction requests received this month. She will find them all a worthy supplement to the following list. *October's Child* by Donald Joseph, $2.50, Frederick A. Stokes Co., 443 Fourth Ave., New York City; *Whiteoaks of Jalna* by Mazo de la Roche (a continuation of *Jalna*), $2.50, Little, Brown Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.; *Fugitives Return* by Susan Glaspell, $2.50, Frederick Stokes, New York City; *Galaxy* by Susan Ertz, $2.50, David Appleton Co., New York City; *They Stooped to Folly* by Ellen Glasgow, $2.50, Doubleday, Doran, Garden City, N. Y.; *Soldiers of Misfortune* by Percival C. Wren, $2.00, also a Stokes publication; *The Beautiful Years* by Henry Williamson, $2.50, E. P. Dutton Co., New York City; *Between the Lines* by Stephen McKenna, Dodd, Mead Co., $2.50, New York City, and *Blair's Attic* by Joseph Lincoln in collaboration with his son, Freemen Lincoln, $2.00, Coward-McCann Publishing Co., New York City. . . . In answer to A. R. S., we are sorry to say that *The Wild Party* is no longer published.

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VOLUME 159 NOVEMBER 1929

Harpers Magazine

# MUSSOLINI'S AMERICAN EMPIRE

## THE FASCIST INVASION OF THE UNITED STATES

BY MARCUS DUFFIELD

PART of Mussolini's empire, from his point of view, lies within the United States. Fascism, which has seemed remote to the New World, has reached across the seas to fasten its grip upon four million Americans of Italian extraction. Although many of them are naturalized American citizens, Mussolini considers them as his subjects and is attempting to rule what he regards as his outlying colony in this country.

Il Duce has set up a political organization in the United States which resembles an unofficial government of his own to claim the allegiance of Italo-Americans and enforce their obedience. He provides Fascist schools and courts here and even imposes taxes. If Mussolini's "subjects" in this country, insisting on their Americanism, refuse to accept his rule, Fascist agents persecute them by boycott and intimidation. Should they visit Italy, they are often held there by force or compelled to serve training periods in the army. Neither in this country nor in Italy does American citizenship safeguard the Italo-American from Fascist domination or terrorization.

Mussolini has presumably two objectives in this curious sub-surface invasion of sovereignty, both arising from military motives. Looking forward to the next war, he is trying to keep Americans of Italian extraction thoroughly Italianized and loyal to him so they will respond to his call to arms. He sees no reason why perhaps a half million potential soldiers of Fascism should slip from his grasp by becoming Americanized. Second, Il Duce wants to stifle all criticism in the United States, for he realizes that only if Fascism is favorably regarded here can he get American loans.

The Fascist campaign here not only involves frequent violations of American citizenship rights, but also is in ceaseless conflict with our attempt to assimilate the Italian element. An increasing number of informed persons feel with

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Senator Borah that the Fascist activities here are far more disturbing than the Communists'. A group which includes Professor Taussig of Harvard, Oswald Garrison Villard, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise are sponsoring the "American Friends of Italian Freedom," an organization which has been investigating the Fascisti in America with a view to seeking Government action to halt their work.

## II

"My order," Mussolini commanded, "is that an Italian citizen must remain an Italian citizen, no matter in what land he lives, even to the seventh generation." Setting out to carry out the decree, he established a Bureau of Fascism Abroad and formulated its rules. Fascist organizations in foreign lands, said Article 1, were "unions of Italians residing abroad who have adopted for their private and civic life obedience to Il Duce and to the laws of Fascism and who intend to collect around the Lictoral Emblem colonies of Italians who are living in strange countries." The Fascist rules of Italy apply, and the secretary of the Bureau of Fascism Abroad, now Piero Parini, is in command of all foreign Fascios. He visited the United States last winter on one of his periodical inspections of the Fascist campaign.

In the original plan, representatives of these foreign colonies would have been chosen to sit in the Italian parliament and in the grand council of Fascism, but the Fascist leader in America diplomatically suggested that the time was unripe for this arrangement to apply here.

Mussolini found his way prepared in the United States, for Fascism of a sort had sprung up spontaneously shortly after the march on Rome, when a few Italians here sought to ally themselves with the winning party by proclaiming themselves Fascisti. Having no coherent program, they were distinguished by their patriotic fervor and their contempt for Italians who had not participated in the War. Their activities were largely confined to speeches and parades that sometimes ended in street skirmishes with their Socialist compatriots.

Presently the Fascist League of North America was incorporated in New York State, and at its head Mussolini set his friend, Count Ignazio Thaon di Revel, a pleasant, keen-eyed aristocrat, the nephew of Admiral Paul di Revel, formerly a member of the Fascist cabinet. With the aid of secretaries sent over from Rome, Count di Revel has welded the League into a powerful nucleus for Mussolini's American empire. These secretaries of the League are under the direct orders of the head of the Bureau of Fascism Abroad. Di Revel reports to Il Duce.

The local branches, called Fascios, of which there are about one hundred and twenty, are scattered throughout the United States wherever there are Italian communities. Italian immigrants are most numerous in the eastern manufacturing States, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, and in Chicago. Control of the League is nominally vested in a board of governors, but actually lies with Rome. The local Fascios are ruled by triumvirates selected from New York City. Each member pays dues of thirteen dollars a year, one dollar of which goes to the Central Council and the rest to the Fascio.

The official uniform of Fascisti in the United States is a black sateen shirt with a flowing black tie, a tasseled overseas cap, black trousers, spiral puttees, and shoes. Always conspicuous on the costume is the Lictoral Emblem, the fasces, bundles of rods bound together with an axe blade projecting, whence the movement takes its name.

The oath of allegiance which each new recruit must take is illuminating alike in its appeasing gesture to America and in its frankness as to the real aims of Fascism. Mussolini's strong talking point in his bid for American favor was his supposed rescue of Italy from the danger of Bolshevism; hence we find

the same argument for the establishment of the Fascist League here: Fascism will fight Communism. The actual purposes of the League are the Italianization of Italo-Americans and the crushing of anti-Fascists, always with an eye to obtaining man power and money for the next war. The oath, then, becomes a naïve patchwork of contradictory vows:

"I swear on my honor

"To serve with fidelity and discipline the Fascist idea of society based on religion, the Fatherland, and the family, and to respect the authority of the League and of the hierarchy and the tradition of our race.

"To love, serve, obey, and exalt the United States of America and to render obedience and respect to its constitution and its laws.

"To keep alive the cult with Italy as the Fatherland and the eternal light of civilization and greatness.

"To combat with all my might theories and ideas tending to subvert, corrupt, and disgrace religion, the Fatherland, or the family.

"To do my best to improve my culture, my physique, and my morale to render me fit for the part I am to play in serving the Nation in its hour of greatness.

"To submit to the discipline of the hierarchy of the Fascist League of North America."

On the back of the application card which contains this oath is a series of questions which are equally enlightening as to the aims of the League. "To what political, economic, sporting, or literary associations do you belong?" the new recruit is asked. "Through what associations and channels can you spread Fascist propaganda? What special attributes do you have to serve the cause of Fascism?"

The inaugural meeting of the Fascio d'Ambrosoli in Brooklyn will give an idea of the procedure in general. Dr. Giuseppe Previtale, a Columbia University professor, presided in the absence of Count di Revel, who was on one of his periodical trips to Rome to report to Mussolini. When Doctor Previtale entered, the members, standing, gave the Fascist salute, upraised arm, palm forward, and their chant, "Mussolini! Eja! Eja! Alala!" After the ruling triumvirate was installed the group sang "Giovinezza," and other Fascist anthems, then despatched this cablegram to Mussolini, "Inaugurating with great manifestations of enthusiasm new section d'Ambrosoli, Brooklyn. Pray your Excellency, founder of the fortune of our country, to receive our devotion and homage." The initiates then took the oath at the tribune, received their membership cards, and walked backward to their seats at salute. Speeches in the nature of exhortations, more songs, and the making of plans for sporting contests and social affairs occupied the rest of the meeting.

A rudimentary judicial system was established late in 1927. The newspaper *Il Grido della Stirpe*, which calls itself "An Organ of Fascist Propaganda," announced the formation of a "*corte di disciplina*," officially authorized by the executive committee of the League. The court was designed after the fashion of the special military tribunals in Italy, for the purpose of preserving "rigid discipline" among the Fascisti here and to mete out "exemplary punishment." A Captain Martinez, formerly a military tribunal judge in Italy, drew up its rules and has presided over its sessions. The various Fascios handle their own minor infractions of discipline with the triumvirate sitting as a court, sometimes joined by one of the judges sent out from the central court.

Suspension or expulsion from the Fascist League is the commonest form of punishment imposed by these courts, but for more grave offenses there are penalties of corresponding severity. Confiscation of property, revocation of Italian citizenship, and boycott lie in store for him who turns anti-Fascist, for he is the traitor. The League *ipso facto* penalizes any of its members who

become naturalized American citizens by taking away their rights and privileges as members of the Fascist organization in Italy. This may constitute a deprivation of no mean significance, for without the magic membership card, Italo-Americans traveling in Italy or transacting business there are likely to find their way beset by innumerable difficulties.

The public appearances of the Fascisti here are limited to occasions of state which afford them opportunity to parade their uniforms. Whenever a distinguished Italian visitor is received at the New York City Hall, there a squadron of Fascisti is sure to be found providing him with an official escort. When Rudolph Valentino took out first citizenship papers the Fascisti were indignant, and threatened to boycott his films in Italy, but when he died, they claimed him. A solemn, black-shirted guard of honor surrounded his coffin as it lay in state in New York City.

## III

The real business of the Fascisti in the United States is conducted quietly, without ostentation, and Americans in general never hear of it. The first duty of the League is to prevent the Americanization of Italians in this country; to keep them Italianized and loyal to Mussolini. This is so they will continue to send money remittances to their relatives in Italy—a source of substantial help in bolstering the lira—and so they will be ready to answer the next call to arms. The war motive underlying the anti-Americanization campaign is nowhere better set forth than in the official utterances of the Bureau of Fascism Abroad through its Rome organ, the newspaper *Il Legionario*.

"With strenuous efforts," said an editorial in *Il Legionario* last year which was reprinted in the New York *Corriere d'America*, "all the nations are preparing to face new events, so that we may say that another war is being deferred only by economic difficulties. It is essential that we organize ourselves in order to face a situation every day more perilous. Fascism abroad should organize to combat the first and most imminent problem, that of denationalization of our community abroad and its division into scattered foreign groups. The United States is trying by every possible means to absorb them. If Italian communities in foreign lands are not defended, we shall soon see the spectacle of ten million Italians lost to the mother country."

"Why should our mothers raise soldiers for other countries?" bluntly demanded another editorial in *Il Legionario*.

As indicated in the questions asked of applicants, Fascism immediately set out to capture the Italian societies in the United States, their institutions and their channels of expression. John di Silvestro, an early leader of American Fascism and now president of the largest Italian society, the Sons of Italy, whose membership numbers about three hundred thousand, sought to deliver that organization to Fascism in a body. "I accept your oath," Mussolini cabled him, "wishing that all the Sons of Italy may feel the new-born spirit of the motherland presiding over their manifestations." The effort met with success except for one rebellion in New York where a group seceded, taking along the property and funds of the New York State Grand Lodge, and precipitating a long legal dispute which is still in the courts. The Sons of Italy proper, which formerly did Americanization work, this last summer sponsored in co-operation with Fascisti here a pilgrimage to Rome to do homage to Mussolini and impress him with their loyalty.

The Casa Italiana, an organization for Italian students at Columbia University, was likewise swallowed by Fascism, and the lectures became dissertations on the merits of Mussolini's regime until university authorities intervened with the suggestion that topics

of a cultural rather than political nature should be chosen. Even now certain Columbia professors most active in Casa Italiana are prominent members of the Fascist League.

The League tried to get control of the Italian Hospital in New York City, but found the way blocked by Dr. Santo Modica, who is now the object of vicious attacks in the Fascist press here. An amusing incident in connection with the hospital campaign afforded grist for the Fascist judicial mill. Judge F. X. Mancuso arranged a banquet to promote the hospital and, hoping for wide support, he invited along with the Fascisti, Carlo Tresca, one of the most vocal of the anti-Fascists. When Tresca, grinning to himself, took his dinner seat, all but three of the Fascist leaders arose and left. The three who stayed were afterward tried in the tribunal and punished by suspension from the League.

The Italian-language newspapers in the United States, with but two exceptions, have been brought under the influence of the Fascisti. Obviously this is a source of great power, for many of the Italian immigrants read only papers in their own language, and the constant iteration of Fascist principles, together with the entire exclusion of matter unfavorable to Fascism, tremendously reinforces the influence of the League. The Italians are taught through the newspapers to regard those of their number who become American citizens as renegades. Adoration of Mussolini is the daily theme. The two exceptions among the newspapers are *Il Nuovo Mondo* and *Il Martello*, the former a daily and the latter a weekly, both ardent anti-Fascist crusaders.

The Fascisti have, in addition, established two organs of their own in New York City, *Il Grido della Stirpe*, or "The Cry of the Race," and *Giovinezza*, or "Youth," the Fascist watchword. Both these newspapers devote their columns almost exclusively to Fascist affairs and exhortations. One of the aims of the Fascist organization, *Giovinezza* points out, is to "bring back to Italian citizenship all those countrymen who have been legally denationalized and, what is much worse, who by accepting foreign ideals and a foreign language have made themselves bastards of Italy."

The Fascist campaign of Italianization reaches its climax in its efforts to instill loyalty to Il Duce in Italo-American children, whose impressionable minds make them a particularly fertile field for anti-Americanization work, and whose natural tendency toward absorbing American ways makes their capture for Fascism a first essential for its success in the United States. These youngsters, most of them born here, not only are being taught in Italian schools established by the Fascisti, but actually are being given preliminary training to fit them for the Fascist army.

The Fascist organizations for children in Italy, devoted, of course, to training them for war, comprise two age groups: the Ballila for boys from eleven to fourteen who are distinguished by their fezzes, and the Avanguardista, from fourteen to seventeen, who drill with small muskets. At eighteen the boys graduate into the Fascist militia, becoming full-fledged reserve soldiers. Although the Fascisti in America do not officially describe their schools here as Ballila or Avanguardista, they constantly refer to them as such in their own newspapers. The schools are conducted in connection with local Fascios, in some instances in conjunction with parochial schools, and elsewhere as Italian language classes using borrowed space in public school buildings. These latter are supervised either by the nearest Fascio or by an Italian consular agent.

Mary Maolini found that out to her grief. She was teaching Italian to children in late afternoon classes in a public school building in Yonkers, New York. A Yonkers Italian consular official sent her a Fascist Government document outlining in a general way

what children in Fascist schools abroad should be taught. She returned it, feeling that, as an American, it was not her place to instill Fascism into the youngsters. The consular official thereupon visited Miss Maolini's class and asked the pupils questions about Mussolini and Fascism which they were unable to answer. Shortly afterward Miss Maolini was dismissed, and her place was filled by a teacher sent over from Italy.

The Dante Alighieri Italian school in Providence, Rhode Island, using a public school room, was investigated by the *Providence Journal*. The children, it was found, were taught Fascism along with their A-B-C's. They learned the Fascist hymn, "Giovinezza," and their diplomas and prizes were awarded by the Marquis di Ferrante, Italian consul in Boston. Further inquiry revealed that the Department of Italian Schools Abroad in Rome was sending textbooks and granting a subsidy to the school, listed on its books as "*sussidio regio governo*."

The thoroughness with which loyalty to Mussolini is inculcated in the children is significantly brought out in a speech made by a pupil on the occasion of a celebration in Pittsburgh of the "Feast of Fascism," at which children from all their schools in Pennsylvania were assembled.

"The young student read an address as an act of homage to our consul," read the account of the affair in *Il Grido della Stirpe*. "'Our teacher,' he said, 'has often told us that here in Pittsburgh is a man who represents our King and our Duce, who . . . wants us to learn the language which is spoken in our Fatherland. I wish to pray you in the name of my fellow-students, Mr. Consul, to write a letter to our Duce and tell him that there are many Italian children here who love him. . . . Tell him that we, too, are obedient to him like those children who live in Italy and that we wish to grow up worthy children for our dear Italy which he has made so powerful and so beautiful.'"

The definite link between the Ballila schools here and in Italy was fully disclosed only this last summer when the Fascist League sent one hundred and sixty Italo-American children to Fascist summer camps in Italy for two months' training. The youngsters apparently had been well drilled in Ballila schools here, for they marched to the pier in formation three abreast, and executed their turns and simple maneuvers with almost the precision of an army company. Their uniforms were a compromise between our Boy Scout costumes and the Italian Ballila dress, with the Fascist shield prominently displayed. They bore banners of the local Fascios to which their schools were attached, and Italian and American flags. They were marshalled on to the boat by Fascist leaders bearing their customary "*manganelli*," or heavy-handled short whip-lashes. The affair was presided over by Camillo Canali, secretary of the Fascist League and by the Italian Ambassador to Washington, Giacomo di Martini, for whom the children joined in giving the Fascist salute before they sailed. On their arrival in Italy they were to be presented to Mussolini and then taken to Ballila and Avanguardista camps near Naples and Palermo.

Shortly before the children set out, the *Vittoriale*, an Italian magazine in New York City, reprinted an editorial from *Il Legionario* which outlined the motive so clearly that no comment could add anything. "What a marvelous spectacle!" the editorial said in part. "Eight thousand Italian children living in foreign lands come to our camps . . . and mingle with our own children already proud of the Ballila fez or of the musket of the Avanguardista. They will return to foreign lands with an indelible impression of the new powerful generation which is rising under the emblem of Fascism. In turn these children will become Ballila and Avanguardista themselves. . . . They will find youths' organizations which gather around their masters, around Fascist

secretaries and consuls, to cultivate their bodies and souls to the worship of their Fatherland."

## IV

Mussolini's American empire is by no means a meek colony, nor peaceful. The Fascisti say that seventy per cent of the Italians in the United States are at least sympathetic toward the regime. This perhaps is an optimistic estimate. At any rate, the unsympathetic minority, if it is a minority, is inclined to be extremely vocal. The United States, being like England a haven for Continental political refugees, has attracted for years Italian liberals and dissenters of various shades. These groups, unanimous in their dislike of Mussolini's regime, have formed an opposition to Fascism in the United States which includes Italians of all political faiths who disapprove of Mussolini's methods for various causes.

Mussolini's noted intolerance of criticism, which has led him to suppress free speech in Italy, applies equally in this country. The Fascisti, in fact, feel that it is a matter of the highest importance to muzzle critics in the United States. They realize the value of our good will, not only in diplomatic affairs, but more specifically as it affects financial matters. The regime already has been greatly aided, if not actually saved, by American bankers loans of $300,000,000. Mussolini will want more money from America, but unless this country is friendly, he will find no purchasers for his bonds nor banking houses to float the loans. Hence, the Fascist League has orders to stifle at any cost opposition which might injure Mussolini's reputation in the United States; and this duty takes a place of major importance beside the work of Italianization. It is in the performance of this task that the League goes to extremes which are quite undreamed of by most Americans.

Fear hampers an investigation of this phase of Fascism here. With a few exceptions, Italians blacklisted by the Fascisti are afraid to speak lest they suffer reprisals. Their questioner might be a Fascist spy; their names might appear in print. They have learned that it is dangerous to criticize Mussolini in this country, even in the banks where they cash their pay checks or in their restaurants. Only by the patient building up of confidence can they be induced to tell the stories of persecution that reveal the methods only too suggestive of despotic terrorism with which the Fascist League is crushing Italian opponents in America.

The first and most powerful weapon of the Fascisti here is economic. Put baldly, they know that they can silence most of their foes if they can starve them. Most Italo-American firms do part of their business in Italy, notably the banks, importers, steamship lines, and a few manufacturers. Unless they are obedient to Mussolini their business in Italy will promptly be ruined, since Il Duce has industry well under his thumb. The Italian Chamber of Commerce in New York City is, and obviously has to be, pro-Fascist. These Italian firms in America, therefore, are perforce subject to the orders of the Fascisti. This makes possible the employment of both the boycott and the lock-out against critics of the regime.

It works out in this manner: an Italian-language newspaper or magazine which incurs the wrath of the League loses its advertisements and is likely to die. If an Italian grocer is on the Fascist blacklist his trade disappears. If the employee of an Italian firm speaks against Fascism he loses his job. Naturalized American citizens are subjected to this treatment equally with immigrant residents.

*Il Carroccio* was a flourishing Italian magazine of high standing in New York City. Its editor, Augostino de Biasi, still proclaims himself an ardent follower of Mussolini, but he expressed in his editorial columns disapproval of the violent methods of the League. An inspection of the advertising-fattened

volumes of his magazine before that editorial criticism, and the wraith-like volumes since, reveals the power of the boycott. By actual count, the advertisements of thirty firms, some of them purely American, and one of them that of his own brother, immediately dropped out.

Other anti-Fascist publications suffered likewise. In one case a journal was boycotted and forced to suspend publication because its editor wrote anti-Fascist articles in *Il Nuovo Mondo*, although his own journal was strictly non-partisan. Lest it be thought that this boycott is in any way voluntary, let me quote from a letter the original of which I read in an editor's office:

"We would appreciate your discontinuing our advertisement in your valuable publication, because for the last eighteen months we have been receiving letters from our factory abroad advising us that your publication does not meet with the approval of certain authorities in Rome, and enjoining us to discontinue using ——. We have been holding out as long as possible, but it seems that the situation has reached a point where our not complying with the factory's request may become a disturbing factor in our relations with them, and therefore, we trust that you will be kind enough to withdraw our advertisement."

By the same token, anti-Fascists are dismissed from their positions and find themselves unable to get new jobs. Pietro Allegra, an American citizen, tells of his dismissal from a responsible post with an Italian house in New York City after repeated pleadings and warnings to give up his anti-Fascist views. He refused a substantial money offer for signing a statement of resignation, and is suing the company. He thereupon opened a small business of his own in the same line; and a jagged hole in the back of his shop marks the place where someone broke in at night and ransacked the office, probably in search of papers that would brand him as a dangerous radical in the eyes of the police, for Allegra has socialistic leanings.

When their opponents cannot be reached by business pressure, the Fascisti have found an equally effective and even more vicious weapon in the intimidation of relatives in Italy of anti-Fascists here. Nearly all the Italians in this country have fathers or mothers, brothers, sisters, or other family members in the homeland. In hundreds of instances Italo-Americans, many of them naturalized citizens of the United States, have received letters from their relatives in Italy imploring them to join the nearest Fascio lest those in Italy suffer arrest, violence, or even imprisonment.

"Dearest papa, I urge you not to talk to anyone about politics, for it is a dangerous thing," wrote a daughter to a naturalized Italian in Philadelphia, after telling him of repeated visits of the caribinieri to her home in Italy.

"My dear husband," wrote another woman, whose letter was given to me by the husband, a naturalized American citizen living in Chicago. "A caribiniere came again to our house and told me to go to the police station because the marshal wanted to talk to me. The marshal upbraided me because of your activities, and demanded the two pictures of you that hang on our wall. I am overcome with fear because the caribinieri keep coming nearly every day to our house on one pretext or another. It is worrying me sick, and you would hardly know me. I am afraid our little baby also will get sick."

"We may at any time be sent to the islands," wrote a sister in Apulia to an Italian in Milford, Massachusetts. She was referring to the dreaded penal islands in the Mediterranean. "You must go directly to the Fascio of —— and say you will join. If not your family will be ruined."

Giuseppe Ramieri, of Hoboken, New Jersey, who is a naturalized American citizen, left four sons in Italy. Ever since he has been in this country he and his wife have been saving, week by

week, from their small working-man's salary, to bring the boys here to join them. Two years ago they got the necessary papers and passports from the United States Government and sent the steamship fares over to the boys. But the Fascisti here had reported Ramieri as an anti-Fascist, and the secretary of the Fascio in his home town in Italy, Molfetta, told the boys, "You will not go to America, now or ever." Protests to our State Department and appeals for aid to American consuls in Italy all have been in vain. Ramieri's boys still are in Molfetta.

An Associated Press dispatch from Rome, passed by the censor because it carried an object lesson, told the story of Manlio Chiossone. Manlio, a boy of twenty who had been living in Boston, attracted the attention of the Fascisti here by his criticism of the regime. As is their frequent habit, they first looked up his record and found that he had entered this country clandestinely. They reported him to American immigration authorities and had him deported. When he arrived in Italy he was arraigned in a military tribunal on a charge of having "spread lies abroad about Italy's internal conditions, hence hurting her credits and prestige." He was sentenced to twelve and a half years in prison.

That was Mussolini's message to those who opposed him in America; his warning of the last drastic punishment for flouting the authority of the Fascist League here. Of course this punishment can be inflicted only on those upon whom the Fascisti can lay their hands in Italy, but none the less it is an extremely effective weapon. Most of the Italian immigrants here hold a cherished dream of returning to Italy to visit their friends and relatives. The incident of Chiossone and numerous similar cases have shown them that in order safely to visit the homeland without being imprisoned there they must join the League and be obedient subjects of Mussolini in the United States, even though they have taken our citizenship.

Nearly the whole Italian colony in New York City is aware of the case of F. N. Giavi, a wealthy Italian importer who had a successful business here. He went to Italy nearly two years ago to attend to his affairs there, intending to return at once. He never has returned. The Italians here have their explanation, although the censorship has allowed no official word to come through from him. Giavi, they say, entertained the son of ex-Premier Nitti at a dinner in New York City, and was immediately rebuked by the Fascisti, for Nitti is one of the outstanding foes of Mussolini. Shortly afterward Giavi made his trip to Italy, and through their own underground channels of information came the report to New York Italians that, like Chiossone, he had been arrested and imprisoned for anti-Fascism here.

In Hoboken, New Jersey, is a colony of immigrants from Molfetta, in the south of Italy. They come from independent stock and almost to a man are opposed to Fascism, but, like all Italians, they want to go home on visits. They tell of one of their number, Carlo Ragno, who got leave of absence from his employer for a trip to see his mother in Italy. *He thought because he was an American citizen he would be safe.* He left more than a year ago and has not returned. The same subterranean Italian news sources bring the word that his American passport was taken away from him, and that he is being held there unless he promises to become a Fascist in the United States. My own investigation in official quarters in Washington showed that Ragno's passport was reported as "lost," that a new one was authorized for him early last January. But he still has not returned.

A similar fate has befallen Signora di Carmelo, who was born here and is, therefore, an American citizen. She and her husband live in Furnari, Italy. Last spring she made arrangements to return to the United States. I have the letter from the Italian Ministry of

Foreign Affairs refusing her permission to leave the country. Signora di Carmelo is a cousin of Dr. Charles Fama, a former surgeon in the United States Army, who is one of the most active anti-Fascists in New York City.

Physical violence, finally, is not unknown as a weapon of the Fascisti in this country. The plant of *Il Nuovo Mondo* twice has been raided at night, and its linotype machines smashed and put out of commission. In one of the raids the Irish watchman, who had no interest whatever in Mussolini, was severely beaten, and he has since maintained a scrupulous detachment from all Italian politics. Vicente Vacirca, a former deputy in the Italian Chamber, has an ugly scar on his head by which to remember his days as editor of *Il Nuovo Mondo*. He was attacked from behind, the weapon being the leaded handle of a "*manganelli*." After Doctor Fama, an American citizen, began his intensive campaign against Fascism he received so many letters threatening his death that he carried on his medical practice for months under police guard. There never has been a satisfactory explanation of the death of two Fascisti outside a hall in New York City where Carlo Tresca was conducting an anti-Fascist meeting. They were riding past in a small motor car which was destroyed apparently by the ill-timed explosion of a bomb meant for the anti-Fascist hall.

## V

While his Fascist League is carrying on its sleepless campaign to hold Mussolini's American empire intact by thwarting Americanization and by crushing critics, Il Duce is proceeding to assert his rule over his colony here in two fundamentals of sovereignty—taxation and military conscription. He is, so to speak, cashing in on his American domain, attempting to wring from it both money and man power directly. In reality the amount of money flowing into Fascist coffers in Rome cannot be large, nor can the number of men so gained be great. The significance lies not so much in the tangible results thus far attained as in the fact that Mussolini does assume and methodically exercise these prerogatives over American citizens as well as others of Italian blood who have adopted this country as their home.

The problem of collecting taxes from his American subjects must have been perplexing, but enviable ingenuity was brought to bear on it. By no justifiable reckoning could Italo-Americans be reached by income, property, or stamp taxes. There were, however, numerous unmarried men of Italian extraction living in the United States. Very well, they should be made to pay the Fascist bachelor tax.

There has been, of course, no announcement to that effect, but so many cases of Italo-Americans receiving assessments for bachelor tax have come up within the last year that it seems to have become a definite policy. Doubtless the Fascist organization in this country is the source of information through which the home government learns which are unmarried and liable to the tax. At any rate, Italo-Americans in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and throughout New England have been billed. It is impossible to know how many have resignedly paid, but certainly not all of them did, for protests have been coming in to Washington from some who happened to be naturalized citizens, and others have sought help through appeal in their local newspapers.

The Fascisti, however, are ready to meet the eventuality of non-payment, providing the rebellious bachelor has relatives in Italy. The relatives, who can have no choice, are forced to pay the tax for the delinquent in America. I have an official stamped receipt made out to Mr. X in Italy showing that he paid "for his son" fifty-two francs' tax "*sur celibi*." The son is a naturalized citizen of the United States living in

Yonkers. Another American citizen in Massachusetts declined to pay only to find that his mother in Italy was assessed.

"I have received a notice from the government," she wrote him, "which imposed a tax because you were not married. They said I had to pay. I went to the city with four witnesses to tell them that you had gone from us and had lived in America for twenty years, my child. But they have sent me a bill for three hundred lire, and said that I should have to pay the tax for all the years since you were twenty-five."

Fascism made another curious attempt to reap a financial harvest in the United States, but that failed. In a test case last June the Italian consul general in New York City presented a claim in the name of his government for the property of an Italian here who died intestate without heirs, on the ground that although he was long a resident of this country, he was still a subject of the King, and his property should revert to the crown. The plea was denied in court. Had a favorable precedent been set, the Fascist treasury would have benefited substantially.

The question of citizenship rights has projected itself even more sharply into the situation created by the Fascist policy of seizing Italo-Americans traveling in Italy, *including naturalized American citizens*, and compelling them to serve training periods in the Italian reserve army. This, again, is in accord with Mussolini's idea that all Italians are his subjects and that war material can and should be drawn from America as well as from any other colony.

The problem arising out of dissimilar nationalization conventions is not a new one. Several foreign nations do not recognize any change in the citizenship of their natives. Italy theoretically recognizes American naturalization, but does not grant exemption from military training on that ground. Hence, there have long been so-called "military cases" confronting our state department as subjects of representation to various other governments. Frequently the complainant had left home and sought American naturalization for the express purpose of avoiding military service, then had returned home only to be apprehended for the army, whereupon he sought to escape the consequences by calling on our government for aid.

Mussolini's conduct differs vastly from that of previous regimes and other governments in that the military cases had cropped up hitherto only sporadically, and principally in circumstances of definite evasion, whereas the present Fascist Government has taken advantage of the lack of a naturalization treaty with the United States to institute what can only be regarded as a fixed policy of arresting for military duty all eligible Italo-Americans visiting Italy except Fascisti in good standing. That is, what had been an occasional incident, under Mussolini has become, to all appearances, a systematic impressment. Our government, in fact, has felt it necessary to open new negotiations with the Fascist Government looking toward the conclusion of a naturalization treaty.

So regularly have Italo-American visitors been seized for the army in Italy that there is now a fear of going home prevalent among Italians in America. This was strikingly attested last summer when the Sons of Italy advertised their pilgrimage to Rome to pay homage to Il Duce. They hoped to have a large representation to impress Mussolini not only with their faithfulness but with their numerical strength, but despite the reduced steamship rates the response was discouraging. The sponsors conferred as to what was wrong and then inserted advertisements in the Italian language papers in this country which were curiously reminiscent of Imperial Germany's warning to Americans to keep off the Lusitania on its fatal voyage. In this case, however, the foreign government promised, by special dispensation, *not* to molest American citizens. The Italian advertisement, addressed to "Citizen or Non-

Citizen," stated that "The government of Italy has sent an official communication to Giovanni di Silvestro giving its pledge that no traveler on the pilgrimage will be arrested because of unfulfilled military service."

Specific instances of such seizure are all too numerous and much alike in their details. Arturo B., who was naturalized in Brooklyn six years ago, saved the fare to Italy to visit his father, obtained leave of absence and sailed, happy at heart. Meanwhile the Fascist consul in America who gave Arturo his visa had cabled ahead to Fascist police in Italy to look up his record. No sooner had Arturo reached his father's home than he was called before a military tribunal where he was given the choice of five years' imprisonment or fulfillment of his military term. Arturo, as an American citizen, appealed to the nearest American consul who gave him no encouragement. He smuggled a letter through to his wife here asking her to appeal to Senator X, who took the matter up in Washington, and eventually a form protest went through to Rome. Rome was sorry, but the man could not be released. So Arturo served, and his wife in Brooklyn is taking care of herself and their children as best she can. This is not an isolated case, but typical of scores like it that are constantly coming up and are a matter of record in Washington.

An educated Italian importer sitting in his office in New York City told me of being arrested on a business trip to Italy because he had become a "renegade" by taking American citizenship and because he was not a Fascist here. He told of his release through influence, of their threats to take away the agency through which he does business here, and how, finally, he joined a Fascio in New York City to save his firm. "Why does our government allow the Fascisti to carry on their work here?" he asked. "Here is a foreign government organization combating the Americanization of four million of our residents and citizens, laying its plans for getting men and money for war from this country, and persecuting by boycott and terrorism those who resist. Why doesn't our government act to protect its own citizens and residents?"

# DRESSING–UP

A STORY

BY W. R. BURNETT

WHEN the store manager saw Blue and his girl, Birdy, coming in the front door, he turned to Al, one of the clerks, and said:

"Look at this, Al. The stockyards're moving down town."

Al laughed, then he put on his best professional manner, clasped his hands in front of his stomach, inclined his head slightly, and walked up to Blue.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

Blue was short and stocky. His legs were thin, his waist small, but his shoulders were wide enough for a man six feet tall. His face was red and beefy, and his cheekbones were so prominent that they stuck out of his face. He looked up at Al.

"I'm buying an outfit, see," he said. "I'm gonna shed these rags and climb into something slick."

"Yes, sir," said Al. "How about one of our new spring models?"

"He wants a gray suit," said Birdy, adjusting her new fur neckpiece.

"Double-breasted," said Blue.

"Yes, sir," said Al.

"But first I want some silk underwear," said Blue. "I'm dressing from the hide out."

The store manager came over and smiled.

"Take good care of this young man, won't you, Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, sir," said Al.

"Warm, isn't it?" the store manager said to Birdy.

"Yeah, ain't it?" said Birdy, taking off her neckpiece and dangling it over her arm like the women in the advertisements.

The store manager walked to the back of the shop and talked to the cashier:

"There's a boy that's got a big hunk of money all of a sudden," he said, "and he's gonna lose it the same way."

"Yeah?" said the cashier. "Well, I wish my rich uncle that I haven't got would die. Take a look at that neckpiece his girl's wearing. He didn't get that for five dollars."

Al spread out the silk underwear on the counter, and Blue looked through it. Birdy held up a lavender shirt.

"Here you are, Blue. Here's what you ought to get."

"Say . . . !" said Blue.

"Yes, sir," said Al; "we're selling lots of that. Just had an order for a dozen suits from Mr. Hibschmann out in Lake Forest."

"That's where the swells come from," said Birdy.

Blue looked at the lavender shirt and the lavender shorts and said:

"All right. I'll take a dozen."

Al glanced up from his order book, caught the manager's eye, and winked. The manager came up to Blue, put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"My dear sir, since you seem to know real stuff when you see it, I'll let you in on something. We got a new shipment of cravats that we have only just begun to unpack. But if you'd like to look at them, I'll send down to the stockroom for them."

"Sure," said Blue.

"Thanks awfully," said Birdy.

"It's our very best stock. Handmade cravats of the best material obtainable."

"We want the best, don't we, Blue?" said Birdy.

"Sure," said Blue.

While the manager sent for the cravats, Blue bought a dozen silk shirts, some collars, a solid gold collar pin, some onyx cuff links, a set of military brushes, and two dozen pairs of socks. Al bent over his order book and wrote in the items swiftly, computing the possible amount of this windfall. In a few minutes a stock boy brought up the neckties and stood with his mouth open while Blue selected a dozen of the most expensive ties. The manager noticed him.

"Just leave the rest of the stock, please," he said, then he turned his back to Blue and hissed, "Get out of here!"

The stock boy went back to the basement, and the manager turned back to Blue, smiling.

"Those cravats retail at four dollars apiece," he said, "but because you're giving us such a nice order, I'll let you have them for three fifty."

"O.K.," said Blue.

"Them sure are swell ties, Blue," said Birdy, putting her arm through his. "Won't we be lit up though?"

"Sure," said Blue.

When the accessories had been selected, Blue began to try on the suits Al brought him. Blue strode up and down in front of the big triple mirror, puffed out his chest, struck attitudes, and studied his profile, which he had never seen before except in one Bertillon picture. Al stayed at his elbow, offering suggestions, helping him with the set of a coat, telling him how wonderful he looked; and the manager stayed in the background, occasionally making a remark to Birdy whom he addressed as "Madam."

Blue, after a long consultation with Birdy, selected two of the most expensive suits: a blue serge single-breasted and a gray double-breasted. Then he bought a gray felt hat at twelve dollars, a small sailor at eight, and a panama at eighteen.

"Well," said Blue, "I guess you guys got about as much of my jack as you're gonna get."

"How about shoes?" Al put in.

"By God, I forgot," said Blue. "Hey, Birdy, I forgot shoes. Ain't that good? Look at this suitcase!"

He held up his foot. He was wearing big tan brogans, and there was a hole in the sole which went clear through the sock to the skin.

"Put your foot down, Blue," said Birdy. "Where you think you're at?"

Blue bought a pair of tan oxfords, a pair of black oxfords, and a pair of white and tan sport shoes.

"Now we're done," said Blue. "I guess I ought to look pretty Boul' Mich' now."

Al totaled up the bill. Birdy and the manager had a long conversation about the weather; and Blue stood before the triple mirror studying his profile.

Al hesitated before he told Blue the amount of the bill. He called for the manager to O.K. it, then he said:

"Cash or charge, sir?"

Blue took out his billfold which was stuffed with big bills.

"Cash," he said, "how much?"

"Four hundred and sixty-five dollars," said Al.

Blue gave him five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"Now," said Blue, "I want you to get that gray suit fixed up right away so's I can put it on. I'm gonna dress from the hide out, and you guys can throw my old duds in the sewer."

"Yes, sir," said Al. "I'll get our tailor right away. We got a dressing-room on the second floor."

The cashier rang up the sale and gave the change to the manager.

"Are you going away for the summer?" asked the manager as he handed Blue his change.

"Yeah," said Blue; "me and the girl friend are gonna see New York. It'll be our first trip."

"That'll be nice," said the manager. "Are you in business for yourself?"

Blue glanced at Birdy, and she shook her head slightly.

"I'm in the oil business," said Blue. "I got some wells. I'm from Oklahoma."

"That's interesting," said the manager.

When they were leaving the café Blue took out his billfold and gave the doorman a five-dollar bill. The doorman's eyes popped but he managed to bow and smile.

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," he said. "Do you want a cab?"

"Yeah," said Blue, hanging on to Birdy who was drunker than he was.

"Yeah, you're damn right we want a cab," said Birdy. "Do we look like the kind of people that walk?"

"That's right," said Blue.

"Yes, sir," said the doorman, and he went out into the middle of the street and blew his whistle.

Before the taxi came a small sedan drew up at the curb across the street, and two men got out.

"There he is," said one of them, pointing at Blue.

"Hello, Guido," shouted Blue. "Look at me. Ain't I Boul' Mich'?"

Guido ran across the street, took Blue by the arm, shook him several times and said:

"You got to sober up, keed! Get it! You got to sober up. Somebody spilled something, see? Me and Bud's taking it on the lam. Saint Louie won't look bad to us."

"Yellow," said Blue.

"Sure," said Guido; "but I got a stake and I'm gonna spend some of it before I get bumped. Somebody wised Mike's boys up. They're looking for Pascal right now."

"What the hell!" said Blue, laughing. "Look at me, Guido. Ain't I Boul' Mich'? I got silk underwear under this suit. Look at Birdy."

"Look at me," said Birdy; "ain't I Boul' Mich'?"

"Say," said Guido, "you better ditch that tommy and put in with us. We got room in the heap."

"Not me," said Blue. "I ain't scairt of Mike Bova. I'll bump him next."

"All right," said Guido; "you'll have a swell funeral."

"Guido," called the other man, "let that bum go."

"So long, Blue," said Guido.

"So long," said Blue.

"Bye, bye, Guido," said Birdy.

Guido crossed the street, got into the driver's seat, slammed the door, and the sedan moved off. The taxi was waiting, and the doorman helped Birdy and Blue into it.

"Good-night, sir," said the doorman.

Birdy was lying on the lounge flat on her back with her hands under her head and an empty drinking glass sitting upright on her stomach. Blue, in his shirtsleeves, his collar wilted and his tie untied, was sitting at the table reading a crumpled newspaper. There were three-inch headlines.

BOVA'S LIEUTENANT KILLED
SHOT DOWN AS HE LEFT
HIS OFFICE BY GUNMEN

"You hear me!" said Blue. "Funniest thing ever pulled. There I was waiting in a room across the street trying to read a magazine, and Pascal was sitting with his head against the wall sleeping. 'Christ,' I says, 'there's Pete now.' He was coming out of his office. We wasn't looking for him for two hours yet. So I jist set there. Hell, I couldn't move, see, 'cause he come sudden, see, and I was figuring he wouldn't be out for two hours yet. 'Pascal,' I says, 'there's Pete now.' But Pascal he jist opens his eyes like a fish and don't say nothing. Pete he stops and looks right up at the window where I'm sitting, see, and I wonder does this guy know something. Hell, I couldn't move. I wasn't ready, see? Well, so Pascal he slips and falls over and hits his head. This makes me laugh but still I couldn't move my

trigger finger. Pete he holds out his hand like he's looking for rain, then I let him have it. I don't know. It was funny. I jist let him have it without knowing it, see, and before, I couldn't pull that trigger when I wanted to. When the old Thompson starts to bark, Pascal gets up and yells, 'What you smoking for, you bum? It ain't time yet.' Then he looks out the window and there's Pete on the sidewalk dead as yesterday's newspaper and an old woman is pointing up at us. We ditch the gun and beat it down the back stairs. That's all there was to it. There wasn't nobody in the alley, see, so we jist walked along slow, and pretty soon we come to a drug-store and went in to get some cigs 'cause we smoked all ours waiting for that guy to come out."

"Pour me a little drink, honey," said Birdy.

Blue got up, took a big flask out of his hip pocket, and poured Birdy another drink. Then he sat down, took out his billfold and extracted a couple of railroad tickets.

"Look at them, old kid," he said. "When we ride, we ride. Twentieth Century to New York. That's us, kid; and won't we give 'em a treat over in Brooklyn! Say, them Easterners think we're still shooting Indians. Hell, Chi makes that place look like a Y. M. C. A. Yeah, I used to know Ruby Welch, and he was big stuff from Brooklyn; but what did he do when Guido started gunning for him? He got himself put in the can as a vag. Yeah, we ought to go big over in New York, kid. What they need over there is guts. We can give 'em that, kid. When somebody needs somebody for the No. 1 caper, Blue's the guy for the job. I was born with a rod in my cradle and I'm the best there is. Yeah, when the Big Boy wanted Pete bumped who did he call on first? Old Blue, yes, sir, old Blue."

Blue got up, turned on the gramophone, and started to dance with a chair.

"Hey," he said, "come on, let's dance, Birdy. We're big shots now, Birdy; let's dance. Look at me! If I had my coat on I'd look like the Prince of Wales. Boul' Mich', kid; that's us; Boul' Mich'. We'll knock their eyes out on Fifth Avenue, kid; yes, sir. Let's dance."

"I'm getting sick," said Birdy.

Blue went over and looked down at her. Her face was pale and drawn; there were blue circles under her eyes.

"Getting sick, Birdy?"

"Yeah. I can't stand it like I used to when I was with The Madam. Put me to bed, honey."

Blue picked Birdy up and carried her into the bedroom. Birdy began to hiccough.

"Gimme glass of water," she said.

"You don't want water," Blue said; "you want a nice big slug."

"No, gimme glass of water."

She lay down on the bed and, before Blue could bring her a glass of water, she was asleep. He stood looking down at her, then he went back into the living room, took a long pull at his flask, and picked up the crumpled newspaper. But he had read the account of the killing of Big Pete so many times that he knew it by heart. He sat staring at the paper, then he threw it on the floor and sat rolling a cigarette between his palms.

It had begun to get light. He heard a milk wagon passing the house. He got up and went over to the window. The houses were still dark, and far off down the street a string of lighted elevated cars ran along the horizon, but the sky was gray and in the east some of the clouds were turning yellow. It was quiet. Blue began to notice how quiet it was.

"Birdy," he called.

But he heard her snoring, and turned back to the table.

The telephone rang, but when he answered it there was nobody on the line.

"What's the idea?" he said.

He sat down at the table, took out his billfold and counted his money, then he took out the railroad tickets and read

everything printed on them. Again he noticed how quiet it was. He got up, put away his billfold, and went into the bedroom. Birdy was sleeping with her mouth open, flat on her back, with her arms spread out. Blue lay down beside her and tried to sleep, but he turned from side to side, and finally gave it up.

"I don't feel like sleeping," he thought. "I'm all het up about going East on The Century. Here I am, old Blue, riding The Century dressed up like John Barrymore and with a swell frail. Yeah, that's me. Boul' Mich' Blue."

He got up, put on his coat, and began to pose in front of the living-room mirror.

"Boul' Mich' Blue," he said.

Finally he sat down at the table and laid out a game of solitaire; but he had so many bad breaks with the cards that he began to cheat and then lost interest in the game.

"I know," he said, "what I need is food."

He got up and went to the refrigerator, but there wasn't anything in it except a few pieces of cold meat.

"Hell!" he said, "I guess I'll have to go down to Charley's."

He put on his new soft hat, but hesitated. If they was looking for Pascal, they was looking for him, too. Right now there wasn't nobody on the streets and it was a good time to bump a guy.

"Hell!" he said, buttoning his coat, "I got a streak of luck. It'll hold. Boul' Mich' Blue'll be on The Century to-morrow. Yeah bo! I ain't scairt of no Mike Bova."

When Blue came out of the apartment house the sun was just coming up. The alleys and areaways were still dark, but there was a pale yellow radiance in the streets. There was no one about; no sign of life. Not even a parked car.

"Hell!" said Blue; "safe as a tank-town."

A window across the street was raised, and Blue ducked without meaning to; but a fat woman put her head out of the window and stared into the street.

There was nobody in Charley's, not even a waiter. Behind the counter the big nickel coffee urns were sending up steam. Blue took out a fifty-cent piece and flung it on the counter. Wing, the counterman, looked in from the kitchen.

"Come on, Wing," said Blue, "snap it up."

"Didn't know you, kid," said Wing. "Ain't you dressed up, though? Must've struck it."

"I sure did," said Blue. "Give me a combination and some muddy water."

"Muddy water, hell," said Wing. "I jist made that Java."

Blue leaned on the counter and stared at himself in the mirror, while Wing went back to make his sandwich.

"Hey, Wing," Blue shouted, "did you know I was going East on The Century?"

"Are, hunh?" Wing shouted back. "You're on the big time now, ain't you, kid?"

"That's the word," said Blue.

Blue turned to look out into the street. He saw a man passing, and stared at him. The man was small and had a slouch hat pulled down over his face. Blue thought he recognized him and slid his gun out of the holster under his armpit and put it in his coat pocket. The man passed without looking in.

"I got the jumps," said Blue. "It's that rotten gin."

Wing came in with the sandwich, drew Blue a cup of coffee, then leaned his elbows on the counter and watched Blue eat.

"Well," said Wing, "I see where they got Big Pete."

"Yeah," said Blue.

"I knew they was gonna," said Wing. "I got inside dope."

"Yeah?" said Blue.

"It was coming to him."

"Yeah."

Blue finished his sandwich, lighted a cigarette, and sipped his coffee. It was broad daylight now, and trucks had begun to pass the restaurant.

"Going East, are you, kid?" said Wing.

"Yeah," said Blue. "I got in on a big cut and I don't have to worry none for some time. I jist took my dame down and dressed her up this afternoon. Is she hot? Me, I got silk underwear on."

He unbuttoned his shirt and showed Wing his lavender underwear.

"You're sure a dressed-up boy," said Wing. "I bet you paid ten bucks for that hat you got on."

"Twelve," said Blue. "It was the best they had. I paid eighteen for a panama. You like this suit?"

"It's red hot," said Wing; then with a twinge of envy, "If I wasn't going straight maybe I could wear rags like that."

"How long's your parole got to run yet?"

"Plenty long. And I got the dicks down on me. They thought I'd stool for 'em in this ward. But that ain't my way."

"Why don't you make a break for Canada?"

"Yeah," said Wing, "and get jerked back to stir."

Blue finished his coffee, paid his check, and gave Wing a dollar bill. Wing turned the bill over and over.

"Say," he said, "give me another buck and I'll put you on to something hot at Arlington."

Blue laughed and tossed Wing a silver dollar.

"Never mind the tip," he said. "I know lots of better ways to lose my dough. Why don't you lay off the ponies, Wing? You can't beat that racket."

"I got the itch," said Wing.

Blue looked into the mirror and adjusted his hat to the proper angle.

"Well," he said, "I'm leaving you. I'll send you a postcard from the Big Burg, Wing."

But Blue noticed that Wing had begun to get nervous; his face was twitching.

"Blue," said Wing, "for Christ's sake watch your step. I'm telling you straight, kid. One of Mike's boys was in here buzzing me about you jist 'fore she began to get light. I'm telling you straight, kid. It ain't my fight and I wasn't gonna peep. But you're a right guy, Blue."

Blue rubbed his hand over his face, then he said:

"It was The Wolf. I seen him go past."

"Yeah," said Wing.

"Jesus!" said Blue, "which way'd I better go?"

"I'd put you upstairs . . ." Wing began.

"No use," said Blue. "The Wolf seen me."

Wing drew himself a cup of coffee and drank it at a gulp.

"If they knew I'd peeped they'd bump me sure," said Wing.

Blue stood staring at the counter, then he pulled his hat down over his eyes, and slipped his right hand into the pocket where the gun was.

"Well," he said, "the alley's no good. It's blind my way. The side street won't get me no place. So all I got's the front way. Hell!" he went on, puffing out his chest, "I got a streak of luck, Wing. It'll hold."

Wing drew himself another cup of coffee.

"Here's hoping," he said.

Blue went to the door and, putting his head out a little way, looked up and down. The street was deserted except for a truck which was coming toward him slowly. It was a Standard Oil truck.

"Wing," he said, "has any of Mike's boys got a hide-out anywhere around here?"

"Don't know of none."

"Well," said Blue, "here I go."

"So long," said Wing.

Blue stepped out of the restaurant, threw his shoulders back, and began to walk slowly toward Birdy's apartment. The Standard Oil truck passed him and went on. The street was quiet. At the end of the street he saw an elevated on its way toward the Loop.

"I wish I was on that baby," he said.

But the nearer he got to the apartment the surer he became that his luck would hold. Hell! it was the first break he'd had since he and Guido hijacked that big Detroit shipment. He had tickets on The Century. When a guy has tickets on The Century he uses them. And that wasn't all. He was a big shot now; the Big Boy had promised him a bonus; he had on silk underwear.

"Hell!" said Blue, "it ain't in the cards."

Across from Birdy's apartment he saw the same fat woman leaning out of the window. When he looked up she drew her head in hastily. Blue made a dash for the door, but across the street a Thompson gun began to spit. Blue stumbled, dropped his gun, and ran blindly out into the middle of the street; then he turned and ran blindly back toward the house. An iron fence caught him just below the belt and he doubled over it. Across the street a window was slammed.

## EXPATRIATE

BY MARY BROWN ONSTOTT

*ALL night he sits and plays at solitaire,*
*A king upon an ace and then a queen,*
*And sips a little wine his games between*
*Or strolls out on the balcony for air.*
*Without, the foreign chatter in the square;*
*Within, rich foreign silks of rose and green,*
*Venetian glass, old bronze, an Orient screen,*
*And for his cards a teakwood stand and chair.*

*And time has mellowed his calm, unlined face*
*But cannot quite conceal the look of dread*
*That comes upon him. . . . Black upon the red*
*And red upon the black, with easy grace*
*He plays his cards—and drives back in his brain*
*The thought of maple trees and snow in Maine.*

# OUR ISLAND UNIVERSE

REFLECTIONS OF A RESIDENT OF MANHATTAN

BY ELMER DAVIS

A YEAR has gone by since the presidential election which was a referendum on — among other things—the proposition, "Resolved, that we the people of the United States disapprove of New York." Many New Yorkers have not yet got over their amazement at the vigor of that disapproval. We knew that our town was not popular in the rest of the country; but some of us had forgotten, others had never suspected, the intensity of malice and the depths of credulity revealed by the crusade which Bishop Cannon and Mrs. Willebrandt so valiantly led to triumph.

Much of the abuse which our town received last year was of course merely a political gesture. Mrs. Willebrandt's campaign speeches to the embattled Methodists conveyed the impression that New York was the one sink hole of iniquity in an otherwise stainless nation; her newspaper articles on prohibition, written after she left office, tell a different story. Even Bishop Cannon might admit that a city whose bucketshops are so accommodating to clerical customers is not utterly to be condemned. But the inaccuracy or insincerity of some of these attacks does not matter so much as the fact that they were made because it was known that they would be effective. Abuse of New York is the surest method of rallying those rural and small-town voters who call themselves the moral element. You could not have lined them up so solidly against a candidate who had graduated from the city machine of Philadelphia, or Boston, or Chicago. The back country hates all cities, but especially it hates New York.

All of which brings particular grief to us New Yorkers who are immigrants, not from Naples or Cork or Odessa, but from other parts of the United States. We feel the immigrant's traditional affection for the old country, even if it be Kansas or North Carolina, and the immigrant's natural wish that the old and the new fatherland might live together in amity. We perceive no adequate reason for the back country's bitterness against New York, still less for its conviction of its own ethical superiority. We have observed that human nature averages about the same in Manhattan, in Middletown, and in Gopher Prairie, though we believe that conditions are rather more favorable to decent and civilized behavior in New York than in most small towns.

We ought to be able to mediate between Manhattan and the back country; we understand something, at least, of both the rural and the urban point of view. There must be nearly a million of us; and in all departments of New York life except government we are about as influential as any other race. We could be more influential still if we thought and acted together as a racial group—but that is precisely the sort of thing that many of us do not like, and came to New York to escape. In the vast anonymity of Manhattan we can be individuals, free from the clan or fac-

tional loyalties that would bind us elsewhere, and might become irksome. But we obtained this freedom for a great price. A racial bloc of a million people can get what it wants, or make somebody pay for it on election day; but a million individuals, on election day, can only follow a bandwagon.

That was what we had to do last fall. As the presidential campaign took on the aspect of a war between Anglo-Saxon Protestants of the back country and Irish Catholics of New York, something like the war hysteria of a decade earlier seized the nation. We Anglo-Saxon Protestants of New York felt that there was something to be said on both sides; but a man who said anything on the other side just then was giving aid and comfort to the enemy. He that was not for us was against us, and jumping on us with both feet. So when our kinsmen back home said that the Tammany-governed town we lived in was viler than Sodom, most of us chose to stand by Tammany and swear that it was as spotless as the New Jerusalem, because that contention seemed less inaccurate than the other.

That war is over, for the time being. Tammany, so thoroughly *conspued* by the nation last November, seems to have decided that it might as well remain a mutual welfare league, instead of becoming, as Al Smith almost made it, a civic betterment society. And some of us who voted for the New Tammany, and would prefer even the old Tammany to the sort of "Christian" leadership of which Bishop Cannon is a specimen, have leisure, now that the smoke has blown away, to look at our town with a more dispassionate eye.

Perhaps we should not do that. Any admission by a New Yorker that New York has faults will be picked up and elaborated by the whirling dervishes who worked up the Holy War of 1928, as proof that all they said was true. Yet if there is any virtue that urban life with its greater variety of possible experience should encourage, it is the willingness to discriminate and qualify; to try to see things as they are without being blinded by partisanship; to recognize that there is almost always something to be said on both sides, and that it is a misfortune if we become too heated up to feel like saying it. New York is not and has not been for decades, if indeed it ever was, such a cesspool of corruption as inland moralists delight to picture; but it falls short of the New Jerusalem in several respects.

Some of us who hotly defended our town last year, and would do so again if occasion arose, have been driven to wonder, in this lucid interval, just what it is really like and how it compares with other cities. Especially a man whose business could be conducted anywhere must wonder, occasionally, why he goes on living on Manhattan Island, the most expensive spot on earth.

## II

Well, one reason for living in New York is that life and property are tolerably safe, by comparison with other American cities. The picturesque violence and extortions of Chicago, described by Mr. Gunther in last month's HARPER'S, are as yet but faintly reproduced in New York. Rackets such as increase the cost of so many different kinds of merchandise and service to the Chicago customer are comparatively rare here outside of the building trades; and even in these they seem confined to the borough of the Bronx, where the recent burning of several apartment houses under construction has been ascribed to the desire of racketeers to show contractors that they mean business. Strikes in certain industries are apt to entail the hiring of gunmen by both strikers and employers; but all this is petty by Chicago standards.

If you believe statistics published last summer, the New Yorker is twice as safe from assassination as the resident of Cincinnati, and almost twice as safe as the man who lives in Detroit or Chicago.

The exact truth about crime in America is notoriously hard to obtain, and the fact that these figures were compiled by the Registrar of the New York Department of Health may make them suspect elsewhere; but if they are trustworthy, New York ranks ninth among the cities of the country in the percentage of homicides, and seventh in the percentage of suicides. (San Francisco, Seattle, and Los Angeles lead the suicide list, which confirms what some of us have long suspected about the Golden West.) I have not at hand any recent comparison of the traffic death rates of the larger cities. Heaven knows, New York streets are perilous enough, but they seem to me safer than those of other places; perhaps because every man gets used to his home-town traffic and takes it for granted. The real peril of the traffic in New York, as everywhere else, is its continually increasing congestion. At evening, when stores and offices are closing, it oozes uptown in a slow-moving viscid mass. I have spent eighteen minutes traveling three blocks (about 700 feet) in a Fifth Avenue bus. A few years more, and the actuaries can safely calculate just how many thousand New Yorkers in the course of a year will starve to death in taxicabs on their way home to dinner, while they wait for the red light to turn green.

If our homicide rate is less than that of other cities, it must be due to the native mildness of the population rather than to any fear of punishment. A recent report of the Police Commissioner, contrasting the first half of 1929 with the first half of 1928—there was not much difference between them, so far as homicides were concerned—showed that in the two periods taken together there had been 327 killings. In 114 of these cases there were no arrests, in many others no indictments. There had been two convictions for first-degree murder, forty-four for other degrees of murder, or for manslaughter. Allowing for the cases in which trials were pending, it would still seem that a New York killer has about a five-to-one chance of escaping conviction, and better than a hundred-to-one chance of escaping the chair.

Spectacular gang murders such as have made Chicago famous are rare in our town. Our underworld, so far as the outsider can gather, is neither so well organized, so profitably employed, nor on the whole so well protected by politicians as that of Chicago. Still, we have had in the past two or three years several underworld killings of the Chicago type; and in the best Chicago manner they have been left unsolved.

The best known of these affairs was of course the murder of Mr. Arnold Rothstein. So much hullabaloo was raised over the inability or reluctance of the police to solve it that the Mayor rather brutally forced out the Police Commissioner—his close personal friend, who had been a valuable public servant in less exacting offices—and appointed in his place the famous greeter, Mr. Grover Whalen. Mr. Whalen's renown as head of our local reception committee has somewhat obscured the fact that he too had proved himself an efficient executive, both in public and in private business; and his handling of the Rothstein case seems to prove that he is an extremely efficient police commissioner.

This is what he did about the Rothstein case. He announced, frequently and vigorously, that he was about to solve it. Then he put into operation, with all the flamboyant publicity that attends the opening of the opera or the world's series, a new and spectacular method of traffic control. Shortly before this an evening paper in search of a crusade had started a scare about speakeasies that sell poisonous liquor. Mr. Whalen, as defender of the public safety, promised to close "the speakeasies which breed crime." Whether in this oral statement a comma was to be inferred after "speakeasies" was a matter of dispute. At any rate his police raided several hundred speakeasies out of the 32,000 which he estimated as existing in New York—smashing many

of them with axes, in the Carrie Nation style. It is true that very little of the liquor seized was found to be poisonous; and it was observed that almost all of the places raided were those that sold a drink for a quarter, whereas the far more numerous establishments that sell a drink for seventy-five cents escaped, with rare exceptions, untouched. This class discrimination might seem hard to reconcile with Tammany's traditional championship of the poor. Still, it was a famous victory.

Then Mr. Whalen's police made an illegal and utterly indefensible raid on a clinic where birth control information is disseminated, under the restrictions prescribed by law. Mr. Whalen has said that he did not know anything about this beforehand, being presumably too busy solving the Rothstein murder. Who inspired this unlawful search and seizure was never revealed, but I do not suppose that anyone familiar with the history of the birth control movement in New York would need more than one guess. At any rate, there was a tremendous uproar. Much had been said about religious liberty in the campaign of the previous fall, and an inconveniently large number of New Yorkers seemed to have taken it seriously. The defendants were hastily discharged, at least some of the private documents seized in the raids were restored, and the net result was a great advantage to the birth control movement.

It was also a great advantage to the murderers of Rothstein, who by that time had been completely forgotten.

I do not know who killed Mr. Rothstein and I do not care; he never will be missed. Whoever were his murderers, the ordinary citizen who behaves himself and does not meddle in the business of his betters will never get in their way. I suspect that our police are more usefully employed in giving that ordinary citizen reasonably adequate protection—which they do—than in fussing over the removal of a gentleman whom we can easily spare. Our police keep order; we do not have riots, and there are few streets if any in Manhattan where a pedestrian is not reasonably safe at night from everything but the traffic.

True, our protectors incurred some derision last summer when a prominent detective excused his failure to report important information bearing on a front-page underworld killing by explaining that he had not read the papers, and hence did not know of the murder. This was the Frankie Marlow affair, of which Mr. Whalen offered three or four entirely different explanations on successive days. He insisted, however, that the police knew who the murderer was, and somewhat curiously invited the miscreant to give himself up to be electrocuted, threatening that if he did not the police would go and get him. The murderer did not, and neither did the police. But possibly the man who had killed Frankie Marlow did not read the papers either. At any rate, when people began to wonder too audibly why something was not done about this case which Mr. Whalen had seemed to consider so simple, the Commissioner distracted public attention by a general shifting of high police officers. Argument over the reasons for this reshuffle and new deal, and its probable effectiveness, ran so high that nobody bothered any longer about Frankie Marlow.

If you and I were murdered, however, the police would try to find out who did it, and might succeed. As for the Rothstein and Marlow cases, Mr. Whalen declared so often and so loudly that he was going to solve them that half the people in New York probably think he did solve them, and most of the others do not care. So these episodes seem to prove that Mr. Whalen is a highly efficient police commissioner.

## III

If you really want action in such matters as the Rothstein murder, and cannot get it from the police, you can get it from the District Attorney—

provided that he is not only able but ambitious, and belongs to the party which does not control the police. New York had such a District Attorney in 1912, when Herman Rosenthal was murdered. Mr. Charles S. Whitman's presidential aspirations were rather ludicrous, and his eventual achievement as Governor was not impressive; but as District Attorney he certainly put the fear of God into a lot of people who were all the better for a dose of it.

Our present District Attorney is able and honest, but he is not ambitious, and he belongs to the organization. His chief assistant, Mr. Ferdinand Pecora, is also able and honest; but it was not his ability and honesty that promised, last summer, to give Mr. Pecora the nomination for District Attorney. He owed that bright prospect to the fact that he is an Italian Protestant, a combination of eligibilities extremely rare. Yet the organization passed him over, and nominated instead a jurist of ability and integrity who is seventy years old. Some persons have been base enough to suggest that it was not Justice Crain's integrity but his age that caused his nomination. A man of seventy is not apt to be agile enough to get around much, and pry into matters that might better be left alone.

All this, again, is petty, by inland standards. No District Attorney within my memory has been suspected of corruption—a rare distinction, as American cities go. Some of them might have been more enterprising; but no man is perfect, and if any man were he would not be nominated for public office. The chief fault of both our police and our prosecutors, to the current American taste, is their old-fashioned outlook. They regard the preservation of order as more important than the imposition of morality. Cincinnati, for example, is more enlightened. It has the highest homicide rate in the country, but dog racing is sternly suppressed.

But what, the inlander may ask, about those 32,000 speakeasies? How and why do they survive, unless they pay for police protection? Well, of course they pay. A rumseller is apt to speak freely enough of his gifts to the patrolman or the sergeant; if you ask him about higher personages a great ox, as Æschylus puts it, steps on his tongue. Seven or eight years ago, when the Volstead Act was reinforced by a state prohibition law, there seems to have been a regular graduated tariff, running from $5 a day for neighborhood restaurants that serve wine with lunch and dinner to a maximum of $500 a month outside the Times Square district. Broadway night clubs were charged whatever the traffic would bear. Since the state law was repealed these matters are handled more suavely. I believe you do not pay for protection any more, you make spontaneous gifts to friends, and when it comes to the amount you let your enlightened self-interest be your guide. The police do not get all of this. Most speakeasies are in remodeled residences which violate some of the countless regulations of the Building Bureau, the Fire Department, the Tenement House Department. Inspectors who indulgently fail to report those violations are not restrained by mere good-fellowship.

But the speakeasies are not there because the police make money out of them; they are there because the people want them. Some people do not want them, others would rather have some other kind of liquor dispensary; but most people would rather have the speakeasies —which are usually respectable restaurant clubs where you can meet your friends and get pretty good food as well as pretty good liquor—than nothing at all. This may confirm the inlander's conviction of the wickedness of all New Yorkers, but it ought to take away the reproach from a Tammany administration which merely registers the will of the people. No Mayor could dry up New York, and no Mayor who tried it would be re-elected. If the police neglected everything else and gave burglars and stick-up men the run of the town,

they could probably close those 32,000 speakeasies to-morrow; but most of them would open up somewhere else the day after. A demand so copious creates a supply.

It is unfortunate that the police profit by this antipathy between national law and local sentiment; but their takings are less offensive than the tolls levied on prostitution, for instance, by their predecessors of a generation ago. The passing of this sort of thing is partly the effect, and partly the cause, of a greater decency among our policemen and politicians; chiefly it is due of course to nation-wide changes in social custom—the disappearance of the red-light district and the more recent decline of street-walking. This slump in prostitution, in turn, is partly the effect and partly the cause of increased amateur competition; and if commercialized vice seems to have disappeared more generally from New York than from most other cities, the inlander will probably reason that the amateur competition is keener here. I doubt it. Whatever New York girls may want to do, those of them who live with their families have fewer opportunities than the small-town girl whose boy friend can get hold of a car and take her beyond the village limits in five minutes. There are vestiges of commercial vice in New York, but Mr. Whalen told the truth when he lately boasted that there is less open vice here than in any other large city in the world.

As for graft in general, it is quite true that the days of Tweed and Croker are gone, and probably gone forever. The one conspicuous recent instance of flagrant graft was the sewer scandal in the Borough of Queens, and could not fairly be ascribed to Tammany, which was on bad terms with the Queens organization (though it was so ascribed, of course, in campaign speeches). Queens is a suburban district, growing at a furious rate—still in the pioneer boom stage that ended many years ago in Manhattan, where Tammany rules. American history shows that pioneer boom days usually mean graft; the march of progress has to pass through somebody's toll gate. Yet if the Tammany of Tweed and Croker is dead, the modern Tammany which lately rejected Al Smith's highbrow notions is not in business for its health. There are far too many jobs in our city government, and far too many district leaders and local heelers holding them down. What graft there is now is mostly what is called honest graft, but it comes out of the taxpayer's pocket none the less.

Again one must discriminate and qualify. Tammany gives us a pretty good government—well above the average of American municipal government in efficiency, so far as concerns the routine of running the town. It does not seem to see very far beyond the end of its nose, and we may presently pay heavily for that short-sightedness; but more of that later. From what I hear in other cities, I believe that our government is well above the average in honesty too; though that is faint praise. But it comes high. It costs six hundred million dollars a year to run our town—a hundred dollars for every man, woman, and child in it. That is three times as much as the United States government costs per head; six times as much, if the costs of the late war are deducted from Federal expenditure. Any competent private business executive (which is not the same as a "business administration," or even a city manager) could do it for very much less if the people made the politicians let him alone.

The notion that they ever would is of course fantastic. Your average citizen would say that Tammany's famous "human touch," the help he can get from his district leader when he needs it, is worth a few dollars extra a year—provided you could persuade him that he paid any part of the cost of government, as you probably could not unless he owned real estate. Most local taxation falls on real estate and is absorbed in the rent; but you could not convince the

average rent payer that the cost of city government, past and present, accounts for a large fraction of what he pays the landlord. We New Yorkers are, in some ways, a simple lot.

## IV

But if our government comes high, it gives us some unusual blessings. Chief of these is our Merry Monarch, James J. Walker, undoubtedly the most decorative Mayor this or any other city ever had. If the Honorable James, in these past four years, has done a great deal of decorating and practically no work, it is not because he could not work if he wanted to. He has worked hard and well in other jobs, when he was driven to it. But he is a shrewd person who knows what the people want. They want some work, of course, but there are plenty of minor officials who are able and willing to do it. They also, and more especially, want a show; and nobody can give them so good a show as Joyful James.

Chicagoans kept re-electing Mayor William Hale Thompson, I believe, because he gave them the sort of show they liked; but how much cruder it was than Walker's show, how much nearer the æsthetic standards of the Stone Age! Thompson's show suited Chicago; Walker's show suits New York, which is all to New York's credit; but it is not true, as has sometimes been said, that New York would never stand for Thompson. Ordinarily New York will stand for any Mayor whom Tammany selects; it stood for eight years of John F. Hylan, whose show was as crude as Thompson's and far less amusing. It was our luck rather than our merit that gave us Walker, whose show appeals to the more subtle and sophisticated strata of the population. He may have few visible achievements to his credit, but he has been a powerful influence for the refinement of public manners and the elevation of popular taste.

But the masses love him because they prefer King Log to King Stork. New York does not know much about King Stork, at first hand. The nearest approach to him it has had was John Purroy Mitchel's administration of 1914 to 1918—probably the ablest and most honest government the city ever enjoyed, or rather did not enjoy. The Mitchel administration had all the virtues but tact, and people overlooked the good things it did in their annoyance at the way it did them. The voters who turned it out were cutting off their nose to spite their face, but they were actuated, however stupidly, by the sound instinct that too little government is better than too much. Walker will never give them too much.

When you read this, the municipal election will be only a few days distant; as I write, the nominations have just been made. It does not yet appear what will be said and done in the campaign by Joyful James's opponent, Fiery Fiorello LaGuardia, or whether he will get any lucky breaks. I do not know at this moment for which of these gentlemen I shall vote; but I do not suppose that enough people are similarly undecided, as yet, to give Joyful James much worry. Whichever wins, we shall have for the next four years a potentially able Mayor who will do no more work than he has to (LaGuardia would have to do more than Walker), because he knows his constituents would rather have too little government than too much. And under either Mayor we shall have some capable and conscientious public servants, and a considerable number of district leaders whose idea is to keep the wheels turning and take care of the boys.

We could have worse governments than that; most American cities have. But a city of six million people does not stand still; if its government stands still for four years, it will have to hurry all the faster whenever it starts catching up with civic needs. While Joyful James plays his clean wholesome comedy act at the City Hall, New York keeps growing larger and more complex. Some-

thing must be done about the traffic, about the subways, about garbage and sewage disposal, about better housing. Just what ought to be done is not always clear, but it is clear that it will cost a lot of money. Joyful James at last took notice of this, in his address accepting renomination, promising that in his second term he would do everything he had neglected in his first term, and let the Mayors who come after him figure out how to pay for it.

Can he get away with that? Certainly he can. Suppose that a few hundred millions more must some day be taken out of the taxpayer, what of it? Taxes are never increased in New York; only assessments. Besides, as any New Yorker who owns no real estate will tell you, taxes are something that the other fellow pays. You and I only pay rent.

## V

Our town differs not only in degree but in kind from the other cities of America —yes, and of the world. Every foreign city of comparable size is the capital of a nation; there is a constant interchange of people and ideas between the metropolis and the provinces that knits the nation together. New York misses much of that, and the loss is not only ours but the nation's, which would be better off if its political capital were located in its financial and intellectual capital. (Or in Chicago, for that matter; in any natural city, rather than the cantonment of government clerks and lobbyists on the Potomac. But that is an old story.)

Even the difference in size is important. Six million people are as many as you will find in three or four ordinary States. Among so many there are all kinds of people, including a group which lately gave Bishop Cannon a prize for Christian statesmanship. So whatever you say about New York or New Yorkers will be true to some extent. Our vast and complex island city might be called by a term borrowed from the astronomers—an island universe, detached from all other universes, complete in itself. Of course our town is not wholly self-sufficient; economically the rest of the country could get along without New York better than New York could get along without the rest of the country. But spiritually there is a cleavage, in interests and in point of view; which is unfortunate both for New York and for the back country. Inland Americans are quite right when they say that New York is not America. It does not pretend to be; it is simply New York, a city on a group of islands off the coast. And if the inlander wishes that those islands were a thousand miles off the coast—why, so, sometimes, do we.

It is an article of faith in the United States that New Yorkers are the most provincial people in the country, that they neither know nor care about what lies west of the Hudson. That is true of some New Yorkers—a considerable number, if you add them up. But among any six million inlanders you will find quite as many who are uninterested in anything beyond the county line, and have considerably less to see inside it. A city so immense and intricate contains about everything, even to pastoral scenery and Pre-Millennial Fundamentalists. It is another article of faith in the interior that New Yorkers, living in apartment houses, do not know their neighbors even by sight. Well, I lived three years in an apartment house where I did not know my neighbors by sight; and I have lived five years in another where I know a dozen families about as well as I should know my neighbors in a small town where I had lived five years. Anything is true of New York.

Babylon, said Aristotle, was a nation rather than a city. New York, said Rutger Jewett a few years ago, is not even a nation but a league of nations. He was thinking, not of the racial colonies in the poorer districts—these are gradually dissolving, with the shutting off of immigration—but of the hopeless heterogeneity of the more prosperous classes. Mrs. Wharton's novels depict

a compact and integrated New York society, which survived as late as thirty years ago. Now there are a dozen, perhaps a hundred, New York societies, hardly aware of one another's existence. Chicago is a great city, too large for all the people who count to know each other; but I gather that they at least know about each other. New York is too big even for that.

This vast impersonality fills some people with horror; they flee from it to suburbs where they cannot help knowing their neighbors. But for some of us this impersonality, anonymity, indifference, is New York's greatest charm. Especially does it appeal to some of us immigrants from the inland, who if we had stayed at home should have been caught in a network of group loyalties—some inherited, some acquired in youth, some compelled by the pressure of public opinion. In New York we can be individuals; we do not have to join anything, side with anybody, if we do not choose.

A man who lives in, say, Heliopolis, Ohio, must follow the customs of Heliopolis, which are excellently satisfactory if you happen to like them. He is not only a person, and a husband, and a father, and a brother, and a cousin; he is also a Shriner, a Sigma Nu, a Republican, a Methodist, a Rotarian, a member of the Chamber of Commerce, above all, a booster for Heliopolis. If these or similar loyalties did not bind him, people would think he was queer, and his business might suffer. But if he moves to New York he need not be anything but himself. The interwoven loyalties of Heliopolis may make him a more useful citizen, though there is room for argument on that; they will certainly make him a happy man, if he likes them. But some people do not like them; they prefer to stand free, except as they are limited by personal friendship or affection. They can do that in New York, and nobody cares.

They do not have to do it. I know New Yorkers who think of themselves primarily not as individuals—still less as New Yorkers—but as Rotarians, or Knights Templar, or natives of Georgia, or Greenwich Villagers, or Catholics, or Socialists. But they do not have to feel that way unless they want to. New Yorkers who belong to organizations are apt to take their ties lightly, especially the hardier immigrants from the inland. Your New Yorker born in Heliopolis, Ohio, may belong to a club; but he probably goes there only for lunch, or to consult some book in the library. He feels no loyalty binding him to members of his club against the rest of the world.

Not all New Yorkers are like that, but there are more people like that in New York than anywhere else in the country; and here is one large factor in the back country's hatred of New York, especially that venomous hatred that is felt by the so-called "moral element." In our town, men and women can live, within reasonable limits, as they please and not as the neighbors please. The moral element hates that. It also hates the people in its home town who want to live as they please, but it has them licked. New York, the devil's citadel, still defies assault.

The belief that men and women who are permitted to live as they please will please to live wickedly is not utterly to be derided; some men and women will. The doctrine that you learn by trying, that you cannot be sure you are going right till you have resisted temptation to go wrong, has been decisively rejected by American public opinion. But in New York the freedom of the will is still part of the unwritten constitution. No wonder excited inlanders scream that we have seceded from the Union.

But this freedom, too, comes high.

## VI

The resident of Heliopolis may not be a member of a lodge or a church or a luncheon club, but one thing he must be, if he stays in town—a shouting booster

for Heliopolis. Among six million New Yorkers you will find more Parsees or Confucians than shouting boosters for New York. Hylan was one; and in his day the Hearst papers carried, for a while, the slogan—"Boost New York, the Wonder City of the World." But most of us thought that was hick stuff. Why advertise the obvious?

The New Yorker is proud of his town, but vaguely, almost unconsciously; his feeling is not civic pride as American cities know it, nor yet what the Parisian feels about Paris. For why, after all, does a man love his home town? Usually for the simple reason that he lives there; a town that enshrines him is uniquely blest. If a Minneapolis booster is transferred by his firm to Los Angeles, he becomes a Los Angeles booster.

Some New Yorkers feel that, but not many; the town is too vast, chaotic, impersonal. You do not live in New York; you live in a part of New York. Inlanders are apt to think of New York and Manhattan as the same thing; but hardly more than a third of the city's inhabitants live in Manhattan, and there are New Yorkers who have lived in the city all their lives without ever setting foot on that famous island. (They are not all children, either.) I live on Morningside Heights, and like that district; but I feel no affection, proprietary or otherwise, for Maspeth or Morrisania. So with native New Yorkers; most of them have the natural human attachment to the place of their birth—but the place of their birth is not New York City, it is Murray Hill, or Flatbush, or the old Ninth Ward. New York is too big to inspire parochial patriotism. We might as well feel a home-town pride in the Milky Way.

What else may men love in their city? Its history? Most New Yorkers do not know the town has any. Its beauty of situation? Our town has that in spots; you may love the harbor, the river, the heights, but your heart does not thrill as you contemplate the wilderness of real-estate subdivisions in Queens. Its peculiar urban splendor—the beauty of mass and speed, of towering buildings and hurrying crowds, the feel of a great metropolis? Yes, young people have been falling in love with that aspect of New York for a hundred years; but the object of their affections changes fast; when they are forty and cannot get away from her she is not the town they fell in love with at twenty-five.

There is a better civic patriotism than all this—a pride in the spirit, the ideals, of your fellow-citizens. That kind of pride produced the finest advertisement ever written by a civic booster for his home town—the description of Athens, which Thucydides ascribed to Pericles. But New York is many times as big as Periclean Athens; its six million residents have no common ideals or emotions. We individualists appreciate what it gives us, but we know that its freedom and tolerance are negative, the fruit of its immense impersonality. Our fellow citizens are not the six million New Yorkers, but the people anywhere who think and feel as we do. There are more of them in Manhattan than anywhere else; but there are plenty of them in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and Chicago; there are some of them in Boston, and Washington, and Indianapolis, and Nashville—even in Philadelphia and Los Angeles. Greenwich Village is, or used to be, the nearest thing New York had to a city in the Greek sense—a group of people bound together by community of residence and of ideals. But even in Greenwich Village the majority of the inhabitants are Irish or Italian Catholics, who hate the ideals of Bohemia as heartily as any Kansas Protestant. What the Greek felt for his little city only rare spirits can feel for a league of diverse nations.

Whatever may be the origin of civic patriotism, there is no doubt as to the first duty it dictates, according to current American belief. You must shout for a bigger and better Boston, or Houston, or Seattle; and if you have not the means to attain both objectives, you

try to make it bigger and trust to God to make it better. Among New Yorkers there is a growing realization that their town is too big already; almost all of them, except the realtors, would give three cheers if somebody found a way to make it stop growing. But no one has found it yet; the population of the city has increased only about ten per cent in the last fifteen years, but the population of the suburbs which are mainly dormitories for city workers has doubled. Some of us are becoming reconciled to the possibility that the sewage which is so gaily dumped in the rivers and bay may some day set off an epidemic that will remove three or four million people, and give the rest of us room to move around.

So of civic pride as America understands it New York has almost none; and we suffer thereby. If Chicago, or Los Angeles, or even Boston, were as heartily hated by the rest of the country as is New York, its Chamber of Commerce would have good-will delegations going up and down the land, shouting the merits of their town. New Yorkers merely dismiss this hatred with a shrug, as a display of provincial bigotry. Even if that is true, it does not help New York.

We do make half-hearted attempts, occasionally, to advertise a town which we feel needs no advertisement. Last summer the Merchants Association took a vote among leading citizens and visitors to the town as to what were the Seven Wonders of New York. Mr. Joseph McKee, second in command of the city government (the man who works while Walker does not sleep) observed that he thought it would be more to the point to pick out the Seven Disgraces of New York, and try to get rid of them. It seems to me that the wonder of wonders, outshining the chosen seven, lies in the fact that a city official would dare to say that; and that after he had said it he could be re-nominated, with confidence of re-election. I do not believe that could happen anywhere else in America. That it could happen here is one of the reasons why some of us like New York.

The chief wonder selected was the Woolworth Building—not for its architectural beauty, I fear, for no other of our beautiful buildings came anywhere near enough votes to be chosen, but simply because it is the most protuberant object in sight. The second wonder was the subway. Well, it is a wonder, true enough—the wonder being that even New Yorkers will tolerate its noise, its dirt, its foully indecent crowding. But what can we do about it? The more subways we build, the more the crowds increase on all the subways. The management of the Interborough subway might have been put down as one of our wonders; it is undoubtedly the most insolent public-service corporation on earth. But we tolerate that, I suppose, because it is part of our municipal show. There must always be a villain whom we can hiss.

Yes, it is a great town—the greatest and richest on earth. Yet it permits its show street, Fifth Avenue, to be invaded by Woolworth stores and Childs restaurants and the cheapest sort of underwear shops. (The Childs people conscientiously tried to dress up to Fifth Avenue; not so the others.) It loads its garbage in scows and dumps it a few miles out at sea, where it floats in to befoul the beaches where millions of New Yorkers bathe; because otherwise the garbage would have to be incinerated, and any region in which an incinerator was built would vote for the opposition at the next election. It dumps its sewage in the waters that flow through the town, and trusts to Providence and the tides to avert a pestilence. Its street cleaners take the waste paper that apartment-house janitors have collected in barrels, and merrily scatter it around all over the streets. Buildings rise higher and higher; more and more streets become dark chasms; but nobody would restrict private enterprise by declaring that we have enough tall buildings. A skyscraper is erected, so

beautiful that it is worth going a thousand miles to see; and next year a dozen others have grown up around it so that you cannot see it at all. Crowds grow thicker; the traffic is a crawling python, ever fatter and more sluggish. Bit by bit the town is torn down to make room for it, but it increases faster than new outlets can be opened.

All these drawbacks and discomforts are partly the fruit of our town's peculiar merit. That immense indifference which permits individuals to stand alone, keep to themselves, prevents them from noticing much or caring much when things go badly. Vaguely we all perceive that the town is more costly and less comfortable than it used to be, but everybody's business is nobody's business. Back in Heliopolis we should all have to belong to the Chamber of Commerce or the luncheon clubs, and those organizations would do something about it—the wrong thing, perhaps, but something. Here, the Russell Sage Foundation lately promoted a huge regional plan for the sane development of city and suburbs; but if the real estate interests ever permit much of it to be executed, I shall be surprised.

New York will not stop growing; the only question is whether it can escape the fate of the dinosaurs whose bodies grew faster than their brains. Chicago has a tangle of overlapping governments, some of them the worst in the world; yet despite its government Chicago goes ahead. It seemed to me, revisiting it lately after two years' absence, that Chicago had made more improvements in that time than New York had made in a decade—real improvements, that either beautify the city or make it more livable. New York would show immense changes after two years, but I am not sure that much of the change could be called improvement. Our government, with all its faults, is simpler, more honest, and more efficient than Chicago's; but it does little, and the community spirit that gets things done in Chicago in spite of the government is weak in New York because the town is too big and impersonal and incurious.

## VII

Why, then, do we go on living here? Every immigrant of more than ten years' residence must ask himself that sometimes, whether he came from Kieff or Kansas City. Year by year the town grows bigger, noisier, more crowded, more expensive; it still has beauty, but not the same beauty with which we immigrants fell in love ten or twenty years ago. Cloud-capped towers rise higher and thicker, obscuring each other and the sky; streets become more and more impassable; rents increase and the space of living quarters decreases for everybody but millionaires. Why do we stay?

Most of us stay, of course, because we have to; our jobs are here and we cannot leave them. But a man whose business could be conducted, as mine could, almost as well and with far less overhead expense in Bird Center, Minnesota, must occasionally wonder what Manhattan gives him one half so precious as the price he pays.

Yet, as Mr. John dos Passos asked some years back, if New York sours on you, where else is there to go? Anywhere, of course, if you like country or small-town life; but people who like that are probably not here in the first place. If you happen to prefer the metropolitan atmosphere, there are not many cities in America where you can get it. Cincinnati has more of it than Cleveland, and San Francisco than Los Angeles; Chicago, of course, most of all. If we immigrant inlanders were expelled from New York most of us would feel more at home in Chicago than anywhere else.

But the things that threaten to make New York unlivable—overgrowth, congestion, expense—are curses of Chicago too. New York is farther gone than Chicago, Chicago farther gone than most other towns; but these are the curses of all American cities. They are,

in the main, the price we pay for the automobile. So America seems to offer no exit; and those New Yorkers who shake the dust of Manhattan from their feet and go off to Paris are apt to come back, confessing, as did Mr. Ralph Barton lately, that while ours is a crazy town, if you belong here this is where you belong.

So we stay here because, be it ever so uncomfortable, there's no place like home. Here more than anywhere else we can live in our own way and not in the neighbors' way; here all of us, whatever our taste, can find more of the sort of people we like. But that is not all. Here is probably the best art in the country. Not merely the galleries, though no other American city could equal them in the aggregate. Our Metropolitan Museum, like our town, is big enough to contain almost everything, including more bad pictures than you are likely to find anywhere else in the world; but it has plenty of good pictures too. But more than any other American city our town is itself a work of art—of the one great American art, skyscraper architecture.

Here, too, are excellent libraries. New York apartments have little room for books, but we do not have to own books. In my business I should have to buy many books if I lived in a small town; New York libraries are a considerable offset to New York rents. Here too are the best of schools—not the public schools, but private day schools that are setting the pace for American education. If you like the theater, New York has the best in the world; if you like music, we have the best music in the world. Philadelphia has a better orchestra (except when Toscanini is conducting ours); but you can hear the Philadelphia orchestra here, and all the other good orchestras besides our own. Grouching about the way things are done in our opera house is a civic right as inalienable as grandstand-managing the Yanks for Miller Huggins; but we know that for all our mutterings we have the best opera in the world too.

All these are what are called cultural advantages; they are not apt to loom large to boys and girls coming in from the inland, though they help persuade the old folks at home that the young people are not going to Manhattan just to lead a life of sin. But as the boys and girls grow older, the cultural advantages count. When I settled here I was thinking less of schools and libraries than of tall buildings and bright lights, of gay and cozy restaurants, of the feel and smell and color of a world city. The buildings are taller now, and the lights are brighter; there is still the metropolitan feel and color, and (especially in the subway) the metropolitan smell. Restaurants are still gay, if not so cozy; their gayety seems more synthetic than it used to be, but probably it was always more synthetic than it seemed to the eyes of inexperience. The town is bigger, noisier, harder; it is not what it used to be, and it never has been for a hundred years past. Yet it gives my children a better and cheaper education than they could get elsewhere; it gives me more of what I want than any other town I know. Custom cannot stale its infinite variety. Cleopatra may have been hard to live with, but men who tried it do not seem to have had much eagerness to live with anybody else.

# SUNSET CAMP

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

MRS. GROBATY had the feeling that it must be time for getting up. Back home it would be. But everything was different here. Even the hours of the day were changed. She couldn't get used to thinking that when it was six here it was eight back there. The light that came in through the drawn curtains of the cabin was different.

Mister was still sleeping, and it wouldn't do to waken him. But she was growing more accustomed now to getting up first, and by herself. She drew up her legs, hoisted herself, and then crawled out cautiously over his feet. He still slept "on the outside." She stood and shivered a moment on the braided rug that she had made to cozy up the cabin. The floor was cold, but she scurried across it, grabbed up her clothes, and went into the kitchen where she lighted the gas stove. It wouldn't do to light the fire in the other room until Mister was awake. Besides—although that, too, was only a gas heater—he liked to "make the fire" himself. He liked to keep a few little chores, as many as he was able to do.

At first the kitchenette was chilly. Let folks say what they would about the climate, the nights were certainly cold! Mist veiled a strange landscape of palms, mountains, and eucalyptus trees; and the few furnished kitchen utensils that hung above the stove were clammy. It was not much like the big kitchen with the warm range at home. She missed having her own things to work with.

Still, this was a pretty nice camp. She remembered some where they had stopped on their way out to California. They had their own toilet and shower bath—not that either of them used the shower much; they couldn't get used to that way of bathing. It was nice to think that she didn't have to send Mister clear down town but could just step over to the store and get what she needed in the morning.

And the minute she went outside she felt better. Maybe it was stirring around a bit. But it was nice here. She had to admit that. At first she couldn't get used to so many people. They had always had their own place at home. Now it was kind of pleasant seeing all the other cabins around her. It was exciting to have folks coming and going all the time. She didn't feel so lost and far away any more. The folks in the store knew her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Grobaty. What will you have?"

My, but there was nice fruit this morning! She and Mister were getting so they lived on fruit. At home he always wanted just what they had on the place and needn't buy, plums or apples from their trees, or things she had put up for winter. Well, he had to buy things here, and she was glad of it! Oranges and figs and grapefruit—he said they grew out here and they didn't cost much.

"I'll have a dozen of the oranges, I guess."

She talked to the man—told how Mister had slept—and even gave a kindly glance at the tiger cat that came

purring around her skirt. She couldn't remember that Mister had been any hand for cats at home, although they used to have plenty of them around the barn, but he was getting kind of attached to this one. "I guess it won't hurt us to let kitty have a little milk," he told her. Papa holding a cat! She would have to write that to the children. It was friendly, though, to have some animals around.

"Yes, you can come along if you want to."

Already the cars were whirring past on the road outside. Land, where were all those people going? But it wasn't long since she and Mister had been some of those people! That was a funny thought. Maybe others had wondered where *they* were going.

Yes, and she wondered sometimes herself.

"Good morning—good-by!" some people were shouting.

Startled, she looked around. Why, it was the Millers!

"You aren't leaving us!"

"Yes, we're going."

She hadn't thought *they* would go so soon. Here she had just been thinking she was used to the place and it was changing! The Millers came from back home and they didn't seem to her like strangers. They lived in the very next county.

"Why, I thought you'd be here a good while yet."

"No," Mr. Miller said gaily, "we're off to-day."

My, but that was a shame. She didn't know what she'd do without them. She and Mrs. Miller talked and tried to think of folks that both of them might know, and when Mister felt well enough, he and Mr. Miller pitched horseshoes. It didn't seem like she and Mister were so far off when they could talk to folks from the next county. But here were the Millers and all their things in the car, and she looking just as excited as he did. Yes, they were going on to L.A., they said. Had to see that before they went back home. Might even, Mr. Miller thought, get down for a day into Mexico.

"Land!"

"Well, we ain't so far from there."

So it had been just this little while she had known them!

"Oh, we'll see you back home again. You and the Mister must come over to Oak Grove."

Mrs. Grobaty nodded. But she didn't know about that. Home? When would they ever get home? Maybe never. . . . Her eyes moistened, so that the Millers felt pretty bad for the moment to leave her; and when they had gone, and the dust had settled behind them, she felt almost as if she and Mister were deserted out here among strangers.

She might as well go back to the cabin. The tiger kitty followed. "*You're* not going away, at least," Mrs. Grobaty said. It belonged here. Cats were home bodies, that could be said for them—and it was a little consolation. Cars were tooting and pulling out all around. How could Mister keep on sleeping? She rebelled against this transient world, where a tiny while ago she had been feeling so much at home, with the cabins, and the bright geraniums, and the ragged eucalyptus trees. What was going to become of her and Mister? . . . And as she went down the path, she would not look off toward the mountains. Grass was what she wanted, and the old summer flowers, and the garden.

Those folks in Number 40, though, still seemed to be there. The man was out in front of the cabin. "Good mawnin', ma'am," he said. "It's nice to-day, hain't it?" She had thought they were awful queer folks at first. But now it seemed friendly to have him speak to her.

"Well, I see you're still here."

"Yes, we ain't movin' on yet awhile. How's the old man this mawnin'?"

What an awful way to speak of Mister!

But she could see that he meant well

by it. "The old woman" was what he called his wife. And they weren't old folks, either. They had a baby not more than a year old. Baby, children, dog, blankets, coffee pot, frying pans—what a shiftless lot she had judged them, all packed into that rattle-trap Ford, and with no idea of where they would land! "Just goin' araound a little," he had told her. Might stop somewhere if they liked it. But they'd keep on goin' while the weather was good. "If it hain't cold what's the use of stoppin'?" She would have had no use for such folks back home.

But it pleased her to have him inquire about Mister. "I think he's a-lookin' better," the man said. He offered to do anything for her that she needed—"While he's a-feelin' so poorly." They were good-hearted folks, at least, even if their ways were so different. Children had come flocking out around him. Dirty!—land, to let them go like that! But there was a wildling, dark-eyed prettiness about them. The baby was cute. She guessed maybe all children were pretty.

She went into her cabin. The cat sat down on the steps and waited.

He wasn't quite awake yet, and she tiptoed across the floor. The little kitchenette was warmer. The clammy damp was drying off the pots and kettles. She felt like making some nice biscuit—felt like doing some real cooking again. She had learned pretty well now to use the little one-burner oven they had bought, although at first she had thought she could never do anything with it. She would make some of those corn meal gems.

She did, and they turned out lovely. If only "he" would wake up now, and they could eat the things while they were good! At home, by this time, both of them would have been up for two hours. She moved restlessly about the kitchenette. The sun was up now, the mist was gone, the air was light and bright above the mountains. The climate and the easy living seemed to have put too much energy into her. She felt like pitching right in and fixing up the cabin. Land, was that man never going to wake up? Their nice breakfast would all be spoiled. Should she call him? . . . But when she looked into the shaded front room, saw the slack but bony outline of his old body humped under the covers, she hadn't the heart to wake him. And what did the breakfast matter beside his rest? What was she getting in such a stew about? Didn't they have the whole day before them?

Still she couldn't just sit down and twiddle her thumbs even if she didn't call Mister. She had to do something with her nice cooking. She thought of those young folks in the cabin next door. That little thing didn't look as if she knew how to do much cooking. The friendliness of the funny man—it was pretty nice of him, offering to help her out like that, a stranger—that unsolicited friendliness made her feel kindly toward the whole camp. And then it was a little bit like home, going over with some of her nice cooking to the neighbors.

Noise and laughter came to her as she rapped on the door of the next cabin. She guessed they hadn't heard her. She waited a moment. How queer to be way out here in the desert between the mountains and the sea! When she thought of the Millers going back home, she wanted her elm trees and her garden, the settled substantiality of her own house. But, all the same, it was nice to be out here. It was nice to have seen so many strange things. Even the dusty, ragged eucalyptus grove was kind of pretty in the sunshine. She might come to like these funny trees. Trees were trees wherever they were, and there were more kinds of them in the world than she had dreamed of. And these big bright geraniums . . .

She rapped louder, this time thinking, Why don't they answer? There were queer scuffling noises, stifled laughter, then silence inside. What was going on in there, she wondered?—and should she wait or go back home? She was about

to retreat down the path when the door was cautiously opened. A boy's flushed face was looking out at her, and behind it she had a confused glimpse of a rumpled bed, disordered cabin, blankets on the floor, another boy, a tousled-haired girl in a man's coat just disappearing through the other door.

"Excuse me . . . I just thought you folks might enjoy these warm gems."

For there seemed nothing to do now but to offer the things she had come to bring them—offer the things and get away. But she was terribly flustered. What had she got into? Land! The boy was flustered, too. She heard some more smothered laughter.

"I thought your wife—traveling around . . . you folks might not have the chance to do much cooking . . ."

The girl came back through the doorway now, and paused, bright-eyed and uncertain. They seemed now to realize what her errand was. The boy's flushed face grew sheepish and friendly, and the girl's bright eyes were wide and pleased, though all of them were still embarrassed. The other boy—if there was another—was nowhere to be seen.

"Gee—I should say."

"Well, thank you."

Now they took the gems, voluble with thanks, while she got away as fast as she could. Land sakes! My goodness! What kind of a bunch were they? She had never seen anything like that before. And her scandalized mind recalled details—the tumbled bed, the two pillows, those blankets on the floor! Were there three of them or weren't there? Were any of them married, and which ones? She was certain she had seen that other boy. The girl's short tousled hair, the scanty little nightgown under that coat . . . she didn't believe any of them were married! Just a bunch of crazy children running around the country.

Mrs. Grobaty was scandalized. Well, folks at home *would* be. If such things were going on around this place—! She felt all fluttered and upset. She wanted to wake Mister and tell him they wouldn't stay here any more. The hundred little green-painted cabins surrounding her were all hostile and mysterious. She wanted to get home where she knew folks and knew just what was what. . . . And off there were the strange blue mountains, the stretches of desert land with the tumbled rocks and the cruel cactus, and on the other side the unknown wilderness of the sea. . . .

Mister was waking up when she entered the cabin. She heard him coughing and saw him hoisted in bed. She wanted to go to him that moment. She felt she couldn't stand this any longer. "Henry," she wanted to beg him, "let's go back home." The Millers gone, nothing fixed, everyone coming and going, and that young bunch she had just left. . . .

But he was going through his morning repertoire of coughing, wheezing, struggling, spitting. She had to sit on the edge of the bed and wait. Her nerves were still all flustered. She felt as if she would like to cry. He was absorbed in his illness. She couldn't turn even to him. His drawn, struggling face was remote from her. She felt utterly lonely and lost.

He was saying something to her. "Nellie . . ." He was beginning to call her that again. And she was beginning to think of him as Henry. Her own name in his gasping voice was sweet. All at once it made her feel tender and different toward him. Sitting there beside him, she had a dim remembrance, almost too distant to be seized, of another time when they had been in a strange place together. She didn't have the chance, now, to remember it. He had turned to her out of his remoteness, and she had to help him. She fixed his pillows, brought him water—and the realization of his age and frailty, his gaunt face and his disheveled gray hair overwhelmed her other need and suffused her loneliness with devotion. By the time she was through with all she had to do for him, the other feeling was gone.

"Are you better?"

He was spent and did not answer her. But after a moment, in the midst of the tumbled bedclothes, she felt the shy, feeble, trustful pressure of his hand.

"I guess I'll have to fix us some breakfast, Henry. I'll be right in the other room."

A few tears ran down her cheeks as she bustled about by herself in the little kitchen. She knew—although she didn't let herself think of it often—how far gone he was. What did anything matter to her beside that? All the vigor her healthy old body had left in it went out to support him. Why should she worry about other folks? Now she could go back to that memory—as she lighted the burner under the oven again, heated up the cooled-off gems, opened the lid of the coffee pot. It was just after they were married, when they had left the old home in Pennsylvania, and gone out to Iowa . . . how strange it had seemed, the trees so small, the houses so new, their farm so big and rough and lonely—and she hadn't known any of the folks. Then she had depended upon Henry as the only sure thing in a wilderness of the unknown. He used to come into the house, sometimes, from his plowing, just to see how she was getting along and let her know he wasn't far away—she, a little slender, homesick bride, away from her home and all her people, and learning how to do everything at once. . . . She squeezed out some of the oranges. Orange juice was good for him. And why shouldn't they have it if it did take more fruit? She was going to give it to him no matter what he said. They were together all by themselves again. If he needed to be out here, if it did him any good . . .

"Nellie!"

He was the one who depended upon her now.

He got up, after all, for breakfast. He had lighted the gas and even fixed up the bed a little—he had learned that much, that it hurt her not to have things nice.

"Oh, you needn't have done that," she said.

She almost wished he had left the bed alone. She guessed she could stand it—she'd kept house as she'd wanted to for enough years. But with the cretonne curtains pushed back, the sun coming in, the cabin was real pleasant.

"Muffins!" he said.

"They're corn meal gems. I don't know . . ."

She was going to say "how good they are warmed up again." But she felt suddenly impatient with her own particular ways. If he didn't make a fuss about it, why should she? The breakfast was pretty good anyway. Sunshine, light and brilliant, came through the windows.

"That juice tasted kind o' good," he said.

That was certainly a concession for Mister! It had done him good to pay out a little money on this trip. He knew it—there was a shamefaced look about him as he said it. Was he actually, after all these years, going to let her manage her buying as she thought best? My land, it was almost worth coming out to California!

She got her work in the kitchenette briskly out of the way. Maybe it wasn't worth while fussing with gems. Maybe she'd just buy some of that ready-fixed pancake flour instead of thinking she must fix up everything herself. She felt rebellious at her years of cooking—almost as when they were first on the farm, and she used to wish Henry would let everything go and take her into town to the social. If she told the children that, they'd say in triumph, "Mama, you're getting skittish in your old age!" She would have to hedge and give them reasons, she'd been the other way so long. She didn't want to admit that things could change. All she would acknowledge was that she felt better now than she had a little while ago.

When she got through she looked around for Mister. She didn't want him to go doing too much . . . Oh,

there he was, just out on the step! He was talking to that cat and petting it—thought she didn't hear him. "Was you waitin' for the old man to get up? How's the kitty this morning? Hm? How is it?" She hadn't noticed the cat when she came back to the house. Maybe it really had been waiting for Henry. She wouldn't have admitted the fondness she herself had shown it earlier this morning. But she liked the sound of Henry's voice as he talked to it confidentially. Long as she'd lived with him, this was something she hadn't known about him.

"Millers left," she called to him.

"What?"

"Millers left. They're starting back home."

"That so?" No comment; but after a moment she heard him murmur to the cat, "Well, we're goin' to stay a while longer. Yes, sir. Don't get scared. We're goin' to stay a while with the kitty yet."

She thought, "My land, listen to that man!" But she didn't mind it. It made her smile to herself. Well, if that cat was any company . . .

When she thought about Henry again it was to realize that he had wandered off somewhere. It worried her. It was her business these days to keep an eye on him. She had to put down the magazine she was reading (the folks before them had left a lot of trash in the cabin) and go off in search. The air was so nice that, in spite of her worry, she couldn't seem to do anything but take her time. Then she saw him, sitting on one of the green-painted benches in that little sort of park-like in the center of the camp, talking to some man from goodness knows where. She thought she'd call him at first—and then thought she wouldn't disturb him. After all, why shouldn't he do that as well as anything else?

She meant not to look at that fool magazine but a minute longer. It was nice and sunny in the cabin. She just sat there. It seemed funny to think she had felt so upset about being here just a little while ago. The camp had settled into the routine of the day. She looked out once to see what kind of a car that was coming. Pennsylvania! Where she and Henry had first come from. . . . But that didn't seem to her like home now. Iowa did. The farms, the frame houses, the big cornfields, the elm trees, and the oak groves—those were "back home." It had been just about as strange to her once as this outlandish place was now—maybe more so, it was hard to remember. Folks could get used to more than they thought. The children that belonged to those queer people were playing outside in the path. Yes, sir, that man was nice!—she didn't care. There was another sound of a car roaring and backing. She looked out. She had just been thinking of that young set next door, and here they were, already leaving! There were three of them all right, two boys, and the girl in overalls. She could hardly tell which was girl and which was boys! They made a terrible racket leaving. The crazy young lot! There was something funny. But even there at the door, at the moment, the boy's flush and the brightness of the girl's eyes under the tousled hair had sort of disarmed her. Not that she was going to approve of such goings-on!—but it wasn't just like it was back home either. There were lots of kinds of folks in the world. Even those Indians she and Mister had seen, in those mud houses . . . she remembered that woman, how really nice she'd had it in that room with the funny fireplace—the little kids were cute, she'd written Mabel—and the woman was kind o' pretty, too, wearing beads, and those funny kind o' bed sock things on her feet. . . . She didn't know as she was called upon to make up her mind about everybody. She eased her conscience, with a secret rebellion, in that way. No matter what folks back home might think.

There was just a little square view of the mountains from the window. They didn't look so fierce to her from here.

She wanted to write Mabel about these big geraniums. The folks who kept the camp were real nice, they seemed to take a lot of pride in it.

Well, as long as Mister felt like staying here, she didn't know, after all, any good reason why they shouldn't. She had admitted to her own mind—although she wouldn't admit it openly—that there might be something in what the children had always been telling her. "You and papa take a trip. There isn't anything to keep you. It's just that you think there is." . . . She had a rending loyal pang at the thought of the house, the windows nailed shut, maybe the garden going to seed—she guessed that couldn't get along so well!

But, anyway, they were out here. They didn't have to think of the weather, the children, anything but just themselves. She didn't know for how long—maybe Henry . . . but as long as he and she were out here together, she didn't know as anything else made so much difference, anyway. And in lots of ways, it was real nice. That young lot might be having a fine time gallivanting. But this was all right.

She rocked, aware of the mountains, aware of the scarlet geraniums, and began to think what she could fix up for Henry and herself this noon—something easy, but something they would both like. They might as well enjoy whatever they could.

## FUTILITY

BY JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

*HOW I am mocked*
*By the stubborn emptiness of words*
*Whenever I try to fill them*
*With the subtle essences of you*
*And the wonder of how I love you.*

*Words I can take and try with them*
*Like a child at work on a picture puzzle,*
*And out of them fashion faint likenesses*
*Of your slim body of glowing ivory tipped with gold;*
*I can recreate a semblance of the lighted shadows in your eyes;*
*And shed a reflected glimmer of what happens when you smile—*
*But what, then, have I done?*

*What have I done when in words I have prisoned*
*A glint from the myriad in your hair,*
*Or caught at the tenuous change*
*Between the white flash and warm flush of your body,*
*Or echoed one strangely stirring tone*
*From the full-vibrating reed of your throat?*
*What when I have set trudging phrases to the task*
*Of mounting to measure that of you which is spirit?*

*What have I done when I cannot convey*
*The miracle that all these work in me?*

# GASTONIA

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

SPONTANEOUS uprisings of the people are few. There is some patient quality in man that makes him endure long past the point of actual suffering. Especially is this true of man's economic state. It is appallingly easy to get used to poverty; if one has been poor always one can scarcely comprehend any other way of living.

When I first learned last winter that a wave of spontaneous strikes was sweeping through the mill villages of the South I was skeptical. I know how helpless and docile leaderless workers are. I remembered the complaint of one good striker, Reilly, to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, "Gee! Gurley, me fut is bruk on me! I been assistin' at a spontaneous uprisin' o' th' workers. Me an' Finnegan kicked them Hunkies in the pants an' they spontaneously arose an' wint out of th' fact'ry!" Many "spontaneous" uprisings have had such motivating causes—but not that in Gastonia, North Carolina, or the other recent strikes in the Carolinas and Tennessee.

It was not the number of people who had struck which made this Southern revolt significant. It was the number and variety of communities involved. It was also the fact that those primitive and unorganized workers had struck without union or leaders. There was a shouldering thrust as of a folk movement —of a great many mute, patient people being driven by desperation to revolt. They had moved in almost a score of communities separated by miles. Over the mountains in Tennessee the rayon workers had struck. Far away in Thompson, Georgia, the workers had struck too; and through all the textile towns they were quiveringly awake. One remembered the weavers' revolt of the last century. There was a reverberation of strikes through the textile South. People were talking strike everywhere. Everywhere these "loyal and one hundred per cent American workers" were talking of organization.

In widely separated mill towns you will find the same reasons for discontent. There are two of equal force—the introduction of the Bedaud efficiency system, which the workers call the "stretch-out," and the substantial cutting of wages which has been almost universal during the past two or three years. Through the operation of the stretch-out men and women often do double work while they receive less pay. The mill hands who endured long hours and low pay as their lot, broke down under the burden which was laid upon them. One after another I have heard them say, "We could not do it."

The effect of the stretch-out was explained to me most lucidly by a strike leader in Greenville, South Carolina, named Rochester. He is thirty-seven and has worked twenty-nine years in the mill. He began to work in the mill in 1900 when he was eight years old and did not make a penny his first month. Later he got seventeen cents a week. When he made a quarter a day he "thought he was running into money."

"It amounts to this," he said. "They cut my wages and increased my work. I used to tend forty-eight looms, while under the stretch-out I have to tend

ninety looms, and I couldn't do it. Three years ago I was makin' over $19 a week. Now I make $17.70. I ain't a-braggin'. I'm an experienced weaver. I don't believe there's many can beat me. I make a hundred per cent, the most any weaver can make." He hopes again to make nineteen dollars, the highest reward to which he can aspire for a lifetime of unremitting work.

The average weekly wage scale in the great Loray Mill in Gastonia, North Carolina, is less, apparently owing to the parings and cuttings of workers' wages by the management. In 1927, $500,000 was saved on the payroll without cutting production. To make this possible two people had to do the work of three. Piece-work prices were cut. This mighty saving was continued up to the moment of the strike.

The workers in the Loray Mill went out on strike on the same heaving surge of revolt which runs to-day through the Southern mill villages. Their strike was none the less a spontaneous demonstration even though a single organizer of the National Textile Workers' Union, Fred Beal, had been laying the foundation of a labor union in that mill. At the beginning of the strike whose tragic climax has been filling the newspapers of the country only a handful had as yet joined the union.

## II

The Loray Mill is in West Gastonia. It is owned by the Manville-Jenckes Company, a Rhode Island concern. The mile of road which separates Gastonia from its suburb begins with ample houses surrounded by rose gardens. In West Gastonia the same street which began so pleasantly is lined with brick and wooden stores whose wares tell eloquently of how little people buy.

The great mill dominates the settlement. Behind it is the mill village, a flock of little houses all alike, perched each one on brick stilts. The big mill is like a huge hen with uncounted chicks around it, so obviously do the little houses belong to the mill from which a roar of turning wheels comes night and day. Night and day the men, women, and children from the little houses go into the mill. It is their whole life.

The strikers' lawyer, Tom P. Jimison, outlined for me the course which the strike took. On April 1, seventeen hundred of the twenty-two hundred employees of the mill came out on strike. The immediate cause was the discovery of union activities and the discharge of union members. On April 2 the public street was roped off to prevent the strikers from approaching the mill. The workers pulled the rope from the hands of the police. The Governor was then asked for troops.

During the first days of the strike there were large and orderly picket lines. These picket lines were broken up with increasing severity. Workers were beaten after their arrest and scores were thrown into jail. All the leaders were arrested at one time or another. Gastonia was in a ferment.

As soon as the strike was called, Vera Buch, Ellen Dawson, and George Pershing were sent down as organizers from the headquarters of the National Textile Workers' Union. This is an organization containing Communist elements, which was active in textile strikes in Passaic and New Bedford. The feeling in the town against the Northern organizers ran high. Well-dressed people swore at them when they appeared on the streets of Gastonia. Threatening letters and telephone messages were frequent. Since then Mr. Jimison's life has been threatened for defending them in the murder trial.

The National Textile Workers' Union had rented a small shack on the main street of West Gastonia which it used as strike headquarters. An empty store near-by had been hired as a relief depot, and to it the strikers went daily to get their food supplies. This relief store was supported by the Workers' International Relief, an organization which

collects money from labor unions for workers on strike. I speak of these two buildings especially because it was against them, instead of against the strike leaders, that the threats of mob violence materialized. On the night of April 18 a mob of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred masked men descended upon the headquarters and with axes and other instruments almost literally chopped it down. They broke into the relief store, smashed the windows, and threw the supplies of food intended for women and children out into the road and destroyed them. The nine boys who, unarmed, were guarding the headquarters and store were arrested by National Guardsmen. None of the raiders was arrested.

The militia was dismissed at the end of that week. A large number of extra deputies were then sworn in and armed with bayonets. On Monday, April 22, they charged the picket line with bayonets and blackjacks. A reporter was beaten unconscious. Women were beaten. Men and women, their clothing torn, were scratched with bayonets. Large numbers were arrested. The events of that Monday afternoon were a premeditated attempt to terrorize the workers from holding the picket line.

This was the general state of affairs when I arrived. A Grand Jury had already been called to investigate the mob outrage, which was very badly looked upon throughout the State. It failed to bring indictments or to throw any light on who was responsible for the trouble. Two of the nine guards made affidavit that they recognized members of the mill police among their assailants.

## III

The first day I was in West Gastonia a striker, guiding me to the open lot where the "talking" was, pointed out the little lamentable wrecked building. Fred Beal was addressing a big crowd from a square platform. It was the first time I had seen an audience of purely American workers at such a meeting and I found the sight of them unexpectedly moving. I got an impression of a people unmistakably American yet of a different flavor from any I had ever known.

Fred Beal is wide-shouldered and heavily built; boyish, red-haired, sunburned, with very blue eyes set far apart. He has absolutely no pose, no "front" whatsoever. He is unassuming and seemingly unconscious that he is a big man hereabouts. He is one of the few young men who can stand the applause of crowds.

He was sweating when he got off the platform. He slumped down in depression beside me. The men didn't want to go on the picket line, he said, without their guns. When the militia had been succeeded by deputies with bayonets, the strikers had gaily said, "We'll get our guns, too!" This they had been restrained from doing by the young organizer from the North. The mountaineers were glum enough about this. Without their guns they felt emasculated, deprived of their manhood.

Beal felt deeply both his responsibility and his isolation in the South. For the moment he was the most conspicuous person in North Carolina. In the eyes of the well-to-do people and the mill owners, he was the "outside agitator," a menace which threatened the peace of the commonwealth. His shoulders, though broad, were not quite broad enough to carry the burden of so much hatred. But if he was the object of fear and hatred of thousands, he was also the spark of hope of thousands more. As Fred Beal walked through the crowd you could see the people loved him. The faces of the gaunt, earnest men and the meagerly clad women broke into smiles at the sight of him.

He and the other Northern organizers were the focus of so much emotion that it was as if they were small incandescent points of radiance made visible by the burden of love and hatred which they carried. There was an apprehensiveness

among them that had nothing to do with fear. It was almost as if they, and Beal especially, had a prescience of what was coming. They all agreed that the terrible weight of public enmity oppressed them, this core of white-hot hate which the South visited upon them.

Around these young people were the gaunt mill workers, who are all of them American of the early English migrations. They come from the hills and from tenant farms in the valleys. It is largely upon the cheapness of their labor that the textile South has based its mighty development. Northern capital has poured in to take advantage of the "one-hundred-per-cent loyal American labor," following the advertisements which in the trade journals have read "Avoid labor troubles! Come South! Plenty of American cheap labor!"

The laws requiring children to go to school until they are fourteen have been in effect only a few years. It is not unusual to find mill workers in their late twenties who already have worked twenty years. Such people are, of necessity, illiterate. Yet there is a direct quality, a completeness about them. They do not belong to this century. Their point of view toward the clan, their kin, society, their bosses, is of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. The doubts of our time have escaped them. They are living in another day, when man occupied the center of the universe and communicated directly with his God. And when, moreover, he was the head of the family.

Poverty and lack show in their every line. The old women dress in dark, homemade calicoes as they did in the mountains. They show the effects of malnutrition. Pellagra is common among them and has increased during the last two years. Yet the men have dignity and the women have sweetness. They have not lost their mountain habit of hospitality.

The little girls are often exquisite—many of them blonde and blue-eyed and very English in appearance. At forty they are old women. The men are tall and spare and strong looking. One sometimes sees one of the Lincoln type—tall, rangy, and lantern-jawed. Among the women one frequently comes upon that delicate and lovely profile which has made Southern women famous for beauty. The women of forty who look so worn still have heart-breaking moments of evanescent loveliness.

Like all people who read but little, they are great story tellers and they love a political argument. They are law-abiding and have the Jeffersonian jealousy of their constitutional rights. No policeman may enter a house without showing his warrant. They believe that a man should defend his rights as he defends his honor. Among these mill "hands" you will find names that are famous in Southern history; they are many of them descendants of the men who turned the tide of battle at Kings Mountain, which is only a few miles from Gastonia.

## IV

I turned from my preoccupation with the strikers and the history of the strike to look at its setting. I spent some time acquainting myself with the look of the city and its surroundings. Nothing I had read prepared me for what I saw. The industrial revolution had here run its completed cycle in thirty years. I found myself in the presence of an industrial development which was so gigantic and had been encompassed in so brief a time, that it had the terror of incalculable energy. There is in North Carolina a sense of ordered direction as though these multitudinous cotton mills had not sprung up for many varied reasons, but as though the whole industrial South was the plan of one. The transformation of North Carolina, within a period of thirty years, from a sleepy agricultural State still struggling with the problems of reconstruction to

one of the richest States in the Union, is a miracle. The cities have appeared as if by magic.

North Carolina is so beautiful and so finished, there is such mastery in its great highways, that it seems as though it were the work of some superman—the result of a stupendous, organized plan.

It has beauty enough to make the fortune of a European country. In the springtime red, fertile plowed hillsides overwhelm the eyes with the flame of their color. There is no poet who has sung adequately of the gamut of reds which shout and sing in the Piedmont fields, and which in the evening light are washed with purple.

Among the red fields marches a mighty procession of ordered factories. And again one has the impression that the red earth has blossomed spontaneously and monstrously with red brick and plate glass; as if the God of Machines of the industrial revolution had said "Let there be factories" and there were factories.

Take the city of Gastonia, with its twenty-two thousand inhabitants. It is situated in the southern part of North Carolina in that principality within states known as Piedmont. This is the high red-earth country which begins in Virginia and continues through the Carolinas. It encloses within its confines the richest portion of the textile industry and, therefore, the richest cities, of which Gastonia is one. Thirty years ago Gastonia was a hamlet on the crossroads. It gives the impression of having sprung out of the earth fully equipped. There is a new city hall, a new courthouse, a new county jail, all fine buildings. On an elevation stands a splendid new high school. There is a great orthopedic hospital, where miracles are performed on children and where nearly ninety per cent of the work is done free. The only public building lacking is a library, and this lack, one feels sure, will soon be remedied by Gastonia's public-spirited citizens. There are new churches and new residences everywhere. The city is completely surrounded by fine new mills, of which I was told that the Loray in West Gastonia is the largest.

Few if any of these mills are over thirty years old. It is they which have supported the prosperity of the town and its well-to-do people. The mills created Gastonia, the city of spindles. It is handsome, prosperous, thriving. Here is the cotton-mill population culled from hill settlements and from farms supporting the handsome city. The picture one gets is as complete as an egg. Gastonia tells you its story, loud and clear, the very first day.

The order of these modern factories with their new machines is in strong contrast with the absurd disorder of mob violence: men with stockings pulled over their faces chopping down union headquarters and throwing workers' food into the street; militia called out against these workers; Americans chased by deputies with bayonets on American streets; all the old silly saws printed in the papers about the trouble being caused by outside agitators. How, the visitor asks himself, can a community be so orderly about industry and so disorderly about human life?

The answer was clear. Although other parts of the United States had already accepted the economic theory that short hours and high wages lead to prosperity, this splendid, vigorous, vital South had not yet attacked the human problem.

## V

There was no communication, I found, between the mill people and the well-to-do people. When I asked Mr. Jimison if there could not be found at least a few women who would contribute to a milk fund for the babies—for this is one thing for which one can always get a committee in a Northern community, even among people who disapprove violently of unions—he answered bitterly:

"You don't understand. You, in the

North, think of workers as human beings. The folks here think of them as hands!"

They can hardly think of them otherwise under the existing system of paternalism. Each factory is surrounded by a settlement of company houses. In East Gastonia, surrounding such factories as the Plymouth, are pleasant streets with rose- and vine-bowered cottages; elsewhere bare dwellings stand in naked and sun-dried earth. There are all grades of villages between the two extremes. The mill village will be bare or flowering according to the will of the factory owner. Within seven miles of Gastonia are to be found villages both better and worse than those within city limits. Cramerton is one of the mill towns where the last word in beneficent paternalism has been uttered. But whether the towns give information concerning a good or bad master, it is always a master of whom they speak.

There are towns in North Carolina which are not incorporated. This means that the very roads belong to the mill owner. He hires the police force, and if the schoolmaster or the minister does not please him he must go. In such towns paternalism becomes a despotic autocracy.

There are many mill owners throughout the South whose paternalism is infused with an ardent desire to do all that they can for the workers. There are few mills within corporate limits to-day which have not some form of welfare work. There are often women nurses and welfare workers attached to the factory. Some mills have ball fields, recreation grounds, community houses. Frequently day nurseries and rooms are provided where women may nurse their babies, the time they are absent being taken, of course, from their pay. The workers buy their food at the company store. They buy their coal, oil, and wood from the company. If they are ill a company doctor attends them. All this, of course, will be deducted from their pay.

Conscientious mill owners frankly consider their "hands" as children, incapable of taking care of themselves. But whether their conditions are good or bad does not depend upon the workers' joint effort to control hours, wages, and factory conditions. All depends upon the policy of the owners.

Company houses covered with roses still remain company houses. The workers cannot own them. Community activities do not raise the wage scale, which is so low that almost without exception children of fourteen go to the mill as a matter of course. Mothers of young children must work at night.

I heard of these things in terms of human lives. The strikers wanted to talk about themselves. Every day yielded stories like that of Mary Morris, who passed all the young years of her marriage in want because "when I was goin' to have a baby and got so I couldn't work, they'd fire my husband. Lots of mills won't have you unless there's two hands in the family working." Or of Daisy McDonald, who told me she has to support a husband and family of seven children on $12.90 a week.

"My husband lost his leg and has a tubercular bone. What do you think's left to feed my people on when I pay my weekly expenses? My home rent is $1.50, light 50 cents to 85 cents, furniture $1.00, insurance $1.25. What do you think was left the week I paid $2.20 for wood?"

"I used to work in the Myers Mill in South Gastonia, and they wouldn't take my husband unless I worked too, and I had a little baby."

James Ballentyne added another detail. It was a story of police brutality which recurred often in different forms. "I was leading the picket line and I was trying to get through a mob of deputies. They said, 'What do you think you're doing?' I said 'Leading a picket line if I can get through,' and I walked through. They jumped on me and hit me with clubs over the head and in the belly so I was spitting blood and

hemorrhaging all night. It was two weeks ago, and I ain't well yet. I was all mashed up inside."

When I had seen some of the sights of Gastonia I went strike-sightseeing with a minister from Greensboro. We were going about strike headquarters getting the addresses of some of the people who had been chased with bayonets by the police, in order to verify to our satisfaction some of the well-nigh incredible stories poured into our ears by strikers and organizers, when Amy Schechter, the relief director, came up saying, "They're evicting people over in the ravine!" We drove to the place, a striker guiding us.

A woman I had noticed at headquarters, a Mrs. Winebarger, was standing in front of a lamentable little heap of household furnishings. Pots, pans, bedding, bureaus were piled helter-skelter. What had been a home of a sort had in a moment become rubbish.

Three yellow-haired children sat solemnly on the heaped-up wreckage. The baby was asleep at a neighbor's. It waked up presently, and the little girl lugged it around. We went into the house, which like most houses in the neighborhood was built without a cellar and stood on little brick pillars. The lumber was of the cheapest. There were knot-holes in the floor through which the wind poured. (This was not a company house but was owned by a private landlord.)

Mrs. Winebarger told us, "It rained in like a sieve. When it rained we had to keep moving our beds around to keep them dry." She had never had the electric lights turned on. "Where'd I get my five dollars for the deposit?" she asked angrily, for she was angry at her house, at the circumstances of her life, and she wanted to go back to the mountains whence she had come. "But it would cost an awful lot to get us back —fifteen dollars." Her husband had pellagra, and she was supporting him and her four children on what she made. She had a venomous feeling toward the house which had finally spewed her forth.

"Look at that chimney! It always smoked! We couldn't have no fire here! We couldn't keep warm. Once, I was buyin' a coal stove for my kitchen and I had $19 paid on it. Then I had to buy medicine for him and I couldn't make my payments and they tuk my stove away."

The furniture of the mill workers is almost inevitably bought on the installment plan. Mrs. Winebarger made $12.50 a week. She paid $1.50 a week for house rent, between fifty cents and a dollar for fuel and light, and more than a dollar a week for medicine. The house was a bungalow of four rooms. It had a fairly wide hall and small shallow fireplaces. Except for its flimsiness it was much better than the tenements of Passaic, New Jersey, or the over-crowded houses of Lawrence, Massachusetts, with their four courtyards.

We went next to the house of Mrs. Ada Howell, an old woman who had been beaten up on Monday, April 22, after the withdrawal of the militia.

Mrs. Howell sat in a rocking chair, her two eyes blackened, her face discolored. It gave one a sense of embarrassment and impotent anger to look at her. She told her story in a detached way. She was curiously without passion as she described something as unbelievable as a nightmare. She had been going to the store for supper on Monday, April 22nd. Policemen came down the street "chasing the strikers before them like rats." A policeman rushed at her with a bayonet.

"He cut my dress and he cut me too. Lawyer Jimison told me I should keep that dress without washing it so I could show it, but I didn't have enough dresses to lay those clothes away." Her idea was that the policeman had gone crazy.

"They acted like crazy men. They was drunk crazed," her son said.

"They had been a-drinkin'," she admitted, "an' they must 'a been a-drinkin'

to chase women and little kids with baynits. They chased 'em in and out the relief store like dogs huntin' rats.

"An' they hadn't no call to go in that relief store—the laws hadn't. You can't go in any place if you ain't any warrent.

"An' then the policeman came up an' hit me between the eyes with his fist. He hit me more'n twenty times, I reckon. I was all swelled up an' black an' blue."

I had seen photographs of her mutilated face. We didn't say anything. There didn't seem to be anything to say. I suppose when comfortable people read such stories they think, "This can't be true. Why, that just couldn't happen in our town. Such things *don't* happen." No wonder they feel this way.

We went on. Strike-sightseeing is a rather awful thing. There is obscenity in the fact that old women can be beaten for no reason when they are peacefully proceeding on their business; there is equal obscenity in the fact that a mother with four children to support has to work all night for $12.50 a week, and then be evicted because she cannot pay her rent. It does not seem reasonable that such things should happen here in this country, in 1929.

This was not the end of the sights Gastonia had to show that day. In the late afternoon I went out to watch the picket line. Perhaps a hundred men, women, and children walked two by two in orderly fashion. The procession was led by two boys and two gay girls of about fifteen, in overalls. The police whistles shrilled. Two or three automobiles containing police and deputies armed with bayonets speeded after the picketers. The picketers walked away from the mills. The deputies herded them with their bayonets.

I stood on a high bank, watching. A nice-looking woman was rushed to a waiting car by the police. She resisted. I saw a policeman twist the knot of her hair and twist her arms cruelly. She struggled. And still they twisted her arms. Women near me were crying. Murmurs of "Shame!" came from the crowd. One of the village women grasped my arm, trembling. Everyone was saying, "Why don't they do something?"

The arrested woman hadn't been in the picket line. Her little boy had been swept into the procession as it was rounded up by the police, and she had pulled him out. The reason she had struggled so against arrest was that she had a nursing baby. A few hours after her brutal mauling she was set at liberty. Why was she treated this way? There is no answer. Why was Mrs. Howell set upon when she was going to the store to get her evening's supper?

## VI

A few days after this a mill company began mass evictions. The fifty people evicted that first day lived in houses distributed through the different sections of the mill village.

"To show the others what's comin' to 'em," a mill official remarked grimly. One official stated frankly that it was intentional that union officials and the most active strikers should be the first to be thrown out.

Accordingly, the house of J. A. Valentine was one of those where the sheriff and deputies stopped first. Mrs. Valentine was sitting on a bench, a little girl in her arms. The child had been in bed when the mill doctor arrived to see if there was sickness in the house. When the doctor was questioned about her, he answered:

"She's convalescing from the smallpox. She's all right now; ain't any temperature. This ain't a smallpox-quarantine state. Compulsory vaccination and compulsory school age is enough without quarantine."

On the next street the deputies were at work taking out the possessions of fourteen people. It was Henry Tetherow's house.

Henry is the head of the family. He

is seventeen, and looks fourteen. He and a sister support a family of nine. His father is too sick to work. With them lives the family of William Truitt, the secretary-treasurer of the local union of the National Textile Workers.

"This house has been a hotbed of union meetings," said the company doctor. "The company's been patient to let 'em stay here so long. Let 'em stay five weeks. What's the matter with the little girl in bed? Oh, she's got nothin' but runnin' ears. Might have 'em for weeks."

Men came out, bringing children's beds, a basket of pretty glasses, a tiny old-fashioned organ. A big doll was being evicted.

Henry, pale of face, very small, wandered at random among the swelling mountain of things. Mrs. Tetherow stood as if she would never move again.

At another house in the midst of the immense disorder of eviction a woman sat tranquilly writing a long letter to her husband. Not far from her, tucked into a fold of a featherbed, a little baby lay peacefully sleeping. She was a delicate and beautiful woman, and all her belongings were new and freshly painted.

Only one woman sat crying. The tears slid slowly down her cheeks. She had four small children and expected her new baby to be born any day. Around her were the shards of a home.

The work of eviction continued relentlessly day after day. The mill village became a gypsy encampment. People set up stoves and beds in the lots. The dwellers of two hundred homes were evicted. Over a thousand people must have been homeless.

## VII

I went to visit other strike areas, and when I returned the Workers' International Relief, together with the National Textile Workers' Union, had erected a tent colony. Close by was a new union headquarters which the strikers had built with their own labor. The tent colony was picturesquely set among woods near a ravine. There was an air of general happiness and well-being among the strikers and organizers. There were rumors of great discontent among the workers at the mill. The strikers and the organizers talked hopefully of another walk-out.

It was Decoration Day. A band of children with American flags was walking gaily off toward the picket line. They were led by little Sophia Melvin, who had come down recently from the North to teach organized play to the children. Old friends came up and greeted me. Everybody was brown; they looked as if they had gained weight since the early days of the strike. The women's faces were rested.

I was told that there had been prowlers around the tent colony and frequent threats that the new headquarters would be destroyed as the old one had been. Because of this the boundaries were patrolled at night by an armed guard. But this did not seem strange to me, coming as I did from Elizabethton, Tennessee. The place where I had stayed there had been guarded every night by boys peering out of the windows, their fingers on the triggers of their guns.

It did not seem possible that further trouble should occur. Least of all did the Northern organizers expect it. Yet just a week later, during trouble at the tent colony, Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt was killed, and three other policemen and one striker wounded.

Two policemen, after a celebration in Mecklenburg County, chased a man into the Catawba River and playfully shot at him. Two hours later they were at the tent colony. It was nine o'clock. The guard refused to allow the police to enter without a warrant. Another policeman tried to disarm a guard. In the scuffle a gun went off and the shooting began. Each side claims the other fired first. In the next few days seventy persons were arrested. Sixteen people, including three women,

were held without bail for first-degree murder, the unfailing penalty for which in North Carolina is the electric chair. The death penalty against the three women was later dropped. Seven others were held for conspiracy. Every Northerner, man or woman, was arrested.

## VIII

It is idle to think of Gastonia as a situation peculiar to itself. Edward McGrady, loyal representative of the American Federation of Labor, and Alfred Hoffman of the United Textile Workers were kidnapped in the principal hotel of Elizabethton, Tennessee. In Ware Shoals, South Carolina, George L. Googe, vice-president of the South Carolina Federation of Labor, was threatened by a mob and left town under police protection.

There is no doubt in my mind and in the minds of many other people that had it not been for the Northern organizers and their desire to avoid violence the workers would have shot in what they consider self-defense long ago. Not only would they have shot in Gastonia, but also they would have shot in Elizabethton and elsewhere. Everybody in the Carolinas and Tennessee has a gun. Peaceful citizens going on a long journey take revolvers with them as a matter of course. People think in terms of defending themselves. The trial now in progress will concern itself with the question whether the strikers shot in self-defense or not.

This trial began with a scene of grotesque unfairness, unprecedented in any American court. A life-sized manikin of Chief of Police O. F. Aderholt was rolled into the courtroom dressed in a blood-stained uniform. Conspicuous among the prosecution lawyers sat the widow and daughter of the Chief of Police. Confronted with this unexpected sight they burst into tears. Judge M. V. Barnhill, who throughout the trial was a paragon of impartiality, commanded the figure to be removed. The jury and the appalled audience, however, had filled their eyes with the ghastly effigy.

Three days later one of the jurors went violently insane—from the shock he had suffered at the spectacle of the "ghost," it was claimed. The trial had to be delayed. The defense had not been heard. The principal witnesses for the State had already been examined. Not one of the defendants had been connected with the shooting of the Chief. The released jurors told the press that on the evidence before them they were for acquittal.

At this point of the story the mob reappears. Already on the Saturday before, union organizers going to a meeting in South Gastonia had been surrounded by a mob of two hundred, threatened with lynching, and beaten with blackjacks and bottles. The taxi had plowed its way through the crowd and they escaped with only minor injuries. Apparently as a result of the jurors' statement that they would release the prisoners, an "Anti-Red" demonstration was held in Gastonia on Monday, September 9th, the night the trial came to its abrupt pause. A procession of one hundred cars went to strike headquarters, which was looted. The strike headquarters at Bessemer City, a small town seven miles from Gastonia, was raided.

The mob went next to a house in Gastonia where union organizers lived. A hundred men crowded into the house and kidnapped Ben Wells, an Englishman, and C. D. Saylor and C. M. Lell, local men. They were driven to a wood in a neighboring county where Wells was stripped and flogged. Two 'possum hunters heard his cries. The night riders heard the hunters approaching and thought it was the law and fled, leaving Wells unconscious to be rescued by his companions.

Meantime the major part of the mob had streamed over the twenty miles that separates Gastonia from Charlotte with cries of "Get Beal out of jail and lynch him!" "Let's clean up all the

Communists!" "Let's get out Jimison and lynch him!" They went to a hotel where some of the Communists and organizers lived and tore up the hotel register and broke fixtures. They proceeded next to the headquarters of the International Labor Defense, an organization which has been defending the accused men as well as those arrested on charges connected with the strike. The sympathizers and organizers in the office had been warned by telephone from Gastonia and escaped only one minute before the arrival of the mob. After breaking into the International Labor Defense office and finding no one there, the mob went to Tom P. Jimison's house, where they shouted and milled around and finally dispersed.

Two significant facts stand out in this night of terror. One is that no police protection was afforded. The other is that the mob was in nowise a rabble but proceeded along planned lines. It is considered by defense counsel part of the reign of terror which has been in effect throughout the strike and of which they consider the raid of June 7th an integral part. The better element in North Carolina has been deeply stirred by this lawlessness in which prominent mill people and members of the police took part. An investigation was promptly begun. Fourteen people were arrested including prominent mill men and police officers who were in the tent colony raid. Members of the Gastonia mob have asserted that they will not stop till they have cleaned out every union organizer in their part of the South.

The culmination to mob violence came on September 14th. A truck load of union members were going to an attempted union meeting. The meeting was never held, armed mobs turning away all union members. The truck turned back to Bessemer City, whence it had come, and was followed by a number of cars containing members of the mob. A car swerved in front of the truck apparently to stop it. The truck crashed it, and the car was upset. Immediately rifle fire was opened on the unarmed workers. A woman was shot through the chest and died instantly. She is a widow and leaves five young children. She was especially beloved among the strikers as the composer of the strike songs and ballads. When the Chief of Police was shot, sixteen people were indicted and tried for murder. It will be interesting to see if anyone will be tried for this murder.

Meantime, ever since the arrest of their leaders, the workers have been flowing into the union. This demand of the Southern workers for better conditions, and a union to help them get it, is spreading. The South knows it.

Up to now, mob violence, police brutality, wholesale arrests of workers, ordinances against picketing, intimidation, and the calling out of the militia—in a word, repression—has been the only answer the South has made to this movement for economic equality among Southern workers. History shows that repression has always failed. Not all the Inquisitions, not all the Black Hundreds, not all the various spy systems that humanity has devised have ever stopped an idea.

If the Southern industrialists hold to their present policy they face a long and bloody war, bitter and costly. Sooner or later they will have to yield. Political equality cannot exist side by side with industrial feudalism.

# THE SPANISH WOMAN

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

IF you should find yourself in any part of Spain upon All Saints' Day there is only one thing that you must do. You must go to the theater and see them play "Don Juan Tenorio."

In Madrid or Barcelona you will probably have a choice of four or five different companies, but even in the smallest town there will certainly be one crowded little theater hanging upon the words of a tenth-rate ranting Don Juan and a very fat Doña Ines. Attendance is everywhere almost obligatory, for ever since the play was written in 1849 it has been a fixed feast in the calendar, part of a sacred ritual, like Hot-cross Buns on an English Good Friday.

Now it will be readily agreed that a play which can command such permanent and universal attention must have very special qualities of its own; it must represent real life, or life as people wish it to be, in a most unusually deep manner. Don Juan Tenorio does precisely this, for it is the perfect stage representation of what Spanish men and women feel about the most dramatic of life's dramas, the drama of sex. If we add that it is impossible to imagine Don Juan Tenorio lasting a week in any other country in the world, we can see that we have something really Spanish, a key to the depths of the Spanish character, an ideal guide to what the Spaniard thinks about human relationships, which should help us greatly to understand the real Spain, so different from all we know of ourselves. Watch the play and note how foolish it seems to you, watch the audience and see how wise it seems to them, and you have a measure of the distance separating you from Spain.

The play begins with Don Juan and his rival Don Luis recounting to a tavern audience the tally of their conquests during the past twelve months. Don Juan with a list of seventy-two seductions "from a princess royal to a fisherman's daughter" wins; but his list is not quite perfect as it does not contain a novice on the eve of taking her nun's vows or a girl on the eve of her wedding. He guarantees to add these within six days and proceeds to make good one-half of his boast by seducing Don Luis' own bride that very night.

In passing, we may note the extreme simplicity which seems to characterize this success. It is merely a matter of bribing a servant with a few coins in order to obtain access to the house and a few minutes' solitude; after that nature takes its course. Apparently the audience is perfectly satisfied that the psychology of this episode is inevitable.

There remains only a novice in order to make a perfect score. The third act, called "Profanation," introduces her to us. Doña Ines, the heroine, young and innocent in her convent, listens to an interminable speech from a Lady Abbess and then is left alone with her nurse. She hands the girl a book of devotion in which is concealed a very long letter in rhymed couplets from Don Juan. It is calculated to arouse the very tenderest of passions. Doña Ines reads it aloud to us and while its effects on her and on us are at their height Don Juan arrives. Doña Ines swoons and is carried off in his arms.

Act Four, "The Devil at Heaven's Gate" finds Doña Ines in Don Juan's country house, whither, she is told, she has been carried by her brave knight who has rescued her from a devastating convent fire. The hero himself enters, and there takes place *the* scene of the play, the famous, the inebriating "Sofa Scene." Everybody on both sides of the footlights is carried away, and Doña Ines succumbing to the luscious couplets, "*respirando de amor*," cries out, "Don Juan, I implore you, of your noble compassion! Crush me to your heart, take me, because I adore you." The effect on Don Juan is a little extraordinary. Apparently devastated by the sight of so much yielding innocence, he begins to invoke the deity and talk vaguely of getting her father's consent. Her father, Don Gonzalez, more or less opportunely arrives, but after long speeches on all sides refuses his consent and is murdered for his pains, as also is Don Luis who arrives soon after. "Justice for Doña Ines" shouts the quickly gathering crowd. "But not against Don Juan" she answers as the curtain drops.

Five years go by and Part II begins. If Part I was romance, Part II is pantomime. Don Juan returns from his exile and visits the mausoleum erected by his father to his son's victims. Statues of Don Luis, Don Gonzalez, and Doña Ines herself confront him. That of Doña Ines begins to talk. God, it explains, has told her to wait in her grave until he should arrive in the hopes that she may convert him, in which case they will go off together to heaven. All the statues move about, and that of Doña Ines disappears altogether, leaving Don Juan rightly doubting his senses. He goes off to dinner with two friends, and in the middle of the meal the statue of Don Gonzalez walks in to tell him that God offers him forgiveness if he repents within nine days. When Don Juan, tired of statues, draws his pistol Don Gonzalez retires through the wall, and Doña Ines arrives. She recites some couplets and announces that to-morrow both their bodies will rest in one grave.

Act III, "God's Forgiveness and the Apotheosis of Love," is full of stage effects, ghosts, peripatetic statues, angels ascending, opening flowers, flames, dawns, and sunsets. Doña Ines is seen reclining on a bed of roses. Amid colored lights Don Juan exclaims, "The God of Mercy is the God of Don Juan Tenorio," and then according to stage directions: "Don Juan falls at the feet of Doña Ines; both die. From their mouths issue their souls, in the guise of brilliant flames which lose themselves in space to the sound of music. Curtain." To prevent disappointment, we should warn pilgrims that much of this is commonly left out on grounds of expense.

## II

Eighty years of ritual observance show that this nonsense, splashed with gleams of poetry as it is, is a mirror of the Spanish soul. Don Juan Tenorio is the glorified Spanish male, Doña Ines the female who goes with him, at least in theory. Every man in the audience identifies himself with Don Juan, every woman more than approves of him. The play is natural to them because it displays a life of warfare against the opposite sex in which women are taken as besieged towns, whose defenses have never been in good order. In a community where freedom and familiarity between the sexes has produced its code, its nuances, the stark assumption that all that is necessary for seduction is solitude and a room would appear a gross theatrical affectation, an artificiality; in Spain it is not so. The change from vice to virtue when an innocent woman is on the point of yielding voluntarily is the sort of sentimentality which goes with unimaginative seduction; and all this, in addition to everything being put right by a deathbed repentance, exactly sums up the bourgeois Spaniard's intimations of morality. On the stage it produces Zorilla's drama, balanced between lyrical poetry and sheer idiocy; in life it pro-

duces the pitiful human relations of present-day Spain.

It is of course impossible and indeed foolish to lodge an indictment against a whole nation's attitude to women, and there are all sorts of exceptions; but it is not unfair to say that in Spain to-day the real social sore, far more pestilential than any political medievalism, is to be found here, in the logical results of the morals of Don Juan Tenorio being applied to a society of living men and women. The value of drawing attention to this does not lie in saying hard things about Spain, but in possibly discouraging those who are forever attacking the morals of the younger generation in England and America, who apart from possible indiscretions, certainly live cleaner lives than old-fashioned times permitted to human beings. And we should not forget that in living Spain we see our own dead selves and the attitude towards life and sex from which the modern flapper and emancipated woman have helped the world to escape. We cannot over-estimate the value of that escape not only for human happiness, but for what is much the same—morality. True, we wear our hearts on our sleeves and wash our dirty linen in public; we have divorces by the thousand and a pretty bundle of scandals; but it does not mean that a country, where divorces are not legal, as in Spain, has no broken or unsatisfactory homes. We send sick folk to hospitals to have operations; in the Middle Ages they did not, but still there were sick folk in the Middle Ages.

## III

Spain prides itself on being the land of the family; and it would be impossible to discover a European country where the patriarchal family is more flourishing. In the eyes of the law women are scarcely individuals so much as parts of the family. Before marriage she is the slave of her parents: it is illegal for her to leave home without her father's consent before the age of twenty-five; only by marrying and becoming the property of a husband can she cease to be the property of her father. If her father or mother finds her entertaining a lover he or she may kill or wound her or the lover without greater penalty than temporary exile to a distance of not less than twenty-five or more than two hundred and fifty kilometers from a stated place; a penalty doubtless designed to avoid blood feuds between families. When she marries, if she is taken in adultery by her husband, he may kill her and her lover for a similar penalty; but if she kills her husband in a like situation she is guilty of parricide.

The extent to which a woman is legally the slave of her husband is well illustrated by a discussion in a legal handbook as to whether a man may prevent his wife publishing literary or scientific works; though the Civil Code does not expressly include these acts among those which a wife may perform without her husband's license, it is understood "that as they are not only lawful, but highly honorable, she is to be permitted to exercise them. The husband could refuse to allow his wife to spend money on publishing them, or to receive remuneration for them, in accordance with article 61; but he cannot destroy them, as that would be prejudicial to the sciences or the arts, that is, to the public interest, which is always superior to the private."

More serious perhaps is the fact that the Code implicitly condones unfaithfulness on the part of the husband, except only if by keeping a mistress in the same house or elsewhere there is public scandal, but punishes it on the part of the wife with up to six years' imprisonment. In short, the family is safeguarded and maintained entirely for the advantage of the man and by a virtual enslaving of the woman.*

* Very important changes have recently been made in the legal position of the Spanish woman. These are to be found in the new Penal Code of 1928. This code is a very great advance on former codes in most things to do with women. The position of the unmarried mother and the illegitimate child is much strengthened; the man finding his wife *flagrante delicto* and killing her is no longer to be absolved but to be given a punishment "less than the usual" for murder; a wife in the reverse case is put on an

But it is dangerous to rely only on the law for a true picture of such things as family life. What, therefore, has every-day observation to tell us of a woman's place in her Spanish home?

## IV

The majority of middle-class Spanish women have never spoken alone to any man before the day of their marriage, and from that day they will never speak alone to any other man except their husband. In her teens a girl has some liberty of action; she can at least show herself to the world together with her girl companions; she can dance under certain conditions; she can even go on hiking expeditions, if she is very modern—always provided that she has brothers and girl friends to chaperon her. She goes to places of amusement, usually only with her parents; but once married, her activities virtually cease and her life becomes singularly empty; brains and muscles atrophy from disuse and all her days are filled with boredom.

The result can be seen everywhere in Spanish towns; and the eye sums it up in one sentence, nowhere in the world can so many beautiful girls be seen, nowhere in the world so few beautiful women. Old age begins at twenty-five.

To an American the aging of womanhood in Spain must be particularly remarkable, since America's greatest gift to human civilization is the discovery that women need not grow old sooner than men. He is used to finding it difficult to tell any woman's age between the age of seventeen and forty-five; in Spain he will find that beautiful maturity has been cut out and the laughing teens joined to shapeless and outworn decay.

The curious listlessness, the drab lack of character seen so often in Spanish middle-class women is due to more than one cause. First there is a lack of education: their faces reflect the boredom of daily life when there are no intellectual interests. Policy and custom in Spain give women less education than men. In Madrid five per cent of the men aged more than twenty-five are illiterate; seventeen and a half per cent of the women. Some other figures are interesting:

| | *Illiterate Men over 25* | *Illiterate Women over 25* |
|---|---|---|
| Town of Barcelona | 12.35% | 26.68% |
| Town of Seville | 12.82% | 27.99% |
| Town of Zaragoza | 20.55% | 36.99% |
| Province of Granada | 57.54% | 74.25% |
| Province of Lugo | 27.91% | 69.38% |
| Province of Leon | 12.85% | 45.50% |
| All Spain | 35.23% | 55.16% |

These eloquent figures tell us, in the first place, that more than half the women of Spain cannot read or write and, even more significant, that everywhere a far greater percentage of illiterate women abound than of illiterate men. A deep-rooted prejudice against educating women is at the back of such statistics.

Of course, for middle-class women the percentages of illiterates would be less, but the possession of the mere tools of reading and writing avail them little, since they have no idea of applying them to any intellectual interest. "For her," says Luis Araquistain, "beyond eternal salvation, there is nothing in life save a double preoccupation: to get married as well as possible, and once married, if she has children, to marry them in their turn as well as possible. The continuance of the species, in its purely biological aspect, finds in her a faithful and jealous guardian. But outside this mission, nothing exists for her, neither science, nor art, nor politics, nor history, nor immortality; or all this only exists in so far as it produces an economic return or some social alleviation."

One thing she can always do: she can go to church, for every husband, however much of an unbeliever he may himself be, approves of religion for his wife. The writer once asked a man in a Spanish town how many of the inhabitants were honest professing believers. "Ten

equal footing with the husband; adultery is now treated equally whether committed by the wife or the husband, though in practice it is of course rarely punished at all. Thus the present military dictatorship can claim credit for having purged the law of some of its grossest medievalism; it remains to be seen what the effect will be upon public opinion and daily conduct.

per cent of the men and most of the women," was the reply. "They need some sort of consolation"! And perhaps one of the most pathetic sights in any small town is the cluster of black-garbed, black-veiled, wizened old spinsters and widows, "*ratas de iglesia*," church rats, whose one means of supporting life is to wander from church service to church service in a mood of blind faith and blinder resignation.

Other amusements, whether intellectual or not, are few: the cinema is making a great difference, however, and in one town of ten thousand inhabitants five picture theaters have so captured the heart and the purse that the butchers are selling only half the meat required in earlier days, since their customers prefer to eat less and see more. But the most conspicuous example of female seclusion is afforded by the sight of a Spanish café, that democratic club and local parliament, where the men congregate after supper each evening: there will be one hundred men for every woman present; the rest are at home gathered about the family hearth vegetating.

## V

To an empty head we must add atrophied muscles. The middle class in Spain is in the unenviable position of being a class of parvenus without traditions. Frequently the well-to-do business man is the son of a peasant who worked all the days of his life squeezing sustenance from the parched stones of the Castilian *meseta*. The only traditions he knows are those demanded by a life of hard labor, the only code one based on the fields and farmstead. Endowed by luck or cunning with money and leisure, transported to that most foreign of all lands to the country-bred—the large town—the family does not know how to behave, how to be educated, how to enjoy itself. Decay sets in almost inevitably.

To begin with, everybody eats too much; the predominant Spanish vice is gluttony. It is as if the race-memory recalling generations of half-starvation forces the *nouveau riche* to make up for it all. The effect on man and woman is disastrous: imagine a typical Rotarian without any public spirit, taking no exercise, with three hours off for the midday meal, and you have a type of Spanish business man; his wife is similar to him.

Two only are the sculptors who mold the faces of Spanish women and their names are Overwork and Overeating. Examples of the former's craft abound in every field, and on every road and street, especially in Galicia, the latter's *chefs d'œuvre* are seated all about one in every hotel. The first artist imitates for his effects the surface and texture of medieval wood carvings, he multiplies madonnas everywhere, especially where custom assists him with tight tied kerchiefs, showing and simplifying the shape of the head. The latter works in a wax which has not even the virtue of being inflammable: these faces are disgusting in their lifeless bestiality. As for the men shaped by the same artist, it is impossible to believe that in any country where women's desires are tolerated such utter callousness towards physical grace, nay, decency, could exist.

What incapacity, what lack of animal spirits and of intellectual imagination lies behind all this obesity, so characteristic of the Spanish reality, in spite of all the chocolate-box Carmens of foreign fancy! It is a pathetic sight to watch such a family on a holiday. You see them sitting over their enormous meals in silence: not a spark of life on wife's or husband's face. I have seen a meal eaten without a single word or gesture of affection, or even of recognition. Are they really as bored with each other as it seems?

In most cases they are, hard though it is to believe it. The middle-class youth, unaided by tradition or sane education, leads a wild and merry life for several years. Often he has an absurd allowance, keeps a *querida*, sits about all

night at cabarets, drives a motor car furiously, seduces the domestic servants and, worn out and prematurely aged, sinks back on marriage as the last and inevitable boredom. He has no interest in the girl who chances to become his wife, and indeed what he requires in marriage is neither a companion nor a lover, but a mother to look after him. And that is the solution of the Spanish family, as a lover a wife is nothing, as a mother she may attain to power.

In Spain you see, indeed, stalking about in broad daylight that *deus ex machina* of modern psychology, the Œdipus Complex. There as here "a man may not marry his mother," but he can do something nearly as satisfactory—he can make his wife as much like his mother as possible in a very short time. Perhaps this also explains in part why women are encouraged to grow old young in Spain; for certainly if their husbands preferred it otherwise, they would be different.

For her part, the woman, Electra, finding herself powerless as a wife, sets her mind to binding her offspring to her with irrefragable bonds, and she succeeds to the great misfortune, as many Spanish writers have said, of the Spanish community. For it is this "hypertrophy of the family" which is responsible for the lack of public spirit notorious in Spain. "For the Spaniard in general," says Luis Araquistain, "the highest form of his existence is that of the family, which does not represent for him a step to higher forms, but rather the sum and compendium, the maximum limit of all his doubts and aspirations. Beyond the little family world, the center of his universe, the Spaniard does not feel himself moved by any higher objective. All is a means, an instrument for the sustaining and aggrandizement of the family." In short, for most Spaniards the family complex is never broken, and the woman rules in the heart and the unconscious not of her husband, but of her son.

## VI

But it is high time to look at the other sculptor's work. So far all that has been said concerns chiefly the middle class and especially the town dweller; and it should never be forgotten that the most typical Spanish life is that of field and farm, of village and isolated hamlet, where the woman of importance is the peasant's wife, the hard-worked mother of poverty and heroism.

In the fields the Spanish woman has a dignity not to be found in the towns. "The passivity of the Spanish woman," writes Margarita Nelken, "her retirement for century after century, has given her a respect for herself perhaps unique in the whole world. This very submissiveness of the woman of the people before her husband who ill treats her and ill spends his money, this 'I cannot turn against the father of my children,' which at first sight seems a survival of slavery, has at bottom an instinctive consciousness of moral dignity—the dignity of the hearth of which she is the faithful guardian—which has and can always have the force of the most indomitable virtue. And there are regions, Cataluña and Galicia, where, thanks to this factor, the woman who exercises it very soon attains to a power superior to that of any foreign woman."

However that may be, it is very true that in talking to a Catalan or Galician peasant woman one is conscious of contact with a personality, a sensation rarely to be experienced when talking to a bourgeoise of the town. The simple explanation is that the peasant woman has power and develops it because she is of social value: she works hard, bargains in the marketplace, makes money and saves it by good spending; and so is honorable and honored. Her lot is happier than that of her semi-parasitic sister in the town. Her dignity is the reflection of her value to the family and the community.

But even so she suffers from the nightmare, broken of course by gleams of

beauty, which is the life of a peasant wresting from a cruel soil a bare living in the waterless deserts of the typical Spain. And her life is harder than the man's life because to their common tasks of economic toiling is added in her case the even more debilitating task of child-bearing. Spain is the country above all other European countries except Roumania of high birth rate. And the tragedy is that all these children born into the world do not serve to fill up the deserts and solitudes, but only to fill coffins. One in every three Spaniards born dies before reaching the age of five. That is the chief reason why the Spanish peasant woman bears on her face the tragic beauty of overwork and misery.

A little incident will translate statistics into real life. We had stopped in the middle of the shadeless *meseta* of Leon to buy a drink at the village inn. A gnarled and shapeless peasant woman surrounded by eight or ten children playing on the mud floor served us with bottled beer. "Are all these your children?" we asked, and she replied that five of them were hers and that the rest came from next door. Had we any children? she asked in turn. Yes, two. How old? Nine years and eight. "Oh, I suppose the rest are all dead then," she commented, wiping the glasses. It seemed obvious that there must have been others each separated by a year or less, and it did not seem very tragic that they were dead.

In the province of Palencia there was in 1920 a birth rate of 35.1, compared with one of 25.5 in England in that year, and a death rate of 29.0 compared with one of 12.4 in England: thus in Palencia the difference between births and deaths was only six, while in England, with a far lower birth rate, it was more than twelve. Of the married women between thirty-five and forty-five more than one in five had five or more dead children. In the villages of Guipuzcoa twenty-nine out of every hundred married women have had eight or more children; and when we realize that these figures include all the women who could not have had so many children since they have not been married long enough, the significance is greatly increased. Finally, in all Spain every living mother has one child dead for every two living.

That the high death rate is largely due to the high birth rate is shown by the fact that out of the forty-nine provinces nineteen have a birth rate and a death rate higher than those of all Spain, nineteen have them both lower, and nine only have a birth rate higher and a death rate lower. The two remaining provinces are Madrid and Barcelona where unsanitary conditions increase the death rate, while a certain small infusion of neo-Malthusianism reduces the birth rate.

In spite of these facts all the public authorities and molders of opinion in Spain cry aloud against the threatened decline in the birth rate. On the day I first entered La Coruña, two of its daily papers had leaders attacking "the American neo-Malthusian propaganda" and calling on the government to exclude such foreign menaces to the purity of Spanish life. They both drew attention to Spain's proud place "in the vanguard of Christian civilization" measured by her having the largest birth rate in any country except Roumania, which country presumably is *facile princeps* of the civilized world. Yet in La Coruña at the last census the twelve thousand married women had had fifty-nine thousand children of whom twenty thousand were dead.

When asked to explain the huge infantile mortality, a leading publicist said, "Ah well, you see a child's life is not considered very important among our women. It comes, it goes; there are plenty more to take its place." He himself had nine children and, "I am quite willing to have twelve or thirteen," he added genially, giving the impression by his whole conversation that he must live in a community where the women were largely illiterate. Statistics proved this to be correct: whereas sixty-four per cent of the men of La Coruña can read and

write, only twenty-nine per cent of the women are so instructed. One may assume therefore that their opinion about the value of dead children is not likely to be sought; but we can leave to the reader the full realization of what all this means to the mute women who bear burdens in the heat of the day patiently like oxen, and bear children year after year, of whom one in three is doomed to die after a few unprofitable years. And this accounts for a fact stated by the great Madrid Doctor, Dr. Marañon, "When, passing through a village street—preferably in our own Castiles—or through the suburbs of the great cities, where live the workers, you see those women resting, one child in their arms, several at their knee, guess their ages and then ask. Even assuming that they also are touched with the feminine foolishness of understating their years, I assure the inquisitive who follows my advice that he will very often feel sorrow and grief at learning that these women, consumed by a premature old age, seeming about fifty, have hardly reached their thirtieth year." Twenty-eight per cent of the women, not themselves invalids, who brought patients to his clinic had had eight or more children, "often from fourteen to seventeen"; the total number of children belonging to those mothers was 473, of these 382 were dead and 91 were alive. No wonder all the mothers "had lost the enchantments of their sex, were exhausted, indifferent, and sad."

## VII

The sentimental picture of a Spanish woman is gained, of course, from gilded portraits of the cabaret girl. She has certain advantages over her "good" and married sister, notably a pride of body which for obvious reasons she must possess; while there is no need for the married woman to possess it. It is perfectly true that in the cabarets of Barcelona, Madrid, and the other towns many beautiful and exotic, slim, living creatures can be found. Go to a public dancing place, say near the Ramblas in Barcelona, and you will find it full of women, not merely pretty, but with some of the tragic beauty which is needed to accompany the rhythm of the tango. Not one single woman is "respectable": they are all prostitutes or somebody's mistress. Some of them, one feels, are there because they are too intelligent, too alive, to become wives. And certainly there is a quality about many of these bad women which is not to be found in similar circles in London or even Paris. They have not given over their form to the two sculptors Overwork and Overeating; they have carved out their own faces and possess some individuality. But we must avoid sentimentalizing over them, nor will it be difficult if we watch them long enough.

We are now face to face with the victims of Don Juan Tenorio, or rather the other victims, for the married, "good," women with all the boredom and lifelessness of their estate are as much the victims of that philosophy as these. The cabaret is the meeting place of Don Juan's seventy-two, "from a fisherman's daughter" and almost "to a princess royal." A conversation will help the reader to understand the situation.

We sat together over our liqueurs and coffee, Josep and myself. Josep is a young Catalan lawyer with a social sense very rare in his country, where as we have seen there are few loyalties outside the family. We talked of women and morals in England and Spain. He asked me about unorthodox conduct in my country. I said that even in the least exalted relationships there was almost always an element of companionship and responsibility; that even a man who seduced a scullery maid would certainly take the responsibility in most cases of "looking after" her, of helping her to avoid serious consequences and of "seeing her through" if "anything happened."

"You are really civilized," he exclaimed, "we are barbarians." In Spain, he went on, a young man regards a

girl as his natural enemy, to be defeated and humbled. He told me stories of well-educated men who would seduce a girl and then, after she had been turned out of her home and gone to the public lying-in hospital, would take her to a brothel and deposit her there, promising to visit her occasionally and to send her wealthy patrons. No young man, he assured me, would take the slightest precautions to safeguard a girl from such a complete disaster.

It is in this way that the wretched little cabarets which stretch for miles along such streets as the Parallelo in Barcelona are populated. Servant girls and factory girls, victims of their employers, exposing themselves on the petty stage with a pretense at a song or dance, so as to invite custom.

The attitude of public opinion is perfectly definite upon these matters: they are necessary and it is the woman's fault. She is the temptress and she must take her punishment. A friend of mine once said to me, "I will tell you why I ceased to be a Catholic. I had an amour and I confessed. 'That will be all right,' said my confessor; 'only one thing, you must never see the girl again.' 'But I must see her,' I said, 'she may be enceinte, and need me to look after her.' 'That does not matter at all, you must flee her as a temptation, I forbid you to see her'." That sums up the orthodox attitude in Spain to-day; it is Tertullian all over again—"You are the devil's gateway, you destroy God's image, man." The youth must flee the temptress, the temptress may hide herself from the world in a brothel. We need not dwell on the terrible revenge exacted in disease and sordidness from a society which accepts such a code.

The law seems framed expressly to maintain such a system. No mother of an illegitimate child can prove its paternity; it is illegal to investigate the fatherhood, and mention of the father's name is punishable with a fine, while the record containing the name in the report is obliterated. If, however, the father admits paternity voluntarily, the mother has no rights over the child, and may be deprived of it after three years. There are two sorts of illegitimate children, those whose parents could marry, and those whose parents could not, for example, a priest's child. In no circumstances whatever—not even in case of rape—may the paternity of these last be disclosed, not even if the priest acknowledges his paternity in writing. The only exception to these rules are cases of violence and of seduction under promise of marriage. In the second case a man may be imprisoned for six months for fraud; a punishment which may be compared with that of six years' penal servitude for fraud involving a sum of money over two thousand five hundred pesetas.

Every country in the world has its problems of vice and its evils, but what characterizes the Spanish reality is a hard cruelty, an utterly unrelenting bitterness of outlook, a cynicism without tenderness or mercy, which deprives nearly all intercourse between the sexes of its nuances, its imaginative possibilities; and leaves little else but boredom on the one hand and heartless lust on the other.

## VIII

Enough has been said to dispel the sentimentalized myth of Spanish romance, which has been current increasingly of late; but it is not for this purpose merely that these facts are worth recording. We are living in countries which enjoy the benefits which came almost entirely from the feminist movement of emancipation; most of us are not old enough to realize what that movement meant, or what it cost to the brave leaders who made it possible. It is, therefore, valuable to look at a picture of what was destroyed by these pioneers; for what I have written is not only an honest picture of Modern Spain, but also a picture of our own communities not many generations back.

# BUILDING THE 200-INCH TELESCOPE

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

*Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington and Chairman of the Observatory Council of the California Institute of Technology*

The following article is the first authentic account of the vast enterprise now engaging American and European scientists to construct and equip a gigantic telescope that will dwarf all previous instruments. When it is remembered that the Hooker telescope at Mount Wilson, now the largest in the world, reaches out into cosmic distances that can be measured only in thousands and even millions of light years, some conception of the power of the new giant glass may be gained from the statement that it will be able to penetrate three times as far into space.—*The Editors.*

ASTRONOMERS, like other men, spend most of their lives in hard and often tedious routine work. They are, however, sometimes fortunate enough to take part in a great adventure, and it is of such an adventure that I am now writing.

The pupil of the human eye—about a fifth of an inch in diameter—receives only a minute fraction of the light falling from a star upon the earth's surface. Imagine this pupil enlarged to a diameter of nine feet, and endowed both with magnifying power and with the cumulative capacity of the photographic plate, which forms a visible image by adding up during long exposures the invisible rays of feeble celestial objects. Like our largest existing telescope, it could then penetrate millions of light-years into space and reveal more than a thousand million stars in our own galactic system and hundreds of thousands of "island universes" beyond the Milky Way.

A year ago I described briefly in this magazine some of the possibilities of still larger instruments. A few months later, through the generosity of the International Education Board, funds were given to the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena for the construction of an Astrophysical Observatory and Laboratory, to be conducted in close co-operation with the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. This Observatory, which will be designed so as to supplement, not to duplicate, the Mount Wilson Observatory, is to be equipped with a 200-inch reflecting telescope and powerful auxiliary apparatus. It is our hope that the new telescope will be fully ten times as powerful as the 100-inch Mount Wilson reflector, penetrate more than three times as far into space, and thus open for investigation an unexplored sphere of about thirty times the volume of that which has been hitherto sounded. Perhaps, however, the most important use of the new instrument and its accessories will be in the more intensive investigation of objects already known but inadequately studied because of our present optical limitations.

Astronomical observatories are not all alike. On the contrary, they show a greater diversity of design than the laboratories used in any other branch of science. The number of celestial objects is so great that a lifetime can be spent in measuring the "absolute" positions, the relative positions, or the speeds of small fractions of their number. Consequently, observatories are often erected for such special purposes, so that their sole equipment may consist of a meridian circle and astronomical clocks, or a photographic refracting telescope

and machines for measuring the relative positions of stellar images, or a telescope and spectrograph for determining stellar motions. The results thus obtained are indispensable to astronomy, which through the ages has been fortunate enough to possess men of the skill and devotion required to accomplish these endless tasks of routine observation and measurement. The true value of their results often does not appear until long after their death, as in the discovery of the precession of the equinoxes by Hipparchus two thousand years ago, when he compared his observations with those made by Timocharis nearly two centuries earlier. In the same way the importance of Tycho Brahe's observations, which were bequeathed to Kepler, was brought out by Kepler's discovery of the laws of planetary motion that bear his name.

In recent years, however, the rapidly expanding scope of astrophysical research has revolutionized the observatory and multiplied its possibilities to the astronomer, the physicist, and the chemist. As the key to cosmic laboratories, which afford temperatures, pressures, densities, and masses greatly exceeding those attainable on earth, the telescope with its many auxiliaries has become as indispensable to the physicist and chemist as to the student of stellar evolution and the structure of the universe. For this reason a co-operative investigation of the physical, chemical, and astronomical aspects of the nature and properties of matter under the widest range of conditions was undertaken several years ago by the California Institute and the neighboring Mount Wilson Observatory. The resulting series of fundamental discoveries, both celestial and terrestrial, has now led to the provision for the 200-inch telescope and its accessories as a new and powerful means of extending them.

The method of organizing the new Astrophysical Observatory and its indispensable Laboratory is thus plainly indicated. The optical and mechanical parts of the 200-inch telescope, naturally of the highest attainable perfection, should be mounted equatorially so as to command the heavens from the north pole to a region far south of the equator. It should be established at a site out of the path of frequent storms, where a great preponderance of clear weather is associated with the sharpest and steadiest telescopic images. It should be quickly adaptable for a wide variety of researches and provided with the best attainable means of recording and measuring celestial objects. It should have the immense advantage of the best laboratory facilities for interpreting its observational results. Its equipment should not be fixed once for all, but should constantly be extended and improved in pace with advances in physics, chemistry, and engineering. Finally, and most important of all, the new telescope should be used in close conjunction with all the present facilities of the Mount Wilson Observatory and those of the Norman Bridge Laboratory of Physics, the Gates Laboratory of Chemistry, and other branches of the California Institute, by the most competent group of investigators that can be recruited from these and other institutions in this country and abroad.

## II

The designing of the telescope includes both optical and engineering problems, the first and most vital of which is that of obtaining a suitable mirror disc. Readers of this article are probably aware that the images of stars or other celestial objects are produced in reflecting telescopes not with the customary transparent lens of the more familiar refracting telescope, field-glass, or camera, but with a concave mirror, which lies at the bottom of the telescope tube, and converges back to a focus the parallel rays of starlight that fall on its polished upper face. This face, which must be highly reflecting, is ground and figured to a paraboloidal form, the curvature required to concentrate parallel

rays in a point. The focus, therefore, is in the center of the tube near the upper end, where the photographic plate or other recording device may be placed. By means of supplementary mirrors, plane or concave, the image may instead be formed at the side of the tube near its upper end, or at the bottom (where it is observed through a central hole in the large mirror), or in a laboratory below the hollow polar axis, where instruments such as long-focus spectrographs, requiring great stability, may be rigidly fixed in a constant-temperature laboratory.

In the days of Herschel and Lord Rosse the mirrors of reflecting telescopes were made of speculum metal, a silver-like alloy of tin and copper, which takes a beautiful polish and retains it for many years. Subsequently, mirrors of glass, silvered on their front surface, were introduced and universally used. Glass is lighter than speculum metal, and silver reflects a greater proportion of blue light, though speculum metal is much more efficient as a reflector of the ultra-violet stellar rays. Moreover, as glass is a poor conductor of heat, the outer parts of large, thick, mirror discs change in temperature more rapidly than the interior as the air in the open dome grows warmer or colder from night to night. Thus their curvature is more or less affected, and this means that the stellar image, instead of being nearly a point, may often be expanded into a much less brilliant disc.

The most promising means of overcoming this difficulty is to make the mirror of fused silica or quartz, which is not appreciably affected by change of temperature. Dr. Elihu Thomson and his associate, Mr. A. L. Ellis, had already solved at West Lynn, Massachusetts, many of the technical problems involved in the use of fused quartz, and our first step was, therefore, to secure their co-operation and that of the General Electric Company. President Gerard Swope immediately agreed to have the work done in the Thomson Research Laboratory at actual cost, with no charge for commercial or administrative expenses. The special methods required for producing large discs have since been developed, with every promise of success. The procedure adopted is to begin with the manufacture of mirrors of moderate size, then to undertake the 60-inch and larger mirrors needed for auxiliaries, and finally to make the 200-inch disc itself. A 22-inch disc has already been made, and the 60-inch stage will soon be entered. Some conception of the magnitude and difficulty of the ultimate task may be gained when it is stated that the fundamental problem is to construct a rigid concave mirror nearly 17 feet in diameter (200 inches), many tons in weight, whose surface is parabolically curved with an error less than two millionths of an inch.

The process consists of fusing a mass of nearly pure silica sand in a circular electric furnace which constitutes the mold. The disc thus obtained, which contains innumerable small bubbles, is ground to the approximate curvature of the mirror desired and then coated to a sufficient thickness with perfectly transparent quartz, free from bubbles. This crystalline quartz, in finely ground form, is sprayed on to the hot disc by means of an oxy-hydrogen flame; and the development of multiple burners needed for coating large surfaces without flaws has been one of the principal difficulties overcome. On this transparent face of water-clear quartz the final grinding, polishing, and figuring will be done. Finally, a thin coating of pure silver will be chemically deposited on the finished surface, just as is done periodically in the case of such glass mirrors as that of the 100-inch Hooker telescope on Mount Wilson.

To give an idea of the scale of the new instrument, it may be compared with the 100-inch Hooker telescope, now the most powerful in use. The Hooker mirror is about 13 inches thick, and weighs about 4½ tons. The 200-inch mirror will be

approximately twice as thick and will weigh about 30 tons, unless we decide to lighten it by using a ribbed structure for the underlying casting of crude quartz.

Everything depends upon the success of the mirror, and we are, therefore, considering as possible alternatives several entirely different methods of construction, some of which are very promising. Ritchey's cellular mirror has been considered, but none of our advisers favor its adoption because of the difficulty of figuring with optical perfection the thin glass faces and the edges of the intervening honeycomb, not to mention doubts as to the optical permanence of a heavy cemented structure subjected to wide ranges of temperature. Sir Charles Parsons has taken a great personal interest in our problem; and the success of his firm in making composite glass discs up to three feet in diameter, all the contiguous surfaces of which are fused together in the oven, without the optical complications just mentioned, is an encouraging advance. Our National Bureau of Standards, which recently produced a very fine mirror disc of solid glass 72 inches in diameter, is successfully experimenting along similar lines. Ribbed metallic discs of speculum metal, or an even better alloy, are also worthy of consideration. A Dutch method of coating a metallic disc with glass of precisely the same coefficient of expansion, securely fused to its surface, is another process that has reached an interesting stage. Finally, such authorities as Dr. Arthur L. Day and Dr. Frederick E. Wright of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who have contributed so much to the production of new glasses, affirm that a 200-inch disc of special glass even less subject to distortion by temperature changes than the well-known "Pyrex" can undoubtedly be made. In this view they are supported by the firm of Carl Zeiss, whose remarkable "spiegelglas" has already proved its fine qualities in the Einstein Tower at Potsdam. Thus there are numerous possible alternatives, but at present Doctor Thomson and Mr. Ellis are perfectly confident of complete success with fused silica, the ideal material for large mirrors.

After careful consideration by members of our Pasadena group, checked by the computations of our Research Associate Dr. Frank E. Ross of the Yerkes Observatory, we have decided to make the focal length of the 200-inch mirror 55 feet, only 3.3 times its aperture. This is relatively shorter than that of the Hooker telescope, which has a focal length five times its aperture. The advantage of a focal ratio F:3.3, as users of "movie" cameras know, is to give an immense concentration of light with consequent reduction of exposure time. With this change of ratio, and a light-collecting area four times as great, the 200-inch mirror should prove fully ten times as powerful as that of the Hooker telescope under similar atmospheric conditions.

A defect of short-focus mirrors is the small area of sharp definition in their focal plane. Outside of this area the star images, instead of being minute discs, resemble arrowheads pointing toward the center of the field. Even a small area recording extremely faint stars is for many purposes far preferable to a larger field of sharp definition in which these feeble objects fail to appear. A notable illustration is afforded by the spiral nebulæ, where the problem of the nature, distance, and evolution of these extraordinary "island-universes" depends upon the detection of their constituent stars, now beyond our range except in the case of two or three of the nearest of the spirals.

Three methods of enlarging the area of sharp definition have been found: the Schwarzschild and the Ritchey-Chrétien mirror systems, neither of which is applicable in our case; and the Ross correcting lens, which is placed in the cone of rays in front of the photographic plate. This lens, which has recently been developed by Doctor Ross as a part of our policy of improving all desirable

devices for recording, measuring, or interpreting telescopic images, is about to be tested on Mount Wilson. Not content with an F:3.3 ratio, Doctor Ross has also computed a correcting lens which we hope will enable us to use the 200-inch mirror with an equivalent focal ratio of F:2.

In both of the above cases, as already stated, the photographic plate is supported directly in front of the 200-inch mirror, and centered on its optical axis. Another arrangement calls for the use of a convex mirror 60 inches in diameter, supported axially near the upper end of the telescope tube. This will change the ratio to F:10, and form a field of stars sharply defined over a photographic plate 17 inches in diameter, at a focus just below the 200-inch mirror, through the center of which a circular hole will be cut. I need not pause to describe other mirror combinations required for different classes of photographic, spectrographic, and radiometric observations.

Turning now to the mechanical problem of mounting and moving these mirror systems with the extreme precision demanded, we fortunately find its solution well within the range of modern engineering practice. When Lord Rosse built his six-foot reflector in the forties of the last century he was compelled to work on his country estate in Ireland without the aid of skilled opticians and machinists, or the methods and machine tools of modern engineering. In the present case we begin with twenty-five years of experience with large telescopes at Mount Wilson, and combine the knowledge of our local group of men of science and instrument builders with that of such skilled designers as Mr Russell W. Porter of the Jones and Lamson Company of Springfield, Vermont; Messrs. Ambrose Swasey and F P. Burrell of the Warner and Swasey Company of Cleveland, and Messrs. Gano Dunn and S. R. Jones of the J. G. White Engineering Corporation of New York. We are also fortunate in having the benefit of the advice and criticism of such eminent authorities in Europe as Sir Herbert Jackson, Director of the British Scientific Instrument Research Association; Sir Charles Parsons, grandson of Lord Rosse, distinguished not only for his work as an engineer, but also for his success in developing the most progressive optical glass and telescope building establishments in England; and other authorities of similar calibre. In this study of telescope mountings we are, therefore, pursuing the same co-operative policy as in all the other phases of the present undertaking.

Our decision in favor of an equatorial mounting, of which four types have been considered, is determined by our desire to command a wide range of the heavens and the possibility it affords of producing celestial images by a single reflection from the 200-inch concave mirror. This is to be mounted at the base of a very stiff octagonal skeleton tube, about 24 feet in diameter and nearly 60 feet long, hung on bearings between the arms of a massive fork, which forms the upper end of a large polar axis, fixed parallel to the axis of the earth. The tube can be pointed electrically as far north as the pole (or beyond it) and far south of the equator. After being set at the angle determined by the declination of the celestial object, it is rotated east or west about the polar axis until the desired object is at the center of the field. By the aid of the driving-clock the entire polar axis and tube are then turned slowly from east to west to counteract the effect of the earth's rotation and hold the celestial object in the field. Final corrections for the effect of the varying refraction of the earth's atmosphere are made by the observer, who watches stars at the edge of the plate through high-power eyepieces, and moves the plate by delicate mechanism so as to keep the guiding-stars at the intersection of cross-hairs in the eyepiece throughout the exposure, which may last for hours, or even be continued on several successive nights.

This fork type of equatorial mounting, which dates back more than a century, was built on a large scale (with a four-foot mirror) by Lassell in 1861, and subsequently, with accurate driving-clocks and in somewhat different forms, by the fourth Earl of Rosse, by Common with 36-inch and 60-inch mirrors (the former afterwards used by Keeler and others at Mount Hamilton), and by Ritchey at Mount Wilson with a 60-inch mirror. A design closely resembling Lassell's, with heavy fork and polar axis and modern roller bearings to relieve friction, made by Doctor Pease in 1928, and a modified fork or "split-ring" design made by Mr. Porter, were carefully considered by our committee on the 200-inch telescope mounting last winter. This committee included Mr. E. P. Burrell, Chief Engineer of the Warner and Swasey Company, who has made a provisional scale drawing and model of the fork type, similar to that of Doctor Pease. When subjected to careful study and computations for flexure by Professors Epstein and Martel of the California Institute, and to further examination and criticism by Messrs. Gano Dunn and Samuel R. Jones of the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, this design was found to provide a very satisfactory solution of the general problem.

It is thus perfectly safe to proceed with our other plans, though much further criticism and study will be given both to the general design and its many details before the final working drawings are prepared. Our first necessity was merely to make sure of the possibility of one satisfactory general solution, which can of course be improved by further work. All such minor questions as suitable electric clamps, slow motions, etc., have been admirably solved before for such large instruments as the 72-inch Victoria telescope and the 100-inch Hooker telescope, and it simply remains to adapt the best of these, in the light of recent progress, to the needs of the 200-inch telescope. We now know beyond question that a tube and mirrors having a combined weight of 150 tons, involving a total weight for the moving parts of 500 tons, can be mounted equatorially and without troublesome flexure so as to afford access to the entire available sky, and manipulated with the ease and precision demanded by the delicate work in view.

## III

As compared with the microscopist, the astronomer is in some respects at a marked disadvantage. A small microscope can be brought to the limit of optical perfection at little expense and can be used almost anywhere under nearly perfect conditions. To improve our telescopes we must increase their size and their precision of construction, which means not only heavy expense in manufacture and operation but also added mechanical and optical difficulties. Moreover, instead of looking through homogeneous optical media, selected for the purpose in view, we must observe the stars from the depths of a turbulent atmosphere, which not only scatters and absorbs much of the light that reaches its upper levels, but so irregularly refracts the portion transmitted that the rays falling on the various parts of a large lens or mirror are rarely or never combined into a sharply defined and perfectly steady image.

By selecting a site of high altitude, above the denser and more disturbed portion of the atmosphere, in a region but little affected by clouds and storms, we may greatly reduce these difficulties. In fact, as I stated in my first article, the conditions on Mount Wilson are so favorable that on a very large proportion of the nights in a year the 100-inch Hooker telescope gives us a gain in light-collecting power over the 60-inch telescope fully in proportion to its greater aperture. The use of the larger instrument has thus resulted in many fundamental discoveries beyond the range of the smaller one, and has more than justified our most sanguine hopes. Moreover, we have direct observational evi-

dence that on Mount Wilson a 200-inch telescope could be depended upon to show a further gain, in keeping with its increased size. The probabilities now are that we can find a still better site within a short distance of Pasadena.

To understand the conditions required for the best results we must think of the appearance of the telescopic image of a star. Obviously, no clouds should be in the way, and our site should, therefore, be one where storms are few. But a clear sky is not enough. Under a magnifying power of, say, five hundred diameters, the star image, instead of being a very minute and perfectly steady point, is usually enlarged and in a state of motion. The enlarged image oscillates very rapidly in all directions and also undergoes slower oscillations of about a second of arc in a period of approximately a minute of time, as Schlesinger has shown. As already stated, the observer is constantly correcting the position of the photographic plate during its exposure in order to reduce the effect of such tremors. But there is a limit to his quickness and skill, and the more rapid oscillations that escape him are consequently registered upon the plate. As these take place in all directions, the resultant image is nearly circular in form. Such a recorded image, which of course differs from the instantaneous moving image seen by the observer, has been well named by Newall a "tremor disc." Its diameter varies from several seconds of arc to about five or six tenths of a second, the smallest, I think, yet photographed. These minute images were obtained by Hubble under good atmospheric conditions with the 100-inch telescope on Mount Wilson.

If the telescope were optically and mechanically perfect, in correct adjustment, and provided with a perfectly controlled driving-clock, the star images would of course remain fixed on the plate if there were no atmosphere to interfere. There would be no tremor discs, and the fainter stars would be registered as extremely minute points. Brighter stars on the same plate would be larger, as there is a purely photographic effect that causes a gradual spreading of the light in the sensitive film about the central point, producing a disc which increases in diameter with the length of the exposure and the brightness of the star.

The importance of securing the smallest possible star images will be recognized when it is remembered that perfect concentration of all the light in a point would permit the registration of stars too faint to affect the plate if their feeble rays were scattered over the much larger area of the tremor disc. Another advantage of perfect concentration would be the possibility of distinguishing and measuring two closely adjacent stars of a pair, or the minute details of planetary or nebular structure which would overlap and be confused if enlarged by atmospheric disturbance.

It rarely happens that an observatory site can be selected without regard to geographical limitations. When the Carnegie Institution of Washington was established, however, it was decided to locate its various departments of research in places where their work could be done to the best advantage. Accordingly, the Observatory Committee, of which I was a member, was authorized to send a skilled observer to a large number of promising sites, armed with a telescope sufficiently powerful to enable him to make reliable comparative tests. We selected the late Professor Hussey, then of the Lick Observatory, where the splendid results obtained on Mount Hamilton had opened the eyes of astronomers to the excellent atmospheric conditions available in California. As the results of his observations in 1903 at many points in California, Arizona, and Australia, confirmed by our own longer series of tests in the following year, we selected Mount Wilson, in the Sierra Madre range a few miles north of Pasadena, as the most promising site for our purpose.

It is easy to understand the astronomical advantages of this region of the southwest, where we photograph the sun on 300 days of each year. In choosing the most suitable site for a large telescope we are limited by three principal restrictions: latitude, altitude, and weather. If we go too far from the equator we lose the broad zone of stars beyond it; while if we approach it too closely we cannot observe the stars near the pole at a sufficient height above the horizon to afford good images. A latitude of from 30° to 35°, from which about three-fourths of the entire celestial sphere can be effectively observed, is most suitable. As for the altitude of the site, it should be great enough to escape the absorption and irregular refraction of the denser part of the atmosphere, but not so great as to involve excessive snowfall and extreme winter temperatures. An elevation of from 6,000 to 8,000 feet seems to be most favorable in Southern California. The weather enters in several ways. A great range of temperature, daily or annual, affects the form of exposed optical surfaces and the efficiency of the observer, who cannot nimbly and precisely operate micrometers, double-slide-plate-holders and other devices when his fingers are stiff with cold or hampered by heavy gloves. I can testify to this, after experience in an open dome in Wisconsin at temperatures down to 20° below zero (Fahrenheit). But the most serious effects of the weather are cloudiness, large tremor discs caused by air disturbances felt far beyond the central cloudy area of storms, and winds that shake the telescope and thus displace star images.

There are several types of widespread storms in the United States, two of which are most common. These are the large cyclones (not tornadoes) whose centers move eastward from the Pacific Ocean across the country near the Canadian border, and northward near the Atlantic coast from the Caribbean Sea. Taking these and all other factors into account, our choice is narrowed to the lofty plateaus and mountain ranges in the southwestern part of the country. Indeed, the astronomer and physicist may well regard this favored region as a vast high-level laboratory, admirably designed to meet their varied needs. During the protracted dry season in Southern California we are able to carry on the many types of astronomical work that call for daily observations in long unbroken sequences. Once, for example, in a spectroscopic study of the general magnetic field of the sun, photographs were taken at Mount Wilson on more than ninety successive days. Clear and tranquil nights are even more common; and a comparison of the total number of hours of observation with those of eastern observatories shows a great preponderance. Measured in other terms, such as average size of tremor disc, low wind velocities, or favorable temperatures, the advantages are equally apparent. Thus our experience of twenty-five years, with telescopes of all sizes and types, will serve as a sound basis for comparative studies of other possible sites.

Physicists as well as astronomers have profited by the mountain laboratories, extending up to 12,000 feet, within easy reach of Pasadena. Michelson has repeatedly used Mount Wilson for his measures of the velocity of light, sending intermittent flashes to a large mirror about 22 miles distant on Mount San Antonio, which returned them to his point of observation. Here, too, with the aid of Pease and Anderson, he developed his interferometer from a small laboratory instrument into a 20-foot auxiliary of the 100-inch telescope, the first successful device for measuring the diameter of a star. Here he and others have repeated the famous Michelson-Morley experiment, forerunner of the Einstein theory, to determine beyond doubt whether his original negative result might be affected by the altitude of the apparatus. Millikan has made no less use of neighboring high-level stations. Within four hours' motor ride of

his Pasadena Laboratory is a mountain lake, containing radium-free water, in which he and Cameron measure the penetrating power of the cosmic rays with delicate electrometers sunk to depths as great as 150 feet. When they wish to check their results at still higher levels, they easily find suitable lakes among the lofty Sierra peaks farther north. One of these lakes lies within a narrow gorge, whose towering walls serve to exclude from the electrometer all cosmic rays except those coming from a narrow strip of sky overhead. Aided by this natural telescope, they have found that the Milky Way is no richer in cosmic rays than all other regions of the heavens far from the galactic plane.

These illustrations, which are drawn from our recent co-operative work, help to emphasize the most important factor entering into the selection of a site for the 200-inch telescope. To be efficient, it must of course be placed where the atmospheric conditions are excellent. But its efficiency and output can be multiplied several fold by establishing it within convenient reach of Pasadena, where the activities of the California Institute and the Mount Wilson Observatory are centered. Only in this way can the great advantages resulting from the intimate co-operation of the research staffs and the utilization of existing equipment be realized.

A preliminary comparative study of many promising sites in Southern California and Arizona is now being made under the direction of Dr. J. A. Anderson, Executive Officer of the Observatory Council of the California Institute. The customary plan of merely estimating the quality of the star image, on a scale in which 0 stands for very bad, 5 for good, and 10 for ideal perfection has been replaced by a method of measuring the diameter of the tremor disc, devised by Dr. Anderson, and thoroughly tested with small telescopes on Mount Wilson in co-operation with observers working simultaneously with the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors. Ten portable telescopes equipped with this device are now in continuous use at as many different sites. After our choice has been narrowed down to a few most favorable regions, it may be necessary to continue the comparative tests for two or three years before making a final selection.

## IV

Our experience at Mount Wilson has clearly shown that the 200-inch telescope should not be confined to a single class of work, but should be quickly adaptable for a wide variety of observations. Its efficiency will depend quite as much upon the perfection of the photographic plates, spectrographs, thermocouples, photo-electric cells, laboratory apparatus, and many other devices used to record, measure, and interpret the images of celestial objects as upon the size and quality of the telescope that produces them. Moreover, I have learned from forty years of astrophysical research that many forms of auxiliary apparatus and laboratory equipment, not of standard type, should not only be designed and constructed under the personal supervision of those who use them, but constantly improved in the light of new discoveries. Thus adequate laboratories and instrument shops may be as necessary to an observatory that effectively combines astronomy with physics and chemistry as they are to such corporations as the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the General Electric Company, whose rapid advancement is the direct result of their development of new devices through research.

There is nothing novel in this method to the physicist or the physical chemist, who are constantly building, adapting, and improving their instrumental means. It naturally found little recognition, however, in observatories equipped with standard apparatus, easily obtainable from commercial instrument-makers, and necessarily used without change for long periods of time. But with the rise of astrophysics the point of view and the

methods of the physicist and chemist have been gradually added to those of the astronomer, to the great advantage of all concerned.

This policy applies equally to small and large observatories, as I found when a boy, working with a little lathe, a small spectroscope and induction coil, and a 4-inch telescope; later at the Kenwood Observatory, where I had some good machine tools; and subsequently at the Yerkes Observatory, where these machine tools served as the nucleus of a shop in which we built a large part of our instrumental equipment, with the aid of small gifts from the Rumford and Draper Funds and from several friends.

I could give scores of illustrations from our experience at Pasadena and Mount Wilson where our shops and laboratories, supplying the very life-blood of the Observatory, have been run to full capacity since their beginning in 1904. Electric arcs, sparks, vacuum tubes, furnaces, and other light-sources, frequently improved in the light of astronomical demands or physical discoveries, have been used constantly from the first, with results of vital importance. When equipping the original laboratory I ventured to include a large electromagnet and polarizing apparatus, recognizing that they would at least be useful in classifying spectral lines. Three years later they proved to be the indispensable means of identifying and studying magnetic phenomena in the sun. The temperature classification of spectral lines, the development of a new method of measuring stellar distances, the analysis of solar and stellar atmospheres at various levels, the precise measurement of standard lines and solar spectrum wavelengths and the determination of the Einstein effect in the sun, the discovery of new elements and new isotopes in celestial sources, the first use of the Koch microphotometer in astronomical work, Michelson's application of the interferometer for measuring star diameters, the development of large reflecting telescopes, the tower telescope in various forms, vacuum thermocouples and radiometers for measuring stellar and planetary radiation, spectroscopes, spectroheliographs, and spectrohelioscopes of many types, apparatus for the ultraviolet measurement of fluctuations in solar radiation, means for the study of stellar spectra under high dispersion—these are some conspicuous instances of the advantages at Mount Wilson of utilizing shops, laboratories, telescopes, and their accessories in the most intimate union.

The recognition of these advantages by the International Education Board has enabled us to plan the Astrophysical Observatory of the California Institute so as to supplement and extend our present combined facilities. Designs for its Astrophysical Laboratory and Instrument Shop, soon to be erected on the grounds of the California Institute, have recently been completed. The Laboratory will serve for the Pasadena headquarters of the resident and visiting astronomers and physicists, the measurement and reduction of photographs taken with the 200-inch telescope at its mountain site, the performance of experiments for the interpretation of these observations with the aid of instruments and methods available neither in the Bridge and Gates Laboratories of the Institute nor in the laboratories of the Mount Wilson Observatory, and for the work of the Graduate School of Astrophysics. Here, too, will be devised the new instruments and methods which the neighboring Instrument and Optical Shops will enable us to build and modify as experience suggests.

The scale of these shops will necessarily be determined by the work to be done in them, and this depends, in turn, upon the scale of the 200-inch telescope. The largest parts of the telescope mounting, which demand the use of huge boring mills, planers, and other machine tools of great capacity, will not be constructed here. These can be built once for all in commercial machine shops, as they do not require the frequent modi-

fications often necessary, for example, in large auxiliary instruments during their period of development. In general, standard instruments will be purchased, whenever possible, from commercial makers; large machine work will be entrusted to commercial shops competent to produce it with the necessary precision; and the capacity of our own shops will be determined in the light of our Mount Wilson experience.

As the optical work on the 200-inch and other mirror discs should be done by our own opticians, the Optical Shop must be built on a large scale. This is evident when the diameter and weight of the 200-inch disc and its auxiliary mirrors, and the consequent size of the grinding and polishing machinery are borne in mind. We at first considered the advisability of erecting this Optical Shop at the mountain site of the telescope; but it must be close to the instrument shop, and this in turn must be near the Astrophysical Laboratory. Moreover, the advantage of using the heating and power plants of the California Institute, and several other important arguments, leave no doubt as to the desirability of building the Optical Shop in Pasadena. It is now assumed that the 200-inch mirror disc will be made at the Thomson Research Laboratory, or some other point where adequate facilities for the work are available, and then shipped to Pasadena in its rough state.

## V

When I began photographic work with microscope and telescope in the early eighties all commercial plates were insensitive to yellow and red light. To sensitize them for the yellow, a few years later we bathed them in a solution of erythrosin. It was not until early in the present century that plates sufficiently sensitive in the red to serve for the photography of the hydrogen atmosphere of the sun became available. Since then the advance has continued far into the invisible infra-red, recently enabling Babcock in our Pasadena Laboratory to discover lines of fundamental importance to our knowledge of the sun. We owe these infra-red plates, invaluable for the study of a host of astrophysical, physical, and chemical phenomena, to the activities of the Eastman Research Laboratory under the direction of Dr. C. E. K. Mees. Here, with the cordial approval of both Mr. George Eastman and Doctor Mees, many other problems of vital importance to the 200-inch telescope are sure to find their solution.

Foremost of these is the production of plates of the highest sensitiveness combined with very fine grain. A star image on the most sensitive plates now available commercially looks under high magnification like a heap of coarse sand. For this reason we are compelled to employ slower plates, of finer grain, for many kinds of work, thus greatly increasing the necessary exposure time and virtually diminishing the size and output of the telescope. These illustrations will suffice to indicate the importance of improving the many photographic processes required for astrophysical research.

The fable that Archimedes set fire to the Roman ships at Syracuse by focusing upon them the sun's rays has found more substantial applications in modern times. Large burning lenses and concave mirrors were long ago used to perform chemical experiments and to vaporize metals, and recently Straubel of the Carl Zeiss Company has found it possible to obtain a temperature of nearly 5,000° Centigrade (9,000° Fahrenheit) at the focus of a searchlight mirror. As this will instantly vaporize tungsten and is within about 1,000° of the surface temperature of the sun, a properly designed "solar furnace" should be of great service in extending the range of our electric furnaces, so successfully used by King and others for the spectroscopic interpretation of astrophysical phenomena. We are accordingly considering the construction of such a

furnace for our new Astrophysical Laboratory.

If space were available, I might go on to describe other instrumental improvements already under investigation, as well as our plans for theoretical researches, and the development of a graduate school of astrophysics.

The success of the whole undertaking obviously depends upon the initiation and development of a wise policy of design, construction, and operation, and the provision of the necessary financial support. As for the latter, an adequate income has just been promised for the early operation of the Astrophysical Laboratory and Graduate School of Astrophysics, and a much larger sum is assured for the work of the Observatory when completed. The Observatory Council, in charge of the entire project, includes Henry M. Robinson, best known internationally as one of the authors of the Dawes plan and as a leading representative of the United States at Versailles and Geneva; Robert A. Millikan, whose studies of the cosmic rays and the structure and radiation of the atom are organically related to the astrophysical researches in view; and Arthur A. Noyes, whose physico-chemical investigations also enter directly into our general attack on the constitution of matter and the interpretation of cosmic phenomena. Dr. John A. Anderson, Executive Officer of the Observatory Council, is as widely recognized for his skill in devising optical instruments as for his investigations made with their aid. The Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. Walter S. Adams, which works in the closest relations with the Observatory Council, and the list of our other advisers in this country and abroad, include many authorities in various fields of science and engineering.

Certain minds of the "practical" type, regardless of the attitude of our greatest statesmen and industrial leaders and unconscious of the history of constructive thought, sometimes raise the old question, *cui bono?* What is the good of astronomy or, indeed, of any form of pure science? I have already attempted to answer the general question in a paper published in this Magazine entitled "Science and the Wealth of Nations," but a more specific reference to astronomy and especially to the value of large telescopes may appropriately close the present article.

Look back over sixty centuries and see the Egyptian priests nightly observing the heavens from the summits of their temples. Like a vast clock, the celestial sphere, turning from east to west, marked by the meridian passage of familiar stars the hours for their devotions and the months of their simple but essential calendar. From these crude beginnings arose the precise measurement of time and the regulation of the calendar, our accurate methods of surveying and mapping the face of the earth, and our safe means of navigating both sea and air.

To realize our larger debt to astronomy read Henri Poincaré's book, *The Value of Science.* The basis of science is the knowledge of natural law, and we owe the conquest of law to astronomy. Where would our modern civilization be, asks Poincaré, if the earth, like Jupiter, had always been enveloped in clouds? Our remote ancestors were creatures of superstition, surrounded by mysteries, startled at every display of incomprehensible forces, accustomed to attribute all natural phenomena to the caprice of good and evil spirits. To-day we no longer implore the aid of genii, but utilize natural laws, of which we are constantly learning more. Recognizing, as we do, the unchangeable basis of these laws, we do not foolishly demand that they be changed, but submit ourselves to them, and use them for the advantage of mankind.

Astronomy taught us the existence of the laws of nature. The Chaldeans, observing the heavens even more attentively than the Egyptians, perceived harmony of motion and sequence of phenomena. Day and night, the round

of the seasons, the phases of the moon, the periodic wanderings of the planets held their attention and encouraged their study. Their work was continued by the Greek astronomers, who discovered law after law with the simple instruments at their command. Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo fixed the sun at the center of our system, shattered the mediæval mode of thought, and prepared the way for Newton, who finally announced the most general of all natural laws.

Encouraged by these never-ending successes, students turned their attention to the phenomena of the earth's surface, and found in their apparent disorder the same harmony and the same reign of law. But the infinite variety of nature, the conflict of forces, and the extreme complexity of terrestrial phenomena would have greatly delayed progress if the simple and easily-discovered laws, emblazoned on the heavens, had not pointed the way. Faced with discouragement, the physicist or the zoologist could fall back upon the assurance, which astronomy had repeatedly afforded, that nature does obey laws. Their task, therefore, was to discover these laws, and to persist in their endeavors until the difficulties had been overcome.

To the astronomical and physical researches of Galileo we are chiefly indebted for our escape from the magic and superstition of the past. But we owe him a larger debt. His telescope, followed by others of increasing power, pushed back the hampering boundaries of the universe and advanced step by step into larger and larger spheres, where the same laws are found to reign, unbroken by distance or by time. Thus arose a new and vast conception of an ordered cosmos, stretching away to the countless "island universes" beyond our own galactic island, in which the solar system is as a grain of sand. In this conception we may glimpse the imprint of a creator, infinitely above the tribal deities of early man, whose immutable laws it is our first duty and greatest advantage to discover and to obey.

During our own time spectrum analysis, initiated by Kirchhoff's study of the sun, has revealed the unity of terrestrial and celestial substance and provided the means of tracing the evolution of stars and nebulæ and the systems in which they are grouped. Moreover, it has served as our guide to the true nature of matter and the advancement of the fundamental sciences of physics and chemistry. The first harmonic series of spectrum lines and the first ionized atoms (lacking one or more electrons), vital clues to the modern theory of matter, were found in the sun and stars. Quickly, with the aid of powerful telescopes, the vast experiments performed for us in these celestial laboratories have added to basic knowledge. The three most vital tests of the Einstein theory can be made only with the telescope. Matter two thousand times as dense as platinum has been found in the companion of Sirius. Oxygen and nitrogen in "forbidden" forms have been detected in the excessively rare gases of the Great Nebula of Orion. The transformation of matter into radiation, predicted by physical theory, is attested by stellar observations. And now we may hope that the complex problem of the curvature of space will be settled by celestial measures. Can one doubt that a telescope powerful enough to carry all these studies far beyond our present possibilities will prove profitable, not merely to the astronomer but to the physicist, the chemist, and to all who utilize the results of science in the many-sided problems of modern life?

# THE TEN TIN CANS

A STORY

BY GEORGE BOWLES

THE Bogeyman was the cause of it all. It was through him that I first became acquainted with Gasparé, and she it was who brought about the meeting with Bouquet Charlie, the Coco King; which led to adventurous experiences in which snow birds, hop fiends, dealers in narcotics, smugglers, policemen, and revenue officers played principal parts.

This is how it fell about.

The Bogeyman and I had been on a little bender; on the loose, as it were. We had spent the afternoon on the Butte of Montmartre and had dined on the terrace of one of those queer restaurants which hide almost under the walls of Sacré Cœur, in the little Place du Tertre. The jugglers, the fire-eaters and the silhouette-cutters had entertained us, and we had gone for our coffee to the Café of the Lively Rabbit; after which, seeking the level of the boulevards, we had gradually drifted down hill, stopping at the Dead Rat and at the resort where The Rat Is Not Dead, until, with a brief call at l'Ane Rouge, we reached a favorite haunt in the Place Edouard VII. It was the Bogeyman's birthday, and I was giving him a good time. That morning I had presented him with a new collar, decorated with silver bells and a golden dingle-dangle bearing, in chaste Roman characters, his name and address. This had been lost during our peregrinations. My silk pocket handkerchief, the color of which matched my socks and cravat, was also missing and so was my umbrella. Looking in the mirror over the bar, I observed that my cravat was very much awry; all of which suggested to me that it was time to go home. Being a man of quick decision, I made for the door, followed by the Bogeyman, who, by the way, is a little dog, a Belgian griffon, who weighs only five pounds including his whiskers, which are of the fashion known as Galways.

We crossed the square where the late King Edward, in a cocked hat, sits on a cock-eyed horse, went down a little street, under an archway, and emerged into the rue Caumartin. It happened that I knew just one more place, a little bit to the left, where I contemplated stopping before taking a taxi to our hotel. As we reached the corner I threw the helm over hard-a-port. Having done a bit of catboating in my time, it is difficult to refrain from slipping now and then into nautical vernacular. In the operation of going to port I forgot for an instant my small, four-footed companion, but I was abruptly warned of my neglect by a woman's shriek, and the next moment I met Gasparé.

She had the Bogeyman in her arms and was saying things to me in a foreign tongue, things which I did not understand, but which, obviously, were not of a complimentary nature. This was evident from the tone of her voice, the expression of her face, and the way she stamped her little foot. I could see by the electric light that her foot was very dainty and, being something of a diplomat, and also, in order to make a duet

out of what had so far been a rather high-pitched solo, I proclaimed in soothing tones my admiration of little feet in general and of Gasparé's in particular.

Of course, at that time I did not know that her name was Gasparé. This information was obtained later when we were seated in the Black Cat café talking matters over. It was well that we went to the Black Cat café or I should never have known that just as I threw the helm over hard-a-port the Bogeyman had nearly been crushed by a taxi; that Gasparé, at the risk of her life, had saved him, and that she spoke English as well or better than I did.

Lifting a glass of the vintage of 1914 to her cherry lips, she vouchsafed the information that her name was Gasparé.

"Mine is Robinson," I responded. In a moment it struck me that I might better have said that it was Smith; but that not too original idea came a trifle late, so she knew my true name.

"You are so good natured and pudgy that I think I shall call you Robbie."

Now, I didn't so much mind her calling me Robbie, and I told her so; but, emphatically, I did not like to be called pudgy. Sturdy, robust, even chunky; but pudgy seemed undignified and a bit too familiar. I was about to express myself to this effect when her next remark came so ingratiatingly that I forgot to do so.

"I think you are just awfully nice," she chirped and then, in a more convincing tone, she said that she was hungry.

What is one to do under such circumstances? Unquestionably, demand the menu card. That is what I did. A small sirloin steak, smothered with onions, was all she wanted with some lettuce salad, some cheese, and a little fruit. She might think of something else later on. To keep her company, I ordered a sandwich, and she was just telling me about her cruel life in Russia during the revolution; how, when her father, the grand duke, was killed by the proletariat (or was it the bourgeoisie?) she escaped on a sledge drawn by her faithful dogs, and, after weeks crossing the snow-clad steppes, finally arrived at Monte Carlo. She had reached that part of this harrowing tale where her father's court chamberlain, now a professional dancer at the Café Riche, had lifted her from her sledge, as she was about to expire of starvation, when The Fat Girl appeared. She, also, was expiring of starvation; in fact, had not eaten for many days. When Gasparé revealed this to me there was not much else to do but to ask The Fat Girl to join us. This she graciously did. She took a cocktail first, then a dozen oysters while the chicken was being cooked. Gasparé's steak and onions arrived about this time, and The Fat Girl sampled them. Then she ate her chicken, with some potatoes and green peas and followed these with some endive salad garnished with truffles and embellished with a special dressing which she made herself, with the assistance of two or three waiters and a dozen or so different condiments. After this, a rum omelette and a package of cigarettes sufficed. My sandwich had been eaten long ago, and Gasparé had finished her third peach, just to keep The Fat Girl company, she explained, when the aforesaid Fat Girl whispered something in her ear.

"She says she wants some hop," said Gasparé.

"Some what?" asked I.

"Some dope, some coco, some snow. She thinks you look like a man who would know where to get it."

"I? Good heavens, no. I have read about those things—De Quincey, Sax Romer, and so on—but I have never even seen dope. What is it like?"

"Well, if you are so curious and really insist, perhaps we can find some. Suppose you pay the bill and we will par-tee. *Vestiare!* Tax-e-e-e!"

When the taxi came it was in my mind to bid the ladies farewell; but the spirit of adventure possessed me, and so, perhaps, did the spirit of 1914. At any rate, I forgot that I had engagements of

importance on the morrow, or, rather, on that very day, as the morrow had already come. So I stood on the curb in front of the Black Cat café and argued it out mentally, whether I should go home or go where the coco was; but, before I came to any decision, I was pushed in the taxi and landed plump in The Fat Girl's lap; which, in passing, I might remark, was commodious and comfortable. Sitting there, the time passed pleasantly, and I think I must have dozed a bit, because I seem to have had visions of bulbuls, houris, and strange perfumes. Then the motor stopped, the door opened, and a gorgeously garbed and most majestic-looking commissionaire grasped me firmly by the arm and assisted me to alight. As he aided The Fat Girl and Gasparé, who, by the way, was carrying the Bogeyman in the folds of her fur coat, I paid the taxi-man and gave him a tip. We were led up a gorgeous stairway, ushered into a brilliantly lighted room full of mellow-looking people and escorted to a table, where somebody ordered a bottle of 1914. It was all gone, all drunk up, but the waiter recommended 1924, which he said was quite as good and which I found out later was quite as expensive. The Fat Girl having slaked her thirst, lapsed into a state of coma, but Gasparé was all alert. She glanced around the crowded room, evidently seeking someone. Disappointed, she stood on a chair to get a better view; then she flounced about the place for awhile. Suddenly, returning to our table, her face lighted up as she looked intently at a corner near the entrance door, where there was a bar at which several of the élite appeared to be practicing. She vigorously shook The Fat Girl and, pointing towards the bar, looked at her inquiringly. The Fat Girl came to life for a moment, glanced in the direction indicated, grunted affirmatively, and said, "*Oui. C'est lui.*"

"Yes. It is he," repeated Gasparé. "Your eyes are clearer than mine tonight but, now that he is here, mine will be brighter soon."

With which cryptic remark, she steered what might be termed a great-circle course toward a tall, dark person who lounged in the extreme corner of the room and appeared to be doing his best to make himself inconspicuous. His greeting to Gasparé, however, was cordial, and for some moments they engaged in what appeared to be very serious conversation. Then she laid a course which, with a few tacks, brought her to the ladies' retiring room, where she disappeared.

Time went on, and I began to get fidgety. The Bogeyman seemed to be fidgety also. He scratched his ear with his left hind foot and looked at me in an appealing way, as though he were fed up with things and wished the party were over. As a matter of fact, I was feeling the same way. The Fat Girl, while not asleep, had a somnolent look on her bovine face and an anticipatory glint in her melting eyes which seemed to indicate hope deferred but hope about to be realized.

The waiter arrived with the *addition* and I paid him, with an idea that, if I had to make a quick get-away, there would be no financial obligation to detain me. In fact, I made a move to rise, but The Fat Girl became alert at once.

"*Où allez-vous?*" she inquired.

"Don't you speak English?" I countered.

"Yes, I speek leetle. Is it not that you make enjoyed yourself here?"

"Oh, yes. I am enjoying myself hugely, but I am anxious about Gasparé. Where has she gone?"

"She make a business. She come back the more soon she can."

We lapsed into silence. Then I noticed that the tall, dark man was approaching. He strolled towards our table and made a pretense of passing it, but, as he did so, he stooped and apparently picked some object from off the floor. He held it in his hand and exam-

ined it curiously; then he placed it on our table and said, in a very soft, suave voice, "Pardon me, sir; but you appear to have dropped your cigarette holder."

If there is anything that I abominate it is cigarettes, but, before I could explain that I did not use them—a pipe, or, now and then, a cigar being more to my liking—he had passed on; although, ere he departed, I distinctly observed a most perceptible twitching of the left eyelid—emphatically a wink.

The brief glimpse that I had convinced me that he was a rather unusual person. About six feet in height, sinewy and strong; sleek as an otter and graceful as a bamboo; he had a bold eye, a quizzical smile, a very dark complexion, an overlarge boutonnière in the lapel of his perfectly cut coat, and the most remarkable pair of checkered trousers that I had ever seen—large checks of brown and white—quite stunning, I thought, with a knife-edge down the front of his long, slender legs like the bow of a submarine chaser. There was nothing about him to suggest the law-breaker; yet, later on, I was to learn that this was a notorious smuggler of drugs, known to the police and to the underworld as Bouquet Charlie, a man so clever that, although many a trap had been laid for him, he had never been caught, and not an atom of evidence had been found against him.

The cigarette holder still lay upon the table, and I picked it up. It was a cheap, wooden affair, long and thick in the barrel. I was about to toss it away when I noticed that the mouth was stuffed with a small piece of newspaper and I observed also that The Fat Girl's hand was clutching my arm.

"No putting down," she exclaimed. "*Ne touchez pas.*"

"I am going to open it just the same," I said. "I am getting suspicious and I don't like this business; especially the way that man winked at me. What was that for?"

"He make to you zee high-sign. He think you are a good sport man. Isn't it?"

I did not appreciate the compliment of being called "a good sport man," and I had just opened my pocket knife to pry the paper out of the end of the cigarette holder when Gasparé stood over me, grabbed the holder, and said:

"Don't do that. You will spill the coke!"

There is a café in the rue Volney at Paris which is much frequented by Englishmen and Americans. It is quiet and more like a club than a public house. There are comfortable easy chairs and files of the English-language newspapers, and there are little tables at which dominoes, checkers, and other innocent games are played. It was to this café that I made my way the next afternoon as soon as my aching head and wobbling legs would permit. Into a big armchair by the fire in the back room I cuddled and felt better, especially after imbibing a stimulant of a peculiar nature, known only to Ernst, the barman, who has prescribed for many such cases before.

As my nerves got steadier and my brain began to function again I thought of the events of the night before, and I remembered that after my two companions had retired with the mysterious cigarette holder, the Bogeyman and I had made an unceremonious exit from the gilded night palace. But as we went down the stairs we had noticed several gendarmes coming up and, at the lower door, we had been stopped by a serious-looking officer, who had searched us and, not finding what he was looking for, whatever that might have been, had examined my card of identity and, finding it in order, had accommodatingly called a taxi and told us to "*allez-vous-en*," which is the French for "Beat it" or "Get to hell out of here."

Rambling, reminiscent thoughts of this sort passing through my still befogged brain, I picked up a newspaper; really to see what day it was. I noticed that it was *jeudi*. That is Thursday, I thought. Hang it, this is a French paper. I was about to put it down and

seek one of the Paris papers that are published in English, when I was confronted by something that startled me. It was at the top of the first column on the front page, where the editorials usually appear and, in big, black type, it read:

LE TRAFIC DES STUPEFIANTS!

*A Montmartre hier soir la police a arreté une dizaine de personnes soupçonnées de se livrer au trafic des stupéfiants. De grandes quantitiés de morphine et de cocaine aurient été passées en fraude par celles-ci en Italie. Certaines de ces arrestations auraient été opérées il y a déjà quelque temps, mais, dans l'intérêt de l'enquête, elles avaient été passées sous silence.*

My slight knowledge of the French language told me that this had something to say about a police raid in Montmartre the night before, when ten drug dealers had been arrested. I was nervously and laboriously trying to translate the story when a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder. With guilty fear I looked up and was relieved to see that it was my American friend Bob Floyd, who is in the silk business and has lived in France for over thirty years.

"Have a drink, Bob, and please tell me what this says."

Ernst obliged with another, and Mr. Floyd glanced over the article.

"Oh, it is nothing much. Just another raid by the French Sureté on the dope merchants. It appears that the police have been lying low for some time, keeping their information secret, in the hope of catching a notorious trafficker in drugs who is known as Bouquet Charlie and who brings the stuff in from the Far East by way of Italian ports. It seems also that there is a man higher up who is said to be the head of the opium ring—the master mind, as it were. The paper describes him as '*trapu*,' urbane, and bald-headed, but artful and shifty-looking. Had a little dog with him last night. By jove, Robinson, it sounds like you. You were not at Montmartre last night, were you? And where is that bloodhound you carry around with you?"

There was nothing for it, and I needed advice and help, so I told all the sorry tale of my escapade to my friend. He appeared to enjoy it very much and was especially keen to know how I got out of the clutches of the police and where I was to meet my pal Bouquet Charlie, who, it seemed, had made his escape with the gentleman who was known as "The Master Mind." Pretending in a half-hearted way to believe in my innocence and professing a sincere desire to protect me from unpleasant consequences, Mr. Floyd made a suggestion that I was glad to adopt.

"The thing for you to do is to get under cover until this quiets down. Where is the dog? At your hotel? That's good. Give me a note to the manager and the key to your room. Then wait here until I return."

Two aching, anxious hours passed. I concealed myself as well as possible, being consoled occasionally by Ernst, who brought me long, cool drinks in tall glasses. Suddenly, with great exuberance, Floyd burst in.

"Got it all fixed," he said. "Packed your bag; it's outside in a taxi. Porter will send your trunk on later, when you give address. Pup's in his box, also in the taxi. Glad you haven't had a shave for two days. Put on these spectacles. Great! Couldn't tell you from Comrade Smolensky. Don't wear a collar and learn to sing the 'Internationale.' Now, hop it with me."

We got into the taxi and went to the Gare de Lyon. I sat on a bench in the waiting room while Floyd, who seemed to consider my predicament a great joke, went to the booking office. Soon he returned, registering glee in every wrinkle of his mischievous old mug.

"Couldn't be better. Got you a stateroom on the Rapide all to yourself. Bought your ticket to Nice. You get there about eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Leave the train and go straight to the consulate. Get your

passport viséd for Italy and cross the border to-morrow night. Go to Genoa. You will be safe there and it is a pretty good town. If you tire of it, of course there are plenty of other good places to go to. Here are five hundred francs. That amount, added to your hotel bill, the price of your ticket, and other expenses, makes two thousand seven hundred francs. Send me a check for it when you can."

Although I did not say so, Italy did not sound good to me. Didn't the newspaper article say that Bouquet Charlie transacted his business through Italian ports? I had no desire to see that gentleman, or his checkered trousers, again; so I decided to throw my friend Floyd off of the track, especially as I felt that he would make my misfortunes a subject of jest among our mutual friends and might inadvertently put the police on my trail. My check book and fountain pen being handy, I gave him a check there and then; thus avoiding the necessity of writing to him and disclosing my future place of refuge. He escorted me to the train and, with rather hypocritical thanks, I was about to bid him good-by, when a thought which had lurked in my mind came to me and I said:

"That newspaper report described the man with the master mind as being bald-headed and '*trapu*.' What does '*trapu*' mean?"

"Pudgy, I should call it," answered that wretch Floyd, and the Rapide pulled out for the Riviera.

In the morning, with brain refreshed by a good, sound sleep, I hatched out a plan of action. What does the fox do when he flees the hounds? The wily beast doubles on his tracks, does he not? I could be as foxy as anybody. I would double on my tracks also, or, rather, on the tracks of the Paris, Lyons, and Méditerranée Railway. I got to Nice, had my passport viséd for Italy, and then caught the first train back to Toulon. I selected Toulon because tourists do not go there very much—no English or American pests prying into one's affairs. It was dinner time when I arrived, and I strolled across to the Terminus Hotel to get a bite before deciding upon a permanent abiding place. There was a delightful feeling of freedom in being in a strange town where no one knew me and where I knew nobody.

The Terminus Hotel has a long verandah, raised several feet above the level of the street. There are tables there where people may drink and dine; but as I got nearer, below the very first table, I beheld a sight that shocked and frightened me. It was no less than a pair of brown-and-white checkered trousers. Looking higher, I saw a large, white chrysanthemum, and just above that a dark face, a quizzical smile, and a bold eye, which unmistakably winked at me. The high-sign and Bouquet Charlie! I must away from here. Signalling full speed astern to the porter who was carrying my things, I executed a swift retreat to the railway station. Luckily a train was just pulling out, westbound. I boarded it. An accommodating fellow-passenger told me about a little place a short distance farther on; a place practically unknown and not in the guide books. There I got off.

And here I am! Six months of serenity and peace have passed. I have a little flat in this nice little town. My windows look out over the Mediterranean, and from them I can see my little motor boat tied up to the jetty. Only my bankers at Paris know my exact whereabouts. I have two good friends here: the Major and the Heavy Dragoon. As I glance from my window up the Promenade des Palmiers, I observe them approaching. A lady is between them. I shall go down and see who it is.

They are drawing near. The Major has the conquering look of a three-time winner. Clinging confidingly to his arm is a dainty thing, with trim legs and very small feet. Where have I seen feet as

small as those before? My memory is troubled. The Heavy Dragoon stalks along as though he were leading his regiment—six-feet-two of doughty dignity. He recognizes me first, and speaks:

"Haw! It's Robinson," he says.

The Major looks up, and I look down; down at the little feet. There can be no mistake. It is Gasparé.

"Countess, may I present Mr. Robinson. Robinson, permit me to introduce you to Wanda de Ridska, Countess of Cracow." Thus spoke the Major.

The "countess" smiled charmingly, said something that sounded like "enchanted," and winked at me twice with her left eye. Once more the high-sign! It was evident that this was not only a signal of recognition, but a gesture of comradeship.

What was I to do? Peach on her? In Paris we had broken bread together—also a few bottles of champagne; 1914 and 1924, as I remembered it. Among Arabs the breaking of bread is a seal of sacred friendship; but, not being an Arab, I did not take the custom so seriously. Nevertheless, I decided to be a good sport and say nothing, to maintain a policy of silent watchfulness, as it were, cautious and observant; for I suspected that Gasparé might be up to some of her old tricks—perhaps looking for another cigarette holder full of coco. Such a thing as fifty liters of it, in ten tin cans, never entered my head.

The Major appeared to be particularly anxious to impress upon Gasparé, or the Countess, as he called her, my prowess as a sailor. He told of my "*promenades en mer*" in my motor boat and of the skill with which I always brought it back to the dock about cocktail time. According to him I knew all the waters of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Port Said, and could have given Captain Kidd and The Flying Dutchman points on deep-sea sailing. He suggested that I might take her for a boat ride sometime. He seemed to be laying it on pretty thick, but I had to be polite; so I said I should be pleased to take her out any time. To my surprise, she decided to go at once. It seemed that I was in for it. There was the boat tied to the wharf, and there was nothing for it but to get under way. As we moved out of the harbor my early suspicions were somewhat quieted by her first remark.

She appeared to be interested in navigation and asked if I knew the channel from the high sea into the bay. Of course I did, every bit of it, and the shallows on either side, and the rocks where the fish lay. Good! She felt safe with so experienced a seaman. And how did we, on that vast expanse of water, find the right places and always the same places to fish?

"That is as easy as falling off the water wagon," I explained. "It is done by taking cross bearings. For instance, do you see that palm leaf waving above the water? We shall approach it. It is stuck in a large, flat piece of cork, to which is attached a long line, and down below there is a lobster pot. It is a small signal, but the lobsterman always finds it."

"Could you find it again, out here in this wide sea?"

"Of course I could. Look over there to the south. You see far away a lighthouse on an island. That is very distinct, isn't it? Now look to the north, in an exactly opposite direction. Notice the hotel tower with the flagstaff. Our boat is in a direct line between the lighthouse and the flagstaff."

"Very simple," murmured Gasparé.

"Not at all. One might have to traverse almost the entire line from the flagstaff to the lighthouse to find that little bit of palm leaf. That is where the cross bearings come in. Let us find a line that crosses our first line just where the palm leaf is. There you are, that hill to the left and the old fort to the right. Where the two lines cross lies the palm leaf."

"It is perfectly wonderful," gurgled Gasparé, in a tone of admiration that made me thrill; "but how would you find it at night?"

"Not so easy, but a navigator could do it," and I puffed out my chest.

"Could you do it?"

"Naturally. The lighthouse would be plain enough, and at night there is a light on the flagstaff. Under the old fort is a roadway which is lighted at night. The third electric-light post on this side would answer admirably, but the hilltop might not be visible of a dark night; therefore, we must take compass bearings." Taking out my pocket compass, I sighted the hilltop. It lay southeast, two points south, and I so informed Gasparé.

"Please tell it over again, slowly," she requested. I did so, and she wrote it down with a gold pencil on a little ivory tablet.

"Now, let's go home," she suggested, apparently having lost interest in the subject.

When we landed and I turned her over again to the Major and the Dragoon, she asked another question. "Is there plenty of water for a big boat where the palm leaf waves?"

"Between three and four fathoms, I should say."

As the Major gathered Wanda de Ridska, Countess of Cracow, under his wing and took her away in his car, I began to wonder why all these nautical technicalities interested her so much. The Heavy Dragoon seemed to be curious too, for he pumped me dry about the motor-boat trip and made me repeat several times our conversation about the cross bearings and the location of the palm leaf.

Time passed and one morning, about ten days later, there came sailing into the bay a very extraordinary craft. A light westerly wind was blowing, and she was a mass of canvas. I noticed that she kept far over toward the easterly shore, too far if she intended to make the inner harbor without tacking. She had plenty of water over there, about three or four fathoms; but it would be a beat against the wind if she intended coming into the roadstead. I was thinking that her captain must be a bad seaman when I saw her come sharply about just at the spot where I knew the palm leaf was waving. And I also thought I saw something go overboard at the same time. Four fathoms, the palm leaf, Gasparé's ivory tablet. Rather odd!

The boat tacked slowly to a mooring not far from the wharf and I put out in my boat to look her over. A queer craft! One tall mast and a towering topmast; a very long gaff, on which the mainsail drew out like a curtain; an extraordinary spar forward, half foremast and half bowsprit, set at an angle of forty-five degrees and carrying a terrific foresail, and below it a conventional bowsprit on which could be rigged a jib. On her stern she bore the legend, *Nuovo Chiavari*.

A sailor was leaning over the bulwarks, and I called out to him, "What sort of a ship is this?"

"It is an Italian *navicella*," he replied in perfect English, "from Viareggio, with marble for Marseilles."

Just then I got a better look at him. He wore a picturesque red beret, a black shirt, and a crimson sash. There was a flower pinned to his shirt. With his left eye he winked twice at me. Again the high-sign! On account of the bulwarks I could not see below the crimson sash, but I was sure the checkered trousers were there. Was I surprised? Not at all. It was just what I expected. The *Nuovo Chiavari* might be carrying marble to Marseilles, but it was dollars to doughnuts that she also had a pinch of coco on board.

After the arrival of the *navicella* events followed one another with considerable speed. It would seem that I was not the only one who suspected that the *Nuovo Chiavari* had something else on board besides her cargo of marble. A police boat had visited her but had found no evidence of anything contraband. However, there were several coast guards strolling up and down the water front, and I was told that the chief

of the Marseilles Sureté was closeted with the Mayor. I wondered whether I had better tell the police what I knew about Gasparé and Bouquet Charlie, and it also occurred to me that perhaps I should warn the Major and the Heavy Dragoon not to be too chummy with their friend the "Countess."

As I was debating whether to talk or to mind my own business, the Dragoon hove in sight. He appeared to be unusually animated and when he spoke was almost voluble.

"Want you to dine with me at the hotel. We'll go in your boat."

"Why in the boat?" Night was coming on. "Why not in the hotel bus?"

"Little secret," whispered the Dragoon. "Wanda wishes it. She wants to go boating after dinner. With you, alone. Ha, ha! One on the Major. What?"

But I knew better. There was something more serious than putting one over on the Major. History was beginning to repeat itself. Gasparé, Bouquet Charlie, the high-sign, checkered trousers—perhaps The Fat Girl! The only new things in the plot were the coast guards and the *navicella*. I thought, and thought hard, so hard that the effort pained me. I had best dissemble, play the innocent and, perhaps, I might unearth the secrets of the drug ring. I might even be a factor in bringing to justice the man with the master mind, who looked like me. To the boat then, with that stupid ass, the Dragoon. I would see the thing through.

Ruminating thus, the boat reached the dock of the Grand Hotel, and soon we stepped ashore. Hardly a word had passed on the trip, and the Dragoon, dense as he was, had apparently noticed that I was mentally absorbed and somewhat distrait. Showing that he had no soul, imagination, or originality, he vouchsafed that very trite remark, "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Could it be, on his part, an unconscious warning, a warning that I was entering upon a hazardous affair? At any rate, the silly remark showed me that I must equivocate, that I must disguise my real purpose behind a mask of jollity, must play the guileless idiot, that I might circumvent and out-maneuver my quarry. The look of sternness left my face, and I assumed a cheerful mien. In order to appear merry and carefree, as we walked up the long dock towards the hotel I let out a roar of laughter, followed by a subtle chuckle; but the Dragoon again displayed his utter lack of comprehension by suggesting that if I had a stomachache a brandy and soda would do me good. I scorned to reply, but when we were seated at the dining table I did take a brandy and soda. In fact, at my companion's suggestion and feeling that I might have caught a chill on the boat ride, I took a second brandy and soda, after which my plans seemed to assume clearer form. Indeed, ideas came so fast that I was moved to jot them down, and I was engaged in this occupation when Gasparé and the coffee appeared simultaneously.

As I expected her to do, she immediately suggested the boating expedition, but, to get a clue to her designs, I demurred, saying that I thought it was too late and the night too dark.

"But that is the very thing," she coyly argued. "You said you could find that floating palm leaf on the darkest night. I want to test your ability as a navigator."

Deceitful jade. She cared not a jot about my navigatorial skill. It was the palm leaf she sought. What for? Why hunt for a frazzled palm leaf on a vacant ocean? Why leave the simple pleasures of this bright dining room to go out in a mucky boat after a leaf stuck in a piece of cork? Why? That was for me to find out. That was my job from now on. With dignity, I led the way to the dock, and the Dragoon, with much unnecessary fuss, assisted us into the boat.

I have noticed that motors run better at night than in the daytime. On this particular evening it was marvellous

how the boat sped along. Gasparé took the tiller, saying that she wanted to test the course which I had given her and which she had noted on her little tablet. In the darkness she could not see the tablet, but this seemed to make no difference, as, with unfaltering skill, she kept the bow on the lighthouse ahead. As I watched the beacon it unmistakably winked. It winked twice, then went out and winked again. Of course I knew this was its particular signal to mariners, as recorded on the charts; but, just the same, it seemed like an omen, like that plagued high-sign. Uncanny, this was. I was deep in thought on the subject, when someone threw out the clutch, and the boat stopped. Astonishing as it may seem, Gasparé had the palm leaf in her hand.

Instantly, she assumed a domineering manner. "Pull up this rope," she ordered.

This was her undoing. I may be cajoled but never commanded.

"Not on your life," I replied. "That is the fisherman's lobster pot, and I shall not touch it. Honesty is my middle name."

"Lobster pot be blowed," she vulgarly answered, "and honesty be damned."

So astonished was I at her slang and profanity that for the moment I was disconcerted, and the line of procedure which a detective should take under such circumstances did not occur to me. Cogitating over the dilemma, some time must have elapsed; for, in the interim, Gasparé had been busy, and in the bottom of the boat lay several tin cans. They were of the type known in France as *bidons*. They are usually painted blue and each *bidon* holds five liters of that fluid which makes automobiles and motor boats go.

"What is in those cans?" I curtly demanded.

"Turtle soup," she impudently replied.

By this time there were ten cans in the boat. My indignation knew no bounds, for I seemed to be aiding and abetting a felony. For the first time in my life I am afraid I was harsh to a woman.

"Consign those cans to the deep," I roared.

"Stop acting and start the boat," she sneered.

With great presence of mind, I grabbed the starting crank and hurled it overboard. "Start it yourself," I yelled.

"Easy enough, but why put me to the trouble?" And that awful woman threw in the clutch.

Off we went. The motor had not been stopped. Curses; but my time would yet come, and so it did, almost immediately.

As we approached the dock I saw the tall form of the Dragoon silhouetted against the sky. Was he friend or enemy? Gasparé appeared to be in doubt, also.

"Where is the Major?" she called.

"Gone away in a car. He asked me to help you with the cans."

Neither friend nor enemy, I concluded. Just a plain simpleton. I must take command.

"Do not touch those cans," I called fiercely. "They are full of hop."

"Never mind about the cans just now," quietly spoke the Dragoon, as he assisted Gasparé to the dock. Then I heard him say to her quickly, "The Major has gone in a hired car. His own car is waiting for you in front of the hotel. He wants you to follow immediately."

"Follow where?" queried Gasparé.

"I can't remember. Stupid of me. Thought you would know. I should recognize the name if I heard it."

"Was it Aix-en-Provence?"

"Yes; that was it. And he says you must come after him quickly, with the cans. Ten of them, I believe. Run to the hotel and get your traps while I put the cans in the car. Mr. Robinson will help me, I am sure."

Off she went, and then the Dragoon smiled knowingly. Perhaps he was not such a simpleton after all. I felt sure

that he did not know before where the Major had gone, and his pretense of forgetfulness was a subterfuge. It seemed to me, also, rather careless of Gasparé to reveal to him the Major's destination. The next move was quite mystifying. The Dragoon pulled me out of the boat and led me to a pile of something under a sailcloth. He jerked the cover off, and there were ten tin cans exactly like those in the boat.

"Come, lend a hand," he commanded, and grabbed two cans, while I, as though hypnotized, seized two more.

"Pretty heavy," I remarked, as I waddled up the dock to the car.

"Quite so; they're full of sand. I filled 'em while you were away yachting."

We made another trip, with four more cans and then, as the Dragoon was depositing the last two in the car, Gasparé appeared and hopped in.

"Do you intend to drive?" asked the Dragoon.

"That will not be necessary," spoke a familiar voice, and from the darkness beneath an acacia tree jauntily stepped Bouquet Charlie, garbed as a chauffeur, wearing a white carnation, but, for the first time in our acquaintance, minus the checkered trousers. He was in the car, had the wheel, and they were off on the road to Aix-en-Provence before I realized what had happened.

The Dragoon did not appear to be much surprised. He was thoughtful. Just to make conversation, I remarked, "At that rate of speed they will catch the Major before he gets to Aix."

"No they won't. He's caught already. He didn't go to Aix. He's gone to jail."

"Then why did you let those two get away?"

"They won't be away very long. They will lead us to the rest of the gang. I didn't know their rendez-vous until she told me. Please wait until I go to the hotel and telephone to Marseilles to have the narcotic squad meet them. It is only a short run from Marseilles to Aix."

When the Dragoon returned he had a strange man with him. "Now we'll take the boat and go around to the Mayor's office and turn in the dope."

"The motor won't run," I said. "I had a row with that woman and threw the starting crank into the sea."

"Never mind," was the response. "Beranger will row. He is younger than we are, and very obliging. This is Beranger," and he indicated the man who had come with him from the hotel.

"Who is Beranger?" I whispered.

"He is an officer of the French Sureté. You knew him as Alphonse. He waited on us to-night at dinner."

On the boat I got up courage enough to say, "Beranger is one of the Sureté men, but do you mind telling me just who you are?"

The Dragoon handed me a piece of pasteboard, the printing upon which I deciphered by the aid of my cigar lighter. It read: "Robert Ratigan. Central Inspector. New Scotland Yard."

A thrill came to me as I thought I might be under arrest as an accomplice of my erstwhile dope friends. I put the question directly to Mr. Ratigan.

"Oh, no," he answered. "We have known all along that you were only a confiding old fluff. Indeed, you have, unwittingly, been of some assistance to us. In Paris you helped to start us on the scent and here you aided us to catch our quarry."

"Then, instead of being an old fluff, I should get a reward of some sort. The Legion of Honor, for instance."

"No, I think not; but right now you are going to get a bottle of the finest champagne that they have in this town if it costs me as much as thirty francs."

"Well, I am glad I shall get something. Too bad the poor old Major didn't run straight; he'd have got something too."

"Oh, he'll get something all right. He'll get about ten years."

# FOOTBALL ON THE WANE?

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

THIS year of all the years that have passed since William Webb Ellis in 1823 "with a fine disregard for the rules of football first took the ball in his arms and ran with it," is, of course, the greatest the sport has ever known. This fall, we are assured by the headlines in the press—headlines that we are obliged to glance at whether we happen to be interested in football or not—we are in the midst of such enthusiasm for the game as the country has never known. The crowds are greater, the interest keener, the competition better, the contests cleaner, the excitement among all sorts and conditions of men is more intense than it was last year—when, as you remember, all records for crowds, interest, competition, cleanness and excitement were broken for the first time in twelve months.

Never have tickets for the big games been so hard to get as this year. Never have speculators asked such outrageous prices. Never has so much space been devoted to the game in the press, so much electricity spent on evening practice, so many automobiles parked outside our bowls and stadia each Saturday afternoon, such hordes transported from X to Y in long special trains bearing big banners on their sides beseeching the team to "BEAT WISCONSIN." No, never have the graduates, the undergraduates, the general public, and the Congressmen of the House of Representatives been so preoccupied with their football as they have this fall. Truly, this is the greatest of all seasons in the greatest of all American sports.

Perhaps it would be just as well to admit at this point that the preceding lines were written on a hot afternoon in midsummer several months before the first kickoff. But never mind; it is perfectly safe to make conjectures about the headlines in advance. For every fall is to the headline-writers the greatest in the history of football, and there is nothing to indicate that this year will prove an exception to the rule. With the help of the public relations counsel and the press bureaus of the athletic associations of the various colleges and universities of the land, it would be possible by the time this article appears to support the assertions in the first paragraph with facts and statistics. And thereby to prove, if proof were necessary, that a new high-for-all-time was made in November, 1929, by Football Common.

Or so, anyhow, it appears upon the surface. But is it really true?

## II

Six barbers were busily engaged in trimming the locks of six undergraduates in a barber shop on the side street of an Eastern college town late one Friday afternoon in November in the year 1902, when a noise penetrated above the hum of conversation and the rhythmic clicking of the shears. It was indistinct, a vague and distant noise; but a noise that persisted and grew slowly louder until the head barber heard it and paused, scissors upraised. In a minute the whole room was listening to the murmur, which was fast changing to a roar and then dissolving into the sound of two hundred and fifty young voices and two hundred and

fifty pairs of scuffling feet. As it drew near, the occupants of the barber shop, personnel and clientele, deserted the chairs for the plate-glass window in front of the store.

The noise increased, and soon the head of the procession appeared: a group of happy youngsters in jackets and small caps perched on the back of their heads, bearing on husky shoulders a youth in a football suit—laced leather jerkin and the tightest of tight trousers—the whole surmounted by an enormous shock of hair. Just behind came the band, a volunteer band, a band capable of little harmony but much sound, while at their heels staggered the entire freshman class, arm locked into arm, twisting in glorious ecstasy from one side of the street to the other and counting in unison.

"One, two, three, four, FIVE. One, two, three, four, FIVE. One, two, three, four, FIVE. One, two, three, four, FIVE. One—two—three—four—FIVE. One—two—three—"

The freshmen had beaten the sophomores 5–0. The first test of college life had been successfully passed. It was a big moment in the history of the class of 1906.

Those were the days when classes were smaller and more compact, when everyone knew everyone else, when there was a feeling of class loyalty, of homogeneity, that does not and could not exist in a large university to-day. They were the days of Class Rushes and Class Bonfires and Bloody Monday Nights. Stadia and crowds of a hundred thousand people were unknown in those far-off days; a crowd of thirty-five thousand people at a Yale-Princeton game drew headlines in the Sunday newspapers the following morning. Those were the days when Directors of Athletics and Supervisors of Athletics and Boards of Athletic Control were yet to come, when some bespectacled professor in the Greek Department managed the whole thing with the help of one or two undergraduates; he it was who arranged the trips of the team, made out the schedules, passed over money for expenses, and saw to it that everyone was happy. Those were the days before morning and evening news releases were sent out to the press by an Athletic Association panting for publicity, before a Director of Public Relations was considered a necessary part of every football squad; the days when one umpire and one referee with an amateur timekeeper could handle a college football contest without a squad of assistants supplied with wrist whistles on leather straps, horns, megaphones, and other appliances to interrupt play and make sure that no one gets the better of the breaks. Those were the days when ineligibility rules were anything but closely defined, when it was not always wise to ask questions about your opponents for fear they might retaliate.

Football in its early and undeveloped state lasted, with changes of a minor nature, from 1890 to about 1910. Let us call this period the Rah-Rah period; the term almost exactly connotes the condition of the sport during those approximate years. It was then still a game; it had yet to reach the point in which canny observers in the colleges began to perceive that it could be made a money-making institution. The crowds which came to the games were essentially college crowds, the men who played in the games were college men, the interest was chiefly confined to the colleges and had not yet spread to the general public. At this time intercollegiate football was divided into two groups: Yale, and the rest of the country. To show Yale's supremacy at the time it is only necessary to point out that between the years 1890 and 1910, the Blue lost but four games to Harvard and five to Princeton. This first stage of football, the Rah-Rah period, was in all truth the golden age of the sport.

## III

The second period through which football in the East passed was the period of Big Business, from the year 1910

to 1924. This period, like the first, must inevitably be loosely defined; it is not my intention to set up arbitrary boundaries to the various phases of the development. But somewhere about 1910 football began to change in many ways.

First of all, it was at this time or not long after that the supremacy of the East began to be challenged. Yale was no more the Yale of Shevlin and Rafferty, of Hogan and Hinkey; other names and other faces were occupying the headlines of the day in the sporting pages. The game had spread by this time to the Middle West and the Far West; in fact, the state universities throughout the country had long before been developing teams that were at least as good as the Eastern teams. Whereas in the nineties football had been mostly a sport of the colleges along the Atlantic seaboard, by the first decade of the present century it could be justly called an American game, as popular—and as well played—at Michigan and Minnesota as at Princeton and Pennsylvania.

The year 1910 was about the time when intercollegiate football first began to be recognized as Big Business. The Archbold Stadium at Syracuse, the first of its kind, was built in 1900; the Harvard Stadium was opened shortly afterward, in 1903; but the crop of bowls and stadia throughout the East between 1910 and 1925 was so large that one is almost tempted to call this the Stadium Period. Yale presented her Bowl as a sacrificial offering to Mr. Mahan of Harvard in the fall of 1914; Princeton followed with the Palmer Stadium the next year; and from then on there was an epidemic of stadium-building. Football Common was getting ready for the Big Rise.

Harvard, ever the first to adopt new ideas regarding athletics, was perhaps the first university to perceive exactly how big the business of football really was. And the credit for this must fall to the late Major Fred Moore, at the time Graduate Treasurer of Athletics, who realized that if the Stadium on Soldiers Field could be filled six or eight times during the season as it was filled for the game against Yale, a corresponding increase in the athletic revenue would naturally result. He it was who investigated the potentialities of a remarkable team from a college called Centre in Kentucky; a team to which the newspapers that year were devoting yards of space. And when Bo McMillan led his famous "Praying Colonels" into the Harvard Stadium in the fall of 1920, a capacity crowd was on hand for the fray. This was the day when Football Common jumped ten points before closing time.

Now when more than one university in the United States takes in well over a million dollars each fall in gate receipts, when some teams travel as much as five thousand miles in the course of a short season of several months, and play to half a million spectators on a few successive Saturdays, we are apt to look back with something like contempt upon football's Mauve Decade. But the sums and the crowds that are considered so small to-day were regarded as overwhelmingly large ten to fifteen years ago, and they brought the usual chorus of denunciation upon the game which has been going on since the beginning. This period was the period of the mass meeting with its bands and its frenzied oratory, the period when the special train was actually utilized as a means of transportation by the majority of the spectators on the visiting side, when the "support the team" slogan was all powerful in every college in the land, when the undergraduate who failed to turn out to parade down to the field to cheer the team on its final practice before the Big Game was a traitor to the college. This was the period when a crowd of eighty thousand at the Yale Bowl caused a wave of excitement over the entire college world; eighty thousand at two dollars apiece meant a hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

Yes, that was beginning to be Big Business indeed. From a mere nobody who amounted to exactly nothing, the head of the Athletic Association gradually became a highly salaried gentleman with power comparable to that of the President, and at least a member of the faculty called "Professor" by his colleagues. Or by some of them, anyhow.

This was the period when the vast edifice of hocus pocus which surrounds the game to-day was being built up. More money at the gate meant more money to spend; longer trips, rests for the team on the night before the big games at the country club outside town, more highly paid and highly specialized coaches, line coaches and backfield coaches and kicking coaches, bigger and better scouts to watch the rival universities, more doctors, trainers, rubbers, and supernumeraries to help spend the money which the stadium was bringing in and the team was earning. Money-makers like Notre Dame had not yet been visualized; it took Middle Western brains and ingenuity to think up a scheme of this sort, to play in one season a schedule of games all away from home in places as far apart as Atlanta, Georgia; Baltimore, Maryland; and Los Angeles, California; to run the football team of a university devoted to and intended for the cause of sound learning after the manner of a big league professional baseball club like the New York Giants. As a rule the football of the prewar period was run on piker's lines; but enough was seen to bring home to farsighted observers the gold in the football hills. The chart of Football Common took a marked upward swing between 1910 and the end of the War.

## IV

The reason for the real popularity of football is not the game itself. Any impartial observer—and by this term I mean any sportsman not brought up in the football tradition, not accustomed to the sport—will watch it for the first time and tell you that this game is a dull affair. Rather is it the devotion of youth to a cause which makes it so appealing. Not the game itself, but the fact that it reaches and touches the sporting idealism of the American people, is what has made football our greatest national pastime. The average gambler would prefer to watch a Yale-Princeton football contest than the biggest professional baseball game or prize fight because he knows the former is not framed, whereas he may have his suspicions regarding the latter. This is the secret of the game's popularity with the masses the country over.

When, however, the youth of the nation, and the college youth particularly, begin to lose this sentiment of idealism about football, then is the time to look out for a decline in Football Common. When they begin vaguely to wonder whether the team represents them or the town in which the college is situated, to feel that they would rather take out a canoe on the river or shoot some golf with the roommate than cheer at the last practice, then the future of Football Common assumes a bearish aspect. If, owing to external causes, the stock itself has not actually registered that decline, do not assume that the slump is not long overdue and that it is not on the way at the present moment.

Let me once more insist that the periods into which I am arbitrarily dividing the rise and fall of intercollegiate football are not to be taken exactly or precisely but only approximately. Of the three, the final period is the hardest to limit in terms of years because, although it may be said to have begun with the post-war college generation, the change in temper which distinguished it has been most definitely noticeable since 1924. Since about that time the attitude of the undergraduate toward sport in general and football in particular has undergone such a transformation—in the East, at least—that anyone who takes the trouble to journey among the colleges will soon enough realize for him-

self that football enthusiasm is weakening at the center. The different feeling of the Eastern undergraduate not only toward sport but toward work is an accepted fact by those connected with our colleges to-day.

While I was visiting Dartmouth last spring a young man was presented to me who, besides being the leading athlete of the University, an important figure in extra-curricular activities, and a remarkable student, bore a new sort of distinction: he was an All-American football star who had dropped out of the game in his senior year in order to make Phi Beta Kappa! It was generally assumed that this young man's decision was altogether exceptional; such in fact I took it to be until I had traveled to six or seven other universities where men who had made similar renunciations were produced for inspection. The fact is that the Eastern undergraduate to-day is as different from the undergraduate of fifteen years ago as he was from his predecessors of the nineties.

Many reasons have been given for this change. The principal one, I believe, is that in this year of grace 1929 studying is no longer unfashionable. Quite the reverse. In most of the big Eastern universities the emphasis is now distinctly on the cultural side of college life. Much of the Eastern undergraduate's change of attitude toward athletics has undoubtedly been due to this increased interest in intellectual achievements, to the stiffening up of the curriculum which has taken place of late years in so many colleges. He has far less time for sports and athletics. But what is more important, his mind has matured; he takes far less interest in the spectacular side of collegiate games.

Not only as regards sports and athletics, but as regards collegiate problems of all kinds, the Eastern student of this period has a much more discriminating outlook. Men will tell you this who have been connected with colleges for thirty years and more, but seniors also will testify to the difference in undergraduate thought even in their own college life. The American student to-day is asking questions his elder brothers did not think of asking—probably would not have bothered to ask if they had! He is acquiring a new sense of values those gentlemen did not possess, and in no way is this plainer—in the East, at any rate—than in his attitude toward athletics.

Do not assume that he does not care to see his university win. He does, most emphatically. But if the team loses, he is not going to let it ruin his fall. "The ones who take it hardest are the fellows who bet on the team," said a wise undergraduate to me recently. The student of 1929 takes football in his stride, he considers the football game the focal point of a good week-end. But he is not going into sackcloth and ashes as his father did when the university team has a losing season, and the pleasing result is a lessening pressure upon the coach to turn out a winning eleven, a consequent refusal to obtain students for their playing ability, and a general raising of the scholastic standard.

One of the best illustrations of this changing attitude toward sport was shown by the front pages of the *Harvard Crimson*, the student daily newspaper, in the years 1925, 1926, 1927, and 1928. On the day of the big football rally of the season of 1925 there was a headline across the page about this rally and a streamer along the top:

"THE TEAM WILL BE AT THE RALLY TO-NIGHT. WILL YOU?"

The next year the streamer across the top merely announced in smaller type,

"Rally at the Union To-night."

In 1927 the space at the top was bare of print, and the news space devoted to the rally had been reduced to a paragraph with a modest one-column head declaring that there was a "Rally To-night."

And in 1928 there was nothing at all in the *Crimson* about the rally—because there wasn't any rally.

There was, however, a rally at New

Haven that night. It was a distressing affair: barely five hundred undergraduates came into Woolsey Hall. Former Head Coach Tad Jones, the pep speaker of the meeting, was discouraged, and delivered what the newspapers termed "a scathing arraignment" of the modern student, declaring that the old Yale spirit had vanished; while another coach went so far as to call the undergraduates yellow for not supporting the team. Yet the fact remains that after the season of 1928, which was the most disastrous any Yale eleven has experienced in years, the undergraduates behaved like men and not like children. Thirty years ago, when their fathers were young men on the make, such a season would have caused great uneasiness and discontent in the student body and a quick change in the coaching system. To-day the Yale undergraduate takes football as a game; there was no demand for a change in the coaching system or in the sport last year at New Haven. A better or healthier football situation than exists to-day at Yale cannot be found in the colleges. If the old Yale spirit that was expressed by yelling oneself hoarse at rallies and cheering in torchlight processions has vanished, is it not possible that something much finer has taken its place?

V

When you are seeking facts about the attitude toward athletics in the colleges, the one man you must at all costs avoid is the Director of Athletics. Of course he will welcome you cordially; if you happen to be connected with a newspaper your welcome will be all the heartier. He is there to present you with reams of statistics proving that ninety per cent of the undergraduates take part in intramural athletics, that the coach is a high-minded aristocrat who cares nothing for winning games but merely wishes the boys to play because they love football, that everything in university sport is as nearly perfect as possible. Even if he is intellectually honest, he is obviously a man with a job, and obviously anxious to have his point of view prevail. It is far easier, to be sure, to take your beliefs ready-made in canned doses from this gentleman than to tramp about from fraternity houses to dormitories in the rain, seeking that elusive thing, undergraduate opinion. But it is much less reliable.

The facts and convictions in this article were collected from the undergraduate—not always an easy task—and from no one else. But the effort was worth while; get an undergraduate talking, and you will learn some startling things. My only wish was that some of the Athletic Directors could have been with me and heard their magnificent ninety per cent program of sports-for-all riddled by the remorseless humor of the American youth; and that some of those football coaches whose names you see daily in the public prints as character builders could have listened with me to the verdict of their charges. The number of football players who told me they were sick of football was amazing.

"I am sure of one thing, *my* kid will never play college football," said a bitter undergraduate. "If you want to have fun in athletics," said another, "don't play football." And at another university a brilliant tackle who had delivered some hard words previously to show that an after-game scolding by a sharp-tongued coach was not compensated for by the honors won, remarked, "Football is like war. It appears to be a necessary evil."

That the game was in an unhealthy state, that playing it was not entirely a pleasure, and that practice was simply drudgery, that to a large extent the player was exploited for and by the graduates and the public, was said to me by more than one gridiron star. I heard much caustic comment about what a sardonic young man described to me as "the professional alumnus."

"Why, the first thing these birds in my home town want to know is what kind of a football team we are going to

have next fall. That's the first question I'm asked when I get home."

"That's right," said another, "they know all the players on the team by their first name, and they know all about men in my own class I never heard of."

Sentiments of this kind would have been considered heretical ten or twenty years ago. But the undergraduate of 1929 is more mature; he can and does express his beliefs on things as he sees them. "I can't tell these chaps to go out and die for dear old Blank," said the head coach of a great university team to me last year. "They'd laugh in my face." Precisely. So they would. But he could have told them that twenty years ago; in fact, men did.

"The boys just won't go out and spend the whole afternoon at a tackling dummy," said another university captain to me. "There are too many interesting things to do about the campus." And it is worth noting that as the Eastern undergraduate is beginning to ask whether the values of football are really as advertised, so he is asking the same question regarding other supposedly desirable crowns and prizes of college life. In every university I visited, with one exception, the editor of the daily newspaper confessed that it was harder to get out candidates than formerly, and that the quality was poorer. Candidates for managerial positions were also less numerous than ten or fifteen years ago; the lure of the great "business training" which awaits the manager of the baseball team fails to attract men as it used to. A bright youth remarked to me, "I can get a better business training working summers in a bank."

When it becomes fashionable to study a man must of necessity spend more time on his work, and when he spends more time on his work he has less time or desire to spend cheering the football team at mass meetings. A Cornell junior, talking to me of the Committee of Seventeen, that famous committee of Cornell graduates which came to Ithaca last spring to salvage athletic prestige along the shores of Lake Cayuga, remarked in the course of conversation that getting excited over football was "rather Middle Western." You may not like this attitude, the Cornell graduate who watches his team get beaten 49–0 does not like it; but that it exists at Cornell as it does elsewhere in the East is undeniable. It is not that the Eastern college man cares less for sport; indeed, thanks to football money which has built swimming tanks and squash courts and golf links, it could probably be shown that he spends more time in exercise than his elder brother did. But he does not like to feel that the President may lose his job if someone happens to drop a forward pass in the last minute of play.

That this is a healthy attitude goes without saying. One of the most startling signs of it, one of the greatest victories for sport and for common sense, took place during the football season of 1928 only to be entirely overlooked by the metropolitan press. To whom the credit belongs is a question; it happened at Princeton, so let us bestow credit upon that university. The night before the Cornell-Princeton game the two football squads dined together. It may sound like a small matter; actually, it was a far greater step than most persons unconnected with intercollegiate football realize. As proof thereof I submit the remark of the football captain of another large university who solemnly assured me that such a thing was an impossibility in his institution. Why? Because, so he naïvely explained, the men might get to know one another and like one another at dinner, and then there would be no fight the next afternoon on the field.

"For instance," he added, "if you found out that the fellow beside you had a weak ankle you might feel you wouldn't want to go out for that ankle the next day."

Thank heaven, there are at least two universities in the country, Cornell and Princeton, where the archaic sporting philosophy that justifies "going out for

that ankle" can be put in the limbo of dead things where it belongs.

## VI

One effect of the present craze for college life—notice that I do not say for a college education—has been that with hordes wishing to attend our universities, the authorities have been able to pick and choose their men. Thus the class which entered many endowed educational institutions this fall was selected sometime early last spring; no more candidates have been considered since then. Consequently, more attention can be paid to scholastic attainments and a better intellectual level of potential students demanded. This selective process of admission has had remarkable results, as is shown by the following figures taken from the Dean's office of a large Eastern university. The class of 1924 had 37 men dropped for failure to keep up in class work. The next class lost 32, the class of 1926 lost 29, the number fell to 27 for the class of 1927, to 25 for 1928, the freshmen class of 1929 lost but 24 students, 1930 lost 17, 1931 lost 12, and 1932 only 11. Each class numbered 600 men. These figures are significant.

The modern undergraduate in the East comes to college to study. A young man at New Haven put it to me this way: "The men don't come here so much just to go to Yale." Last May the freshman class at Georgetown announced through their President, Mr. Daniel Canning, that they "had come to college to study." They rebelled against being told to take care of the athletic field and the running track as freshman classes at Georgetown have done for years without number. This unprecedented rebellion was promptly quashed by the Student Council; the striking thing was that it could have happened at all. And it will be interesting to observe the class of 1932 when they become juniors and seniors, and members of the Student Council themselves.

Amherst went farther than most colleges; there it was actually suggested, by one of the undergraduates, that intercollegiate football be abolished. James S. Stillman, the editor of the *Amherst Student*, who wrote the editorial in which this rash suggestion was made, did not pretend to speak for the whole student body; but he certainly did express the opinion of a growing minority in the colleges which feels that all is not right to-day with intercollegiate sport. "Players, coaches, and spectators," he said, "are not the only people who are dissatisfied with intercollegiate athletics. It is a general feeling in Eastern colleges."

This is undoubtedly true, if the term "Eastern Colleges" means only the institutions along the Atlantic seaboard. That things have moved more slowly in the South, the Middle West, and perhaps still more slowly in the Far West is but to be expected. For football, after all, was originally an Eastern game. Just as the orgy of stadium-building started in the East, it is only natural that the decline in undergraduate enthusiasm should first be felt throughout the older colleges of the East. Last fall when Princeton played Ohio State at Columbus it was noticeable that the atmosphere of the city was the same atmosphere which pervaded an Eastern college town twenty years ago. It was not only the college, but the entire town of Columbus, the entire state of Ohio, the entire Middle West which united against the invader. Merchants closed their shops, the day was a gala day, a big affair for the city. Whereas in an Eastern college city the game would have made little impression.

That football still has the hold throughout the Middle West that it had in the East ten or fifteen years ago is evident to anyone who watches a game on the Atlantic seaboard and then one in the Mississippi Valley region. I remember on the morning of an Illinois-Nebraska football game stepping off the train at the Champaign station to see a large white sign stretching almost

the entire length of the platform: "WELCOME NEBRASKA." I do not see any such sign in the Grand Central Station when Columbia is about to entertain a visitor at Baker Field—or even at New Haven or Boston.

You realize the difference between the two attitudes toward football of the different parts of the country from the propaganda they broadcast. The most excessive broadsides are fired mostly from the Middle West. There are, it is true, one or two Eastern universities which flood the sporting offices of the metropolitan press with their releases every day; but they are in the minority, whereas the colleges of the Middle West revel in this sort of publicity. One state university in the Mississippi Valley maintains a press bureau in New York; every day this office is in close touch with the university, or at least the athletic side of it, and gives the vital information about the football situation to a waiting world through the newspapers. On the other hand there are many Eastern universities—Yale and Harvard are two of them—which rarely send out anything of this nature. They simply do not care whether the latest news about the star halfback gets into the papers or not and so they refuse to bother. Had such methods been thought of twenty years ago they would have been in the van of the movement.

You also notice this difference between football feeling in different parts of the country by observing the attitude of the graduates. It is seldom that an Eastern graduate takes the trouble to call up the local newspaper to protest because his college is "badly treated" by the sports writers; Middle Western graduates on the other hand are continually ringing up to demand why East Dakota was not mentioned on Monday morning when the résumé of the week's contests was written. You can understand their feeling when you realize that throughout the Middle West the State University and its football eleven get more publicity than the National Government and Henry Ford combined. But it is hard to imagine Yale men protesting because football news in Chicago does not feature their own second-rate eleven.

Football was—it is no longer—an Eastern game. The first contest between Harvard and Yale took place in 1878, the first between Minnesota and Wisconsin in 1890. The first Yale-Princeton game was held in 1888; the first Conference game was played in 1895. Naturally enough, the feeling about football is more advanced where it has been longest played; in fact, it is hardly unfair to say that the Middle West is still in the Stadium Building Period, the Big Business Era of football through which the East passed a decade or more ago. The crop of stadia which have been springing up in towns like Urbana and Evanston and Ann Arbor are proof of this. There you have football as it was in the days just before and just after the War along the Atlantic seaboard. There you discover little discontent with the game among the student body. There you still find the "pep rallies" enthusiastically and faithfully attended. Football still reigns King. A girl at a large Middle Western state university told me recently of the invasion of her sorority meeting by a male classmate who made an inspiring speech and practically demanded that the sorority sisters, like the fraternity brothers, give money to send the band on a several-thousand-mile trip to assist at an intersectional contest.

Attached to the observation car of the train which carried the squad and supporters of the University of Nebraska east last year, was an electrically lighted sign "of scarlet and cream bearing the words U. OF N. CORNHUSKERS. Each car and pullman was equipped with cards placed in the windows with NEBRASKA written on them." And the student daily, commenting on the departure of the team, said:

"Approximately two thousand students gathered in front of Social Science and marched to the depot for a rally as

the team, coaches, and band entrained for West Point. The rally and send-off yesterday shows that the old Nebraska spirit has not died down and the student body is behind its team."

"The old Nebraska spirit . . ." "behind its team . . ." These phrases have a curiously reminiscent ring. They were the sort of thing that was current throughout the East some fifteen or twenty years ago. To-day a new sentiment has superseded this feeling; it has gone West to college for the time being.

If the feeling throughout the Middle West regarding football is that of the Big Business period ten or fifteen years ago in the East, the sentiment in the Far West might be likened to that of the Eastern Rah-Rah days of the even remoter past. Remember that I am talking of the feeling toward the sport, not the sport itself. My football friends assure me that teams like Stanford under the good Doctor Warner are simply playing modified Eastern football to-day. That is as it may be. But in its reactions to football and its attitude toward the game, the Far West is not ten or fifteen but twenty or thirty years behind the East. There student support is unquestioned and unwavering, there you will find no evidences of rallies being abandoned, of students deserting the stadia. In fact only in the earliest stage of the disease could a great football saturnalia like the Tournament of Roses arise and flourish.

## VII

It will be pointed out, and correctly too, that football has more of a vogue with the general public than formerly, that interest among the outside public over the sport is more intense than ever it was. But football—Mr. C. C. Pyle will testify to the truth of this statement—is essentially a college game. And the important thing about the decline of interest in football among the Eastern undergraduates is that it is taking place at the very core of the institution, where football was born so to speak, and among those young men who in ten years will be graduates and in twenty trustees of their alma mater. If the leaven continues to work, as there is little reason to suppose it will not, football in ten years will have vastly less importance in certain sections of the college world than it does to-day, no matter what the outside public thinks about it.

I expect to be faced with the charge that this classification of football feeling into three periods is unjust and unfair to many universities which fit into none of these classes, and also that it is typically Eastern in outlook. I expect to be told that whereas many of the state diploma mills of the Middle West are in the Big Business era of football, others are not. I admit all this. No classification of the sort can be anything but loose and roughly defined, for if colleges like Ohio State, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota are fairly well committed to the policy of good teams, large stadia, and all the rest of the big business of football, it is none the less a fact that some of their neighbors like Michigan and other Conference colleges—for reasons derived from geographical location, early founding, and closer contact with other parts of the country—have less of the traditionless, new building atmosphere. But rough though it is, I believe this classification is approximately correct and that it will become more so as time and football go on. How long the Middle Western collegian will take to view the game as his Eastern brother does no one can tell. A prominent undergraduate from a state university in the Middle West says, "There is little danger of football dying out in the West for a long time to come, if for no other reason than that it is good business, and undergraduates will always be undergraduates in regard to their varsity." Certainly football is good business, and certainly the Middle West is in the throes of it as regards football; but if the Eastern collegian is any criterion, the undergraduate will *not* always be an under-

graduate with regard to his varsity. That the undergraduate of the Middle West will some day swing round to the Eastern point of view seems inevitable to anyone who sees the progress of football in perspective. "There is a tide in the affairs of men . . ."

In the nineties and the days of the Rah-Rah period along the Atlantic seaboard, the best football teams were in the East, where was the greatest concentration upon the game. To-day the point of greatest concentration has spread through the Middle West to the Far West; there we find the best elevens of the present, the champions of the future. As the Eastern colleges begin to care less about the game and, therefore, less about producing winners, they will produce fewer winners. From now on you will undoubtedly see, as you have seen in recent years, an overwhelming string of victories whenever teams from the Pacific Coast cross the continent. The days of the Rah-Rah period in the East, when an All American eleven consisted of a half a dozen pupils of Mr. Walter Camp with perhaps several recruits from Princeton and Pennsylvania, have gone never to return. The Rah-Rah spirit in football has gone to the Far West where they have the men, the coaches, and, most important of all, the enthusiasm to develop winners. The East, on the other hand, lacks both the patience and the energy (and perhaps also the time) to follow.

I appreciate perfectly the reply that will be made to this contention. It has already been made to me several times; it was best expressed by a Middle Western undergraduate who knows his football the country over. "Can it be," he says, "that the older Eastern institutions, no longer able to compete with those farther west, have come to adopt a sour-grapes attitude?"

Let us admit frankly that this is not an irrelevant suggestion. But if football in the East has fallen off simply because the Eastern teams cannot develop winners, what then about intercollegiate baseball? Is there not a parallel between the two games? Few observers will deny that despite vigorous efforts to resuscitate the sport, such as intercollegiate baseball leagues and the like, baseball in the Eastern colleges is on the way out. I attended a game between two large Eastern universities last May at which fifty spectators were present. Yet Eastern college baseball is but little inferior to Western college baseball. If baseball is dying in the East, may not the corresponding decline of interest in football be the cause rather than the result of the defeat of Eastern by Western elevens?

Interest in football is definitely on the wane in parts of the Eastern collegiate world because the Eastern undergraduate has gone through the early stages of the football disease and is slowly convalescing therefrom. This disease, which is now attacking the Middle West, and the Far West in even more virulent form, will pass away as it is passing away along the Atlantic seaboard to-day. Do not, I beg, construe this as meaning that the end of football is in sight, that our celebrated coaches will no longer be able to syndicate their articles in the daily press next fall, that in a few years the Yale Bowl will resemble the Colosseum at Rome. It may take the huge outside public a long time to realize that football is weakening at the center. The headlines will probably continue to extol the sport as attracting crowds and breaking all manner of records for years to come. Nor do I mean that the game *as a game* will die; what I am referring to is not the sport of football but the religion of football, the great business edifice of football, in short, the football mania. This it is which shows undeniable signs of being on the wane. If you are interested in Football Common my advice at present is not to hold for a long pull.

# IS AMERICA YOUNG?

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IN 1719 an anonymous New England author who signed himself, rather oddly, "your friend among the Oakes and Pines," gave voice to the doctrine that America was young. Speaking for his day, he said, "The Plow-Man that raiseth Grain is more serviceable to Mankind than the Painter who draws only to please the Eye. . . . The Carpenter who builds a good house to defend us from Wind and Weather is more serviceable than the curious Carver, who employs his Art to please the Fancy." Only, he continues, after further praise of labor, "when a People grow numerous, and part are sufficient to raise necessaries for the whole, then 'tis allowable and laudable, that some should be imployed in innocent Arts more for ornament than Necessity; any innocent business that gets an honest penny, is better than Idleness."

When this anonymous social critic made his comments on the needs of America there was but little more than a fringe of settlement along the Atlantic coast. Boston, with a population of eleven thousand, was about twice as populous as either of its two rivals, Philadelphia and New York. The entire white population of North America was considerably under half a million people. There were scarcely any roads and no public means of transportation. Beyond the scattered coastal settlements, the wilderness stretched to the Pacific. Inhabited by savages and almost interminable in extent, the work of subduing it to the needs of civilized man seemed to call, not for centuries, but for millennia of physical effort.

Owing partly to the indomitable courage and partly to the insatiable greed of the American people, but even more to the inventions of science, what seemed a task for the ages has been accomplished in six generations. On the Pacific coast to-day there are cities as populous as were the greatest in Europe when our New Englander promulgated his doctrine that America was young. Yet that doctrine is as firmly embedded in the popular mind as ever. This is so obvious as hardly to need emphasizing by example, but I may mention three that I have noted within a few days.

When speaking to an American boy of seventeen in regard to certain aspects of American life, he countered immediately with: "But America is young. We are really only about a *hundred and fifty* years old." In the course of conversation only yesterday with an Englishman, the son of one of the great friends America had in England during our Civil War, he said: "Of course you are *young*. We must wait." In a letter just received from a friend at home I find the same idea reiterated. "We are *three hundred* years old," he writes, "England a thousand years old. Will you venture the prophecy that in seven hundred more years, when people have a competency, we shall not educate our sons and daughters for service that does not have immediate economic returns?"

It is worth while to analyze such a persistent and almost universal conception. Just what do we mean when we say that America is young? Has the idea any validity, and what is the

effect on the minds of those who so easily use it?

By America, of course, we must mean the American people or the American nation. It is obvious, however, that we cannot use the word nation in this connection in a purely political sense. So rapidly does the loom of history weave that we can now be ranked as among the older nations of western civilization. As an independent and unified nation we long antedate, for example, Italy, which was created only in 1860, or Germany, which was first welded into a nation in 1870, to say nothing of many of even later growth.

## II

It is possible that in some minds the idea stems from that popular analogy which would identify a nation or a society with an organism. This analogy, however, like most analogies, is extremely dangerous. It may illuminate certain likenesses between society and a physical organism, but it is not a safe instrument with which to try to discover new likenesses. Because we may fancy that certain functions of society resemble those of an organism, it by no means follows that we can interpret one in terms of the other. In spite of many sociologists and writers on history, like Spengler, there is nothing to prove that a society has its birth, growth, and death in the same way as has a physical organism. Such a metaphor is merely suggestive, and is not only unscientific but may be disastrously misleading. The individual appears in his personal development to repeat the broad stages of our racial development, but I fail to find any law supported by the facts of history indicating that nations infallibly do the same. To force the attempt to make any such law is to glide blindly over such innumerable exceptions as would certainly invalidate any law in scientific thinking. Not only do certain manifestations of cultural life—æsthetic, intellectual, and other—appear in some nations and not in others, but there seems to be no definite sequence in which they appear when they appear at all. We may speak of a human being as young, middle-aged, or old, but such terms lose all meaning when applied to a nation as an organism.

Let us take Greece for example. Was Athens old or young in 450 B.C.? It is not fair to say that she had just reached full maturity because within a half century her architecture flowered in the completion of the Parthenon, her sculpture in the works of Phidias, her poetry in Æschylus, or her philosophy in Socrates and Plato. That is a mere begging of the question. It is estimating the age by the achievement, whereas, when we say that America is young, we are deferring the possibility of achievement upon the score of age.

How old was England in the age of Elizabeth? How are we to estimate the answer? Are we to date her birth in the period of the savage Britons, the Roman conquest, the Saxon or Norman conquests, or when? Are we to calculate her age by some stage of culture attained, by some infusion of new racial blood, by the formation of a unified language, government, or sense of nationality? How old England was in 1558 when Elizabeth came to the throne is as insoluble as "How old is Ann?" Yet if certain manifestations of culture go with certain national ages, it ought to be easy to date a nation in such a marked phase as the days of Marlowe, Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Byrd, and the whole galaxy of stars of the first magnitude. Nor was the spiritual heaven of that time dotted only with such. One writer tells us that "the young gentleman of Sidney's day was as deft at turning a sonnet as his present-day successor at stopping an approach to the green." Another says that music and song "were not the affair solely of intellectual circles but the creation and inheritance of the whole people." Poetry, music—all the arts, as well as the energy of practical life—were at full flood.

The very first foundation stones were being laid in the building of the British Empire which was to continue to rise and grow until it covers a quarter of the globe. We often hear the period spoken of as gloriously *young*. Was England young or old? If she was young then, was she a baby when the work of building cathedrals was in full swing in the eleventh and twelfth centuries? If she was old and mature in 1600, was she doddering in old age when another great outburst of art and thought came in the years of Victoria? In one sense we may date the birth of England in the age of Elizabeth. It was then that the seed was planted of the great empire that was to be. Of practical activity there was enough, it would seem, to absorb the whole energies of any people: wars by sea and land; business being pushed into new quarters of the world in every direction; new commodities being found, new methods of doing business being developed, new trade routes being opened up; attempts at colonizing North and South America; a rebuilding of a large part of the domestic architecture of the whole nation to meet altered conditions of life—all these and other aspects of feverish business activity were evident on every hand. Was it youth, maturity, or old age?

How old, again, is Italy? From one point of view she is to-day a new nation, throbbing with new life, occupied with the problems of a "new" country, developing a national consciousness and her national material resources, as "young" as America. From another, she was old when Cæsar lay in his blood. I have recently been in Czechoslovakia. As a political nation she is only ten years old. As I passed through her villages on the way from Dresden, they looked newer than Kansas, the whole countryside having been rebuilt while the peasants were afraid to put their money into anything but building on account of the steady fall in the currency. In Prague I was told that the nation was new, that the task of building it would absorb all the energies of its people, that the work of developing its resources was overwhelming, that for the present it "did not want learned men, artists or writers, but business men, engineers, practical men. Later," my informant continued, "the rest may come, but not now." It was the New England voice "from the Oakes and Pines" of 1719. Yet here and there one saw on hilltops castles ten centuries old. In the fields one saw men in the furrows following yoked white oxen as in the days of Virgil. Is Czechoslovakia young or, from the standpoint of America, very, very old?

Does age mean the accumulation of resources from the past—old buildings, cathedrals, picture galleries, and all the valuable opportunities to see and to study? All these doubtless help, but how much of all such did the common people of Athens have when they crowded as multitudinously to hear the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides as the modern *hoi polloi* of America crowd to see the latest sex film on the screen? In 1787 we were nearly a century and a half "younger" than we are now, but if we held a constitutional convention in 1930 should we be able to send any better thinkers or more broadly cultured men than those who drew up our first constitution? Would the discussion and propaganda regarding a political problem to-day show any advance in maturity and power of thought on the part of both writers and readers over the papers of the *Federalist?* It may well be that not only an outburst of art and literature, such as has happened now and again in the world's history, but the degree of a cultured civilization to which a nation as, say the French, comes to attain, have no ascertainable cause, that they come from combinations deep in human nature too inscrutable to be observed or predicted. That is probably the case, but if so why claim that they are the products or accompaniments of a given age, and that we cannot expect them before a certain

period any more than in the human body we can look for puberty or the growth of a beard or the coming of the wisdom teeth?

This question of national age becomes more puzzling the more we think about it, but in trying to solve it let us turn to America, the land that everyone says is young. We may, as we have seen, dismiss at once, I think, certain interpretations of age. We may discard the thought of any analogy with an organism. We can date a human being as five, fourteen, twenty-one, or three score and ten years of age, and have it mean something. We cannot date a nation as one century, five, or twenty, and have it mean anything with scientific accuracy. Again, we may discard the thought of independence or political nationhood. My young friend, probably taught by his elders, evidently had that point in mind. Arguing that way, we should be a century older than Italy or Germany, but those who argue that America is young would not accept that conclusion.

We have got, again, to dismiss as a criterion the stage of culture which a people has arrived at—the arts, inventions, knowledge which they have inherited from the past. Every settler who came to America had behind him all the past just as much as did his family or neighbors who remained behind. The seventeenth-century English, Scotch, Germans, Swedes, Dutch, and others who came here in our first century were not barbarians. They had the entire inheritance from the past. They were heirs of Greece and Rome, of the Reformation and the Renaissance as much as those who continued in the old countries; and every man who has come here since has been of the same national age as those he has left behind.

## III

In analyzing this idea of our being a young nation, I cannot see that there is any valid way in which to date ourselves as compared with others, and I believe that the constant insisting upon this misleading way of putting the truth (for there *is* a truth about our case which I shall elaborate in a moment) is beginning to do us deep hurt. I believe that it would be far better for the development of our best selves, individually and nationally, if instead of consistently thinking and speaking of the American people as "young," we should think and say the clear truth, which is that we are an old people, the same age as our European cousins, who *moved into an unsettled world.* Not only is the content of these two ideas very different, but so also are the inferences often very loosely and carelessly drawn from them.

The moving into a new country was bound to have important consequences. Even the moving of a family into a new house usually marks a change. The mere move itself is apt to bring about a feeling of excitement and exhilaration if the move is for the better, or depression and sorrow if it is for the worse. For a while after the move, also, there is much to be done of a purely physical sort. One has to rearrange one's furniture, get "shaken down," as we say; perhaps do all sorts of things to house and garden; get used to a new neighborhood; find new shops; learn new ways of doing old things; in a word, the whole routine of daily life is altered for the time being, and our habits and the enjoyment of our tastes are apt to be broken in upon until we get over the pressing work of settling into the new place.

In moving into America there was much more involved, mentally and physically, than in such a move as we have just described. Not only was the break with the old home and the old associations more complete, but everything, literally, from the ground up had to be done in the new. The savages had to be fought; the land had to be cleared; the houses had to be constructed; a new life, socially and institutionally, had to be built up. I have recently pointed out elsewhere the effect of this on the minds of the settlers. It is also, of course, a

fact of great significance for American cultural life that, speaking comparatively, almost without exception all the immigrants who have ever come here have been men of the lower middle and laboring classes. There was nothing in America to attract any of the wealthy or professional ones. With the exception of a few religious refugees, virtually all who have come here have been "practical" men, who have come to better their economic positions. They did not include in their numbers aristocrats, scholars, poets, dramatists, artists, any of the classes who were carrying on and developing the European cultural tradition. But in some respects the arts were more diffused in their practice and enjoyment among the lower classes in the Europe from which our earlier settlers came than they are to-day. Many brought books and many a love and taste for music and the various handicrafts, such as weaving, woodcarving of houses and furniture, and other things, no less truly arts because they were folk-arts.

The effort, however, to establish a European standard of living in the wilderness was too great. The intellectual and æsthetic enjoyments of life had to be laid aside until the practical duties of subduing the wilderness had been fulfilled. All this is well enough understood. But let us suppose for a moment that the North American continent had consisted of that strip of land between the ocean and the Appalachian range of mountains, beyond which we will place the Pacific. By 1776 practically all of this territory was settled as peacefully as was England itself. In fact, much of it looked like England. Boston was to all intents and purposes identical with an English provincial town. Travelers reported that much of the New England countryside was indistinguishable from that of old England. Wealth had accumulated; colleges had been erected; the arts were beginning to flourish. In the 1750's the theater in New York offered a better repertoire than could be found in any English provincial city of the time, and I am not sure but as good as that of London itself, certainly better than can be heard some years in New York now. Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, actors of note in London, arrived in the colonies with their company and remained twenty years. They acted in plays of Shakespeare, Addison, Rowe, Congreve, Farquhar, Steele, and others; and in 1754 New York had a season in which twenty-one different plays, the cream of English dramatic literature up to that time, were heard by the public. Such plays were also given in such a surprising list of places as Philadelphia, Williamsburg, Annapolis, Hobb's Hole, Port Tobacco, Upper Marlborough, Petersburg, and Fredericksburg. The theatrical and musical life of Charleston could hardly have been excelled, if it was, in any provincial town in England.

In 1757 the first exhibition of paintings by colonial artists was held in New York. Before long, Copley, Peale, Benjamin West, who later became president of the Royal Academy, and Stuart were painting and, with lesser figures, were in the way of establishing an American school of art. Colonial architecture, domestic and public, was so good that we do our best to reproduce it to-day, as was likewise the furniture. Merchants in the North, country gentlemen in the South, lived much the same lives as did their contemporaries of similar standing in the old country. The ablest men of the colonies in innumerable instances held legislative and judicial offices. There was no titled aristocracy, there were no cathedrals or ruined castles from the past, life was a little freer, less formal, considerably more open to economic opportunity than in England; but so far from excusing themselves on the ground of being a new people, the colonials rather prided themselves on living the same life and indulging the same tastes as their cousins overseas. America was indeed provincial, but then, so also was all England outside the one

center of London. Much not only of the talent but the genius of England had always been recruited from the provinces, and America had made a good beginning two centuries ago in contributing, among other types, men whose paintings hang to-day on the walls of London galleries. Franklin's fame was European. When Berkeley, the English philosopher, was temporarily living in Rhode Island he found no lack of agreeable society and intelligent conversation in the circle in which he moved. The lower grades had permanently lost their folk-arts and had taken on some frontier characteristics, but there was every indication that a new civilization, following the main cultural interests, values, and trends of the old, was arising rapidly after the break due to the task of subduing the wilderness. Had the continent been limited, as I suggested, to the seaboard strip, or had the people chosen to expand gradually, there is no reason to suppose that the cultural tendencies noted above as on the upward trend through the eighteenth century would not have continued.

The continent, however, was not so limited. It stretched nearly three thousand miles farther. It was incredibly rich. Following the Revolution, piece after piece of it, at intervals, came into the hands of the descendants of those eighteenth-century colonials, men quite as much as women, who had begun to interest themselves in painting, literature, drama, and music. The wealth to be made out of the West, a constantly retreating West for more than a century, began to act as a magnet on men's minds and ambitions. Following the poorer classes who went as hunters and settlers, there appear the agents of merchants, bankers, and speculators. Astor made a fortune in furs. Others in lands. Others in yet more ways. The craze for getting fabulously rich quickly spread. The perpetual boom, broken only by sharp crises, in which America has since lived, began. The nascent civilization on the seaboard became violently deflected from its course. Scientific inventions succeeded one another, and with every new method of transportation —canal, good roads, steamboat, railroad —every new method of mining, every new product to be utilized, every new foreign market opened, the rush to win riches by raping a continent became madder and madder.

It was not a question of preparing a continent for habitation. It was or of money-maddened men furiously wrenching wealth from it in every way their ingenuity and greed could devise—from the land, from the forests above it, from the mines below it. Like hogs at a trough, each man guzzled as hard as he could, regardless of all else, lest some other hog should get ahead of him. In Germany they have been rafting logs for a thousand years. The carefully tended and replanted forests may well last for a thousand more. Rafting on the Mississippi began, flourished, and was finished in seventy years. About 1840 the American people as a nation owned forty billion feet of standing lumber contiguous to the river and its tributaries. In seventy years, private individuals and companies had stripped the land of this magnificent heritage without replacing a single tree. This was not "the task of subduing a wilderness to make it habitable." It was the madness of lust — the meanest of all lusts, the lust for money.

To-day America is fairly glutted with wealth. It is useless to enumerate the statistics—an advertising expenditure of a billion dollars a year, savings deposits of twenty-eight billions, two hundred and twenty-eight individuals reporting incomes of over a million a year each, a national income of ninety billions.

## IV

Is America still young? Is it not rather, perhaps, if we *must* use such figures of speech, that she was born at Jamestown in 1607, grew to promising maturity by the second half of the

eighteenth century, and then, abandoning herself to the desire for expansion and sudden wealth, deliberately turned her back on the way in which she had been going? Those who say that America is young, still point to the future as the time when we may be expected to begin to devote ourselves to other things than "subduing a continent and accumulating the necessary material resources on which to build a civilization." In the name of every high ideal that man has ever cherished, *when* are we going to be rich enough to begin as a nation, if we are not now, now that we have gutted our heritage, piled up the greatest accumulation of wealth in the world, accumulated the most stupendous material basis for living that man has ever known?

I think it is at this point that the dangerous evil of our being forever told by friendly or hostile critics that we are young comes in. A boy who is really young realizes that there are some things he cannot do until he is a man. He waits, but at the same time he prepares himself. If we tell a child he is too young to do this or that, the child is justified in believing it and in refraining from trying to do it. Is there not danger in telling our people, young and old, that America is young? Will it not merely serve to make them contented to go on piling up wealth, to do what they have been doing for a hundred years, and to keep them from playing the part of men as they should? Many critics have pointed to the immaturity of the American mind. There is a time to stop telling a boy he is young. There comes a time when we must tell him to be a man, to do a man's work and try to think a man's thoughts. If we keep on coddling him and telling him he is a child of whom nothing is expected we are not likely ever to make a man of him.

Why should we be content to wait a hundred, two hundred, or seven hundred years more before we think we shall be old enough to do something besides provide the material foundation for a civilization which we are told will somehow come of itself when we are grown up? If we are told and come to believe that no matter what we do we cannot lead a more spiritual life or have the culture of an "old" country in less than so many centuries, any more than a boy of fourteen can make himself twenty by trying, are we not giving ourselves an excuse to go on piling up riches and exploiting the world without making an effort to attain to a spiritual instead of a material plane of civilization?

On the other hand, if we think of ourselves as an old race, heirs of all the ages, which was temporarily set back by having to move into a new home, and that now we have not only got that home in order but have added to it and become incredibly rich, and that therefore it is high time we turned to something else, I believe it would be far better for our self-respect and for our spiritual growth. To say that we are too young is to put off the time of manhood beyond our power to attain, and to stultify any hopes of our own day and generation. To say, on the other hand, that we have made our move, got settled, and become rich is to stir us to something better than spending our days devising more means to get richer yet.

I do not believe we *are* young. We are a century and a half older than when a political gathering could include such minds as John Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, John Marshall, and others. We are nearly a century older than when in one corner of our land alone we could have a group like Holmes, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Emerson. I believe in many ways we have already added much to the spiritual wealth of the world. In our library systems, in our scientific foundations for research, in a number of other ways, we have led the modern nations. Why, then, still preach this debilitating doctrine that we are young and nothing must be expected of us? Is it not time that we stopped using that as an excuse to cover all our shortcomings, the desire not to stop hunting after material gain,

the refusal to stir our minds and play a man's part in the new world? Is it not time to proclaim that we are not children but men who must put away childish things; that we have overlooked that fact too long; that we have busied ourselves overmuch with fixing up the new place we moved into three hundred years ago, with making money in the new neighborhood; and that we should begin to live a sane, maturely civilized life? To keep on telling our children that they cannot expect this and that of America because she is too young is to make self-indulgent, self-excusing molly-coddles of them and of her. To say that we cannot yet turn to the spiritual things of life because we still have material work to do, when we contrast our own gorged state of material well-being with that of any other nation, is sheer hypocrisy. If we merely want to continue to grow richer and richer, and softer and softer, let us say so straight out and not hide the truth under the plea of having to "develop the continent," that continent which Jefferson fondly hoped would leave us room for expansion for a thousand years. Everything may be hoped from the child who tries to be a man. Nothing can be hoped from the man who cloaks his shortcomings or material selfishness or spiritual indolence under the pretense of being a child.

## SILENCE

BY GERALD RAFTERY

*FAR out beyond the throbbing tiers of sound*
*That weave their pulsing tapestry of strife,*
*The still, uncharted seas of silence bound*
*The shifting, quick phenomena of life.*

*Slow silence like a dead eternity*
*Surrounds the present—blots the drifted past;*
*And flooding tidelike from that deathless sea,*
*On each vibrating day black waves are cast.*

# AN ENGLISH VIEW OF PERSONAL RIGHTS

BY GEOFFREY LAYMAN

*Fining a butcher 40s. at Tottenham for keeping his shop open after the hour of 8 p.m. [he served five customers between 8.08 and 8.15], Mr. Lewin, the magistrate, remarked: "You cannot do as you like these days. No one can. As long as Dora is in existence you will have to comply with the order."— London* Evening Standard, *June 27, 1929.*

AS I write, a General Election in Great Britain has just swept from power, by a quite unmistakable expression of the popular will, a Conservative Government which, with the exception of the short period of a few months of minority Labor Government in 1923, had been in power, either alone or in coalition, since 1916, and during the last five years had enjoyed one of the greatest Parliamentary majorities in our history. Many and various explanations have been put forward for this surprising and largely unexpected reversal of fortune; but it is almost universally agreed that among the causes of it was the fact that the Conservative Government, traditionally in favor of the freedom of the individual from governmental control, had failed to repeal the last remnants of the wartime restrictions on personal liberty. It is, I think, a fair statement that the coming into power of the Macdonald Government, with all the profound effects which that event may have on international relations, and especially on the relations between Great Britain and America, is due at least as much to the resentment of the average Englishman at being prevented from buying a packet of cigarettes after eight o'clock P.M. as to any widespread discontent with the foreign policy of the late Government.

Yet the reader who would deduce from this statement that the English, as a nation, are naturally intolerant of the restraint of law would be surprisingly wide of the mark. On the contrary no nation, not even the German, is more law-abiding than the English. Not only does the individual obey the law, but he supports the authorities in enforcing obedience on his neighbor. The ratio of crimes to population is amazingly low, and the ratio of convictions to crimes amazingly high. Not only is the criminal class in England small, and, to judge by the latest criminal statistics, diminishing, but the criminal himself shares with his more respectable neighbors the law-abiding instincts of the race. The safe-breaker, surprised in the midst of his nefarious operations by the solitary policeman on his beat, may in nine cases out of ten be expected to "go quietly." He is himself unarmed, and he knows that the policeman is unarmed, except for a "truncheon," or club, so carefully concealed that I, the average citizen, have never even seen one in the hands or anywhere about the person of a policeman, although I know that it is there. There is a recognized etiquette in these matters. If the safe-breaker or burglar can finish his job and get away unseen, the trick is his; but if he is so clumsy as to allow the policeman to come upon him unawares, he murmurs "it's a fair cop, gov'ner" and submits. No English policeman, unless he is on plain-clothes escort duty, or on some very

rare occasion when there is strong probability that he will be met, almost certainly by aliens, with violent and murderous resistance, is ever armed with any weapon more lethal than a truncheon; and it is very rarely, and usually only in street rows, that he has occasion to use even that. He has no need for anything more. Very occasionally, after some sensational shooting case in which a policeman has been injured or killed, there is a demand from the public, or rather from the press, that the police should be armed; and the first to resist the proposal are the chief officers of police themselves, who fear that if the police carry arms, the criminal may begin to do so also—that the criminal, in fact, may cease to be as law-abiding as he is at present.

But if even our criminals are law-abiding, how does it happen that we are so intolerant of restraint that even such a mild restriction on liberty as the prohibition of the sale of cigarettes after eight o'clock P.M. should produce, or at least contribute to, so great an electoral revolution as that which has just taken place? How can we reconcile in the same people, on the one hand, an extreme respect for the law and, on the other, an extreme impatience at even the mildest encroachment by the law on what we regard as the right of the individual citizen to personal liberty of action? Are not law and authority almost synonymous, and how can one and the same man be so patient of the law and so impatient of authority? What is the fundamental difference in outlook between the German and the Englishman—both highly law-abiding peoples—which makes the one placidly content under a multiplicity of *verbotens* which would drive the other to almost instant rebellion?

## II

The explanation of this apparent inconsistency is, I think, to be found in the English conception of the rights of the individual against the State, on the one hand, and of his duties towards the State, on the other, which has grown up through many generations of comparatively ordered government, and has long ago changed from a personal and conscious belief common to a number of individuals to an unconscious and communal instinct inborn in the nation.

The idea of democracy in the true sense of the word—government of the people by the people for the people—came to birth from the marriage of the Saxon and Norman stocks after the Conquest of 1066; and no other race save the new English race which emerged from that marriage in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and which four hundred years later began to people the great new Continent of the West, has ever really understood what democracy means—what privileges it offers and what services it demands. The so-called democratic governments of the Greek States and of Rome were in reality narrow oligarchies in which all power and all privilege rested with the free, who were as a rule outnumbered by those of their own race and blood who were not free; and they tended constantly to degenerate into tyrannies as oppressive as any in history. The Latin republics—even the French—are neither stable nor in any true sense of the word democracies. But the original ungoverned and ungovernable passion for freedom which split Saxon England into petty kingships was never wholly crushed by the Norman domination; and in the new race it was tempered by the Norman love of order, of duty, and of efficiency. Magna Carta was not solely a charter of liberties; it was also an avowal of duties; but it was above all a recognition that the one depended on the other. That recognition survived the Angevin and Plantagenet and Tudor and Stuart autocracies; it was carried across the Atlantic in 1620 and by every shipload of emigrants since then; it gave to the rebellions of 1642 and 1688 their keynote of ordered liberty; it fashioned the Constitution of the United States of America just as it

shaped the Constitutional Monarchy in Great Britain, and has given birth to free governments in the British Dominions; and now in this generation we can recognize its force in the cheerfulness with which we submitted to unheard of restrictions and deprivations in time of war, and in the impatience with which we endeavor to throw them off in time of peace. But is there in that impatience a note of petulance? Are there not signs, both in Great Britain and in America, that the insistence on personal freedom has obscured the dependence of freedom on duty, and that the demand for "liberty" is beginning to mean a demand that everyone shall be allowed to do as he pleases regardless of the rights of others? And if, on the one hand, freedom is degenerating into license, is there not room for fear that, on the other hand, in the growing complexity of our social and national life, both here and in the States, the machinery of government is beginning to overwhelm the people for whom and by whom it should be operated?

## III

America I know only in books. England I live in; as a citizen I am governed, as a voter I help to govern, and as a civil servant I am part of the machinery of government. How much of true democracy, of that sense of the interdependence of freedom and obligation to which I have referred, survives in England to-day?

I have already alluded at the beginning of this paper to one manifestation of the strength of that real democracy which prevails, I think, as strongly in England to-day as it has ever done. The English are fundamentally law-abiding; and they are law-abiding not because they fear the law and the power which lies behind the law, not because, as seems to be the case with the Germans, they are naturally submissive and have a genuine liking for being ordered about, but precisely because the passion for personal liberty is still strong and it is instinctively recognized that liberty can be made secure only in a society in which the reign of law is as nearly absolute as is possible. Law, it is true, manifests itself in a series of prohibitions, that is to say, in a series of restrictions on the power of the individual to do as he pleases. But if every individual is allowed to do as he pleases, it is quite certain that his wishes and desires will come into frequent and violent conflict with the wishes and desires of his neighbors, and that, while perhaps a certain number of the strongest will enjoy complete license, the great bulk of the population will suffer grievous infringements of their personal liberty.

All this, of course, is the most obvious and elementary of truisms; but there are many truisms to which lip-service only is paid, and that law preserves freedom is one of them. It is a peculiarity of the English stock and of its derivatives throughout the world—a peculiarity derived from the coalescence in one race of the Anglo-Saxon passion for freedom with the Norman passion for order—that they not only pay lip-service to this truism but that they instinctively react to it in their daily life. England is the only country in Europe, except Scotland, in which the jury system works at all tolerably well. Any English jury of twelve men and women picked, as it were, out of a hatful represents with extraordinary fidelity the average Englishman, and that is why it is very rare for either the defense or the prosecution to challenge a juryman; nothing is to be gained by securing the removal of one man or woman from the panel to have him or her at once replaced by another who, so far as his conception of the duty which he is called upon to perform is concerned, is as like his predecessor as one pea to another. And such a jury, quickly formed, may be counted on with absolute certainty to return a verdict based on the facts and on the law and on nothing else. The practice of making sentimental appeals to the sympathies of the jury, of reminding

them of the prisoner's mother and of his wife and little children, still prevalent for example in Ireland, has long ago wholly died out in England because it is wholly ineffective. If the jury believe that the prisoner has done what he is accused of having done, and if the act which he has done is contrary to the law as explained to them by the judge, they will convict him however extenuating the circumstances and however numerous and hungry his family. It is not that the average Englishman is, in this respect at any rate, particularly self-righteous or vindictive or fearful; it is simply that he instinctively recognizes that theft or murder are infringements upon that measure of personal right—security of property and security of person—that the State is bound to secure for him and for all his fellow-citizens, and that the fact that the thief or murderer was hungry or jealous does not make his act any the less an infringement upon the personal rights of his victim. We are, contrary to one of our most cherished beliefs, a highly sentimental race; but in this matter no appeal to our sentiment or our sympathy is able to detach us from our determination to secure as far as possible that no individual, however strong his temptation, shall be allowed to infringe upon the personal rights of his neighbors.

## IV

So far then as the actual administration of the law is concerned, I see no signs that the post-war England of today is losing any of its traditional determination that the personal rights of the individual citizen shall be secured against any infringement by other individuals—its instinctive recognition that the law-breaker is not merely attacking an abstraction called the State, but is a menace to each of the individuals who constitute the State. That instinctive recognition is well illustrated in the position which the policeman occupies in our social organization, and in the respect, affection, and support which he enjoys.

The position of the policeman in England—I do not know whether it is different in America—is fundamentally distinct from that of the soldier. The soldier is a servant of the Crown, and as such is at the disposal of the central executive authority; the policeman is a representative of the people, and as such is at the disposal of the local authority—the Borough Council or the County Council, as the case may be. It is true that the Crown has now become an expression of the people's will, so that a servant of the Crown is as such a servant of the people; but, nevertheless, the distinction between the soldier and the policeman remains a real distinction. The policeman, in our theory, is an ordinary citizen, one of ourselves, with very few powers other than those which every citizen possesses. It is the natural duty of every citizen to prevent wrongdoing when he sees it, and to join with his fellow-citizens in the maintenance of public order. But as, in the modern State, it is more convenient that a certain number of the citizens should be primarily charged with this duty as the representatives of the whole body of citizens, and should for this purpose be relieved from the necessity of doing other work for their living, we pay some of our neighbors to keep the wrong-doer in check and to help us by controlling the traffic and assisting in the prevention of fires and other accidents. But we do not regard this as relieving the rest of us of the obligation to assist in securing these objects. That obligation devolves on the policeman first, but not on the policeman alone, and in the absence of the police or in the event of the police being overpowered, the obligation rests as fully upon the ordinary citizen as upon the police. The citizen who fails to come to the assistance of the police when called upon to do so commits an offense, and convictions and penalties for that offense regularly occur. On the other hand, we never allow the police-

man to forget that he does not represent any authority external to ourselves, but is merely our own representative. The powers which he possesses other than those possessed by the ordinary citizen are very limited. The policeman in England who killed a man otherwise than strictly in self-defense—who killed for example a prisoner who was attempting to escape—would certainly be convicted of murder and would quite probably be hanged, just as would the citizen who shot at and killed a burglar whom he found escaping out of the window. And on the rare occasions when it has been necessary to call in troops to assist the police, the soldier likewise acts not as a soldier but as a citizen—a citizen who conveniently happens to be armed and organized and is, therefore, better able than his unarmed and unorganized fellow-citizens to carry out the citizen's duty of preserving public order. The soldier, in such circumstances, acts only at the request of the civil magistrate conveyed to him through his officer, and he is in no way absolved from the citizen's obligation to obey the law. He may fire, at his officer's command, if it is clear that firing is necessary to preserve life or to prevent riot and destruction; but if the firing is held to have had no such justification, the fact that it was done at the command of his superior officer will be no answer, although it may be a palliation, to a charge of murder brought against the private soldier.

The policeman, then, in carrying out on behalf of the whole body of citizens the citizen's duty of preserving order in the community is regarded as the representative, not of any external authority, but of his fellow-citizens, and as such he is entitled to expect the support and respect of those whom he represents. And he still gets that support and respect to a very great—even to a surprising—extent. Surprising, because in the days, not so very long ago, when the State was an infinitely less complicated organism than it is to-day, when the laws were comparatively few and the reasons for them correspondingly obvious, it was easy enough for the ordinary citizen to recognize that the policeman was a friend rather than an enemy, and it was not difficult for the policeman to appreciate that his authority was derived not from "the Government" —some abstract power superior to the mass of individuals constituting the State—but from those individuals themselves. Now that the State has become a vast and growing machine, the intricacies of which the average citizen does not attempt to comprehend, the recognition by the citizen that the policeman is his friend, and the appreciation by the policeman that his employer is the citizen, have become less easy. There is in this growing complexity of the State machine a real danger that the State itself may cease to be regarded as consisting merely of the aggregate of its citizens, bound together for mutual protection and assistance and, therefore, an institution entitled to their support and respect, and may come to be looked upon, and to regard itself, as a power deriving its authority from some source other than the combined will of its individual citizens and entitled, in the interests of its own perfection, to encroach upon their liberties. If and when that happens in England, the Englishman will cease to be a law-abiding person.

## V

It was, I think, the fear that this was happening, that the State, or the Government, was beginning to impose regulations for the sake of imposing them (for to retain a regulation is the same as to impose it) and thereby to encroach upon the Englishman's traditional right to conduct his own life in his own way provided that he pays due regard to his neighbor's right to do likewise, that led, or at any rate contributed, to the revolt against the late Government in the recent General Election which I have already mentioned at the beginning of this article. It so happened that that Gov-

ernment was a Conservative Government, and in its traditional regard for the rights of the individual, if in no other respect, the Conservative Party, more nearly than any other, represents the average Englishman: its fault on this occasion was not that it was Conservative but that it was the Government.

The Act under which, during the War, the Government was empowered to impose various regulations and restrictions upon the liberty of the individual, on his right to buy and sell what he likes when he likes, to eat and drink what he can afford, to drive his car as far and as often as he pleases, to regard his home as his castle, and to be tried, if he offends, by a jury of his peers, was called the Defense of the Realm Act. It was not long before the Man in the Street christened it, from its initials, Dora, and the cartoonists gave to Dora a personality befitting her name, that of an elderly spinster with a prying nose and gleaming spectacles, looking through keyholes to see what the plain citizen was doing and telling him not to. Under Dora the Government (which, in wartime, is equivalent to the Army and the Civil Service) could make pretty well any regulations they pleased without the tiresome necessity of having to obtain the approval of Parliament; and the regulations they made were very numerous, and their bearing on the great object of winning the War not always very clear. But we recognized that we were living at a crisis of our history. The more we were harried by prohibitions and restrictions the more we felt that we were contributing to the great cause of Victory. We hugged our chains to our breasts, but with a mental reservation that the moment the War was over we would demand our freedom again or know the reason why.

Then came the Armistice, and we were told that, having won the War, we had now to win the Peace. For a time our burdens were even increased, but we recognized that the age was out of joint and were patient. By degrees the more obvious encroachments on our liberty were withdrawn; but we still felt and resented the supervision of Dora. Many of the wartime regulations which had proved in practice to be beneficial and unoppressive were converted into laws and made permanent. No one any longer may disturb the peace of a whole street by whistling shrilly for a taxi at any hour of the day or night, but then no one feels any the worse for not being allowed to do so. (The bearing of a regulation prohibiting whistling for cabs on the winning of the War is not perhaps very obvious; but it was made in the interests of the wounded who lay in innumerable makeshift hospitals in London and other big cities, where they could obtain the services of the best surgeons until they were fit to be sent to the country to convalesce, and thence back, in those evil days, to fight once more.) No one may carry or possess a firearm without a permit from the police, but no one wants to.

But in addition to the many regulations thus made permanent which everyone regarded as reasonable were others the reasonableness of which was not so obvious; and of these the most prominent, and those which impinged most on the daily life of the average citizen, were those relating to the sale of goods after eight o'clock. The universal early closing of shops during the War, when enemy aircraft were liable to visit us at any time during the night and the energies of every man and woman were required during the day for the national business, was reasonable enough; but, why the devil, said the plain citizen to his neighbor, now that peace is here, shouldn't I be allowed to buy a packet of cigarettes after eight o'clock if I want to buy it and the other fellow wants to sell it to me? The justification for the law, no doubt, lay in the interests of the whole class of shop assistants, for whom it has secured a reasonable day's work in place of the fourteen- or even sixteen-hour day which was often demanded of

them before the War; and if shops which have assistants are compelled to close, then in fairness those which have none and are run by the proprietor himself must also close. But this argument for making the little shop round the corner close at eight, when its proprietor asked for nothing better than to be left in peace to sit in his shirt-sleeves behind his counter and chat to his customers till midnight, was too indirect for the plain citizen. The proprietor was deprived of the society of his neighbors, and the plain citizen who ran out of cigarettes after hours had to spend his evening without tobacco. Both of them regarded the law as a direct attack upon their liberties; and who shall say that they were wrong? Dora must go, they cried; and because they didn't know how to get rid of Dora, they got rid of the Government. It was a plain warning that the Englishman doesn't like *verbotens* the reason for which he can't see. It will be interesting—and not unamusing to the detached observer—to see what the Labor Government is going to do about it.

## VI

The truth of the matter is that the Englishman demands of a law not only that it shall be a good law in itself, but that it shall command general assent. If you tell him that abstention from alcohol, except for medicinal and sacramental purposes, is a good thing, he will probably agree with you; but if you propose to make a law prohibiting the consumption and sale of alcoholic liquor, he will certainly vote against you, because he knows that even if he himself were prepared to obey the law, a very large number of his neighbors would seek to evade it, and he regards a law which is at all generally evaded as being for that reason alone a bad law. The Englishman believes in law, but he believes in it not as so many words printed on paper but as a code of conduct which, when he is called upon to assist the police or to serve on a jury, he is prepared to enforce upon his fellow-citizens by his own hands, if necessary, or by his own voice. If you go to a law library, you will find that the entire body of English Statutes in force, from the year 1235, when the Statutes of Merton, some of which are still operative, became law, down to the year 1929, occupies no more than seven feet or so of shelf-space; and of that perhaps a tenth has been repealed since 1900 when the last revision took place. Of the rest at least ninety per cent is not only the law, *but is enforced*, to-day. Public opinion in England instinctively recoils from the danger that, if laws are passed which do not truly represent the feeling of the man in the street for what is just and reasonable, and which, therefore, the man in the street will not assist in enforcing, either they will not be enforced, in which case the law as a whole will fall into disrespect, or, if they are enforced, a chasm will begin to open between the State and the people, between the police and the public, such as can be seen to-day in almost every country in Europe.

In two directions, fortunately comparatively unimportant, we can already see signs of the appearance of such a chasm—or perhaps we need only call it a crack—namely in relation to the laws on the subject of street betting and the motor speed limit. The fact that these laws are hopelessly out of touch with modern popular opinion is due not to the fact that they were freak laws when they were introduced—for they were not—but to the fact that circumstances have greatly changed since their introduction, and that they have not been repealed because no one is agreed what to put in their place. They are on the Statute Book and, therefore, they are enforced in so far as it is possible to enforce them. But the public, anxious and ready to assist the police, will not assist them in this. Every motorist, and even the pedestrian, will warn other motorists, if he can, of a speed trap, and every passer-by will tell the street bookie's tout that

"the Cop's coming round the corner." The evils of this state of affairs are twofold: not only does it set the police and the public, who, in our view, always should, and as a rule do, work together, working against each other, but it lays the police, normally entirely free from corruption of any kind, open to a very strong temptation to take money for neglecting to enforce laws which they know the public will not blame them for failing to enforce.

## VII

So far we have concerned ourselves solely with the enforcement of the actual law. There are, however, other rules of conduct—conventional, moral, religious—by which the behavior of the average man is affected, and which, though enforced by sanctions other than those of the law, command, or at least used to command, a respect and obedience not less universal than that which was given to the law. To what extent do the principles which still, it seems, hold good in the Englishman's reactions to the law hold good also in his reactions to these other rules of conduct?

In his conception of law the Englishman demands of it two things, which are really the same thing seen from different sides, that it shall respect as far as possible what he regards as the inalienable rights of the individual, and that it shall restrain the individual, himself included, from encroaching, in pursuit of the fulfilment of his own desires, on the rights of others: in short, that it shall secure to each individual as full a measure of personal freedom as is consistent with the securing of an equally full measure of personal freedom to every other individual. And as circumstances and conditions, the machinery of living and the structure of society, change, he adapts his laws to conform to those changes. But the adaptation of the laws tends to lag behind the changes which they are intended to meet, for the Englishman never likes to destroy anything unless he can see pretty clearly what he means to put in its place: which is one reason why the Communists and Bolshevists find him such poor material to work on.

We should expect to find these tendencies visible in the sphere of conventional conduct as they are visible in the sphere of legal conduct; and we should not, I think, be disappointed. In the ordering of so much of his life as does not affect his neighbors, the Englishman demands a fairly complete measure of freedom; he is not, on the whole, in any such matter a slave to convention. If it pleases him to have supper instead of dinner, he has supper. If he keeps a motor car, it is because it amuses him to do so and because he can afford it, and not because his neighbor has one. If he would rather read his paper in the train going to his work every morning than talk to his fellow-passengers, no one for that reason writes him down as stand-offish. In the Universities every variety of outlook, from Dadaism to the most complete snobbery, is tolerated and even respected. Above all, the Englishman claims to be entitled to his own political creed. He suffers singularly little, in this respect, from the tyranny of local public opinion; nevertheless, if you ask him how he voted at the last election he is as likely as not to tell you that the ballot, he believes, is supposed to be secret, and that if you'll mind your business, he'll mind his—a trait which makes the path of the political canvasser a hard one.

But in the matters in which his private life touches at all upon the life of the community, the case is different. English public opinion on the subject of marriage is a case in point. I gather from the American reviews that the revolt against marriage has gone to pretty considerable lengths in the States. In England not one per cent of the population has any idea that the excellence and value of the institution has ever been seriously questioned. It is not, I think, that the proportion of happy and suc-

cessful marriages in the past has been any higher in England than in America, nor that we are any more subject to religious or moral or conventional taboos than you are—on the contrary I should venture to say that we are less subject to them. But the life of the community as at present organized is based on the institution of marriage, and not marriage alone, but a stable and permanent marriage in which divorce is, comparatively speaking, rare. And for that reason, until some other obvious and equally secure foundation for the social structure is found, the sense of the community, that civic instinct which is still very strong in England, repels almost unconsciously any idea of change in the status of marriage. I do not mean to suggest that the individual sufferer from an unhappy marriage who would like to get a divorce, or the undergraduate boy who would like to make an experiment in free love with an undergraduate girl, consciously says to himself that divorce, or free love, as the case may be, if widely practiced, would undermine the present structure of society, and that, therefore, he must abstain. Nothing so conscious as that, indeed nothing conscious at all, actuates him—the idea simply never enters his head. The individual citizen shares unconsciously the civic instinct.

## VIII

In his article on "The Dangers of Obedience" in the June issue of HARPER'S Professor Laski spoke of the tendency in our modern civilization for the judgment of the individual to be swamped by the opinion of the mass. It was a timely warning, but a warning, I venture humbly to think, more needed in the States than in England. I have suggested in the earlier part of this paper the danger to liberty inherent in the rapid growth of the State machine; and in the State machine I should perhaps include the Press, even where, as in England and America, the Press is totally free from governmental influence or control. The influence exercised by the Press is comparable with that curious phenomenon of mob psychology whereby the passion or emotion of a crowd as a whole greatly exceeds the mere sum of the passions and emotions of the separate individuals who compose the crowd.

But, if it is possible for one who has never been in the States to judge from what he reads, the Englishman is less amenable than the American to this kind of influence. I find it impossible to imagine, for example, an English University swayed by the same kind of emotion as that which, I gather, takes possession of the souls and bodies of the members—students and faculty, undergraduates and alumni—of an American University on the eve of a great game or on certain solemn anniversaries. The Englishman, with very rare exceptions, is not capable of surrendering himself wholly to an idea. It is a negative quality which has its advantages as well as its defects: if we have produced very few great saints, we have produced a large number of admirable practical administrators. And just as the English are not easily swayed by communal passions or emotions, so also they are not particularly susceptible to the influence of the Press. A comparison of the circulation of the morning and evening papers (all of them with strongly expressed political convictions) and of the voting strength of the various parties which they support shows curious results. All the papers with the biggest circulation, one or other of which is read by at least ninety per cent of those who read a newspaper at all, are conservative. The Liberals have three or four papers of respectable circulation and great literary and cultural influence. Labor has one paper with a comparatively infinitesimal circulation. Yet at the recent election, at which over eighty-five per cent of the adult population voted, Labor cast the biggest vote.

The Englishman, in effect, regards his right to judge of everything for himself

as one of the rights which he will in no circumstances surrender; and yet, oddly enough, his judgment, more often than not, is not a conscious but a subconscious process. He does not really judge for himself; his inherited instincts do it for him. We are not an intellectual race; we are not, I think, even a very intelligent race; but we have an unusually strong racial memory. Intellect and intelligence are qualities which can be dealt with: they can be convinced by logic or crushed into submission by tyranny. But logic has no effect on the unconscious cerebration which proceeds from generations of Saxon and Norman and English forbears, and tyranny merely drives it into revolt—the tyranny of kings into the revolts of 1642 and 1688, and the tyranny of a bureaucracy into the revolt of 1929.

It is because the Englishman's insistence on his personal rights is so largely instinctive that I doubt whether he is in any danger of being tricked or bludgeoned into foregoing it.

I have been reading over this article before sending it off, and have been a good deal struck with the note of rather smug self-satisfaction which pervades it. I am afraid that we English are very self-satisfied. I say "I am afraid," but I am not sure that I ought not to substitute "fortunately." For, infuriating as our self-satisfaction must be to others, it is undoubtedly advantageous to ourselves!

I have just had an opportunity of reading a letter from a distinguished Judge of the State of New York to an acquaintance of his, a New Zealander, who had written to him from England, where he was paying a visit. "What you say," says the Judge, "of the English lack of sociability, or rather aloofness, is most amusing. That however is not, if I have them right, what has tended to make them unpopular with the rest of the world outside of England. Shyness we all have in some measure, and we learn to see through it in others. The unpopularity of some Englishmen, regarded as typical though very likely not so at all, and not extended to Colonials, is due, as I size it up, to the material success of the Victorian era accompanied by a supposed feeling of superiority towards the rest of the world and a supposed hypocrisy involving the same thing. Thus if you analyze it, you will find the same elements, though accompanied by different phenomena, which seem to make Americans unpopular today. We are now, as the English were then, the greatest of creditors; we have, or some of us have no doubt, the bad manners of the rich, with the difference that our riches were more suddenly acquired, so perhaps some of the manifestations are more flagrant and objectionable. We too are accused of giving virtuous reasons for selfish designs. The interesting thing about human nature, as has been better said by many others, is that it is so much the same."

Whether there is any truth in what the Judge says of America I don't know. But it is certainly true that the English have the appearance, to foreigners, of being both unsociable and hypocritical; and as their apparent possession of these undesirable qualities has, I think, a bearing on the questions discussed in this paper, I venture to add this postscript.

The apparent unsociability of the Englishman arises, I believe, not from shyness nor (at any rate so far as his unsociability towards his own fellow-countrymen is concerned) from any sense of superiority. It is simply that he is an individualist, and that he regards himself, his personality, as a possession which he is not prepared to share with anyone except his family and his intimate friends. A conversational opening by a stranger in a railway carriage, and still more the somewhat intimate questions which he is liable to be asked by the New York reporter, embarrass him not because he is shy, but because he regards them as an intrusion

upon his privacy and, therefore, almost, as it were, as an indecency. Consider the high walls and thickset hedges which we build round our gardens, and compare them with the wall-less and hedgeless gardens of the New York suburbs—there you have a good symbol of the difference which has grown up between our two peoples.

This insistence upon the security of his personal privacy is of a piece with the Englishman's insistence upon the security of his personal rights. He draws a sharp distinction between his public and his private life. His private life belongs to himself and to his family and intimate friends; and he deeply resents any intrusion upon it either by the State, in the person of the police or the bureaucrat, or by his fellow-men. In his public life, on the other hand, when he is acting in his capacity as a citizen as opposed to his capacity as an individual, he is prepared to recognize that the claims of the community must, if necessary, override his personal emotions and predilections—and that is why he makes such a good juryman, and turns out eighty-five per cent strong to vote at a general election.

As for the Englishman's alleged hypocrisy, this, I think, is an illustration of the large part which, as I have already suggested, the subconscious or instinctive plays in his mental make-up. Hypocrisy, as I understand the word, means *consciously* making yourself out to be a better man than you are. Now the Englishman doesn't do that. He really and truly believes himself to be a much better man than anyone else! That belief is not based on any rational evidence—indeed there is much evidence to the contrary—but then in such matters as this he has no use for evidence; logic is not one of his strong suits. Indeed, his belief in his own superiority is hardly a belief at all, in as much as it is not a conscious but a subconscious element in all his thoughts and actions. It is clearly not due, as the Judge suggests, to the material success of the Victorian era, for it dates from long before that—the Elizabethan English certainly had it. And if it is true, as the Judge says, that the American also has this sense of superiority, he no doubt inherited it from us.

If, then, this paper has a smear of self-satisfaction all over it, I can't help it. Being an Englishman I was born that way.

# DRAMA'S NEW DOMAIN—THE HIGH SCHOOL

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

DURING the past year the students in the fourteen high schools of Cleveland produced a little more than four hundred plays as part of their classroom work. In a single high school in California they acted more than a hundred comedies and dramas, long and short. If President Hoover's census takers could be persuaded to study vital statistics of this sort a great many of us might stop worrying about the inroads of the movies and the dismal future of the American theater. For drama is now being taught and exhibited to millions of boys and girls at an impressionable age which their elders used to devote to debating contests, mock trials, and class dances, mitigated by an occasional matinee of "The Little Minister" or "The Prince of Pilsen." More than that, acting is being used consciously and deliberately by the teachers as a means to correct defects in the personalities of the students and to build a better citizenship.

Drama is a new thing in the high schools. Not student attempts at mock trials and senior plays, of course, but the serious business of teaching boys and girls to produce plays. It is a product of the past six or seven years, and it is growing with immense speed. Probably a third of the twenty-two thousand high schools of America are studying and applying production methods to a rather decent grade of play. These seven thousand schools have definite courses with an average of fifty students to a course. Some hundreds of thousands of young actors, designers, stage hands, and managers are producing plays for an audience that runs into the millions. They have every sort of stage to work on, from mere auditorium platforms to plants so well equipped that the Theatre Guild's Repertory Company often plays in them in preference to local halls or opera houses. In many places the students practice playwriting and scene design as well as acting, and indulge in state-wide tournaments. As yet, most of the work is voluntary, and the courses are elective; but the universities are already giving entrance credit for courses in dramatics, and they are making the greatest effort to send to the high schools more teachers properly trained to teach and direct drama.

The extent and intensity of high-school dramatics are extraordinary. A few large cities, such as New York and Chicago, are doing their best to neglect them; but even a casual glance at what the United States is doing in this field shows activity in widely separated districts—Portland, Maine; Stockton, California; Hancock, Michigan; Spokane, Washington; Colwell, Iowa; Asheville, North Carolina; Cleveland, Ohio. California is easily the most active State in proportion to population. Three years ago, 112 out of her 388 senior high schools had oral English—the basis of dramatics—in their curricula. In 1929, 93 per cent of the schools which answered a questionnaire reported courses in dramatics. Yet even with all the attention which California now gives to the subject, she is unable to take care of all the students who wish to elect

such study. Ohio represents something nearer the average of the Middle West and perhaps of the whole country. Of Ohio's 1,250 high schools, 650 do definite work in dramatics, according to Clarence Stratton, head of the English department in Cleveland. Every high school in the larger cities—Cincinnati, Columbus, and Cleveland—has a production course.

The best evidence of how far high-school dramatics have moved in the past few years comes from the universities. Their work in drama and their work in producing are almost entirely consecrated to turning out teachers. Seventy-five per cent of their dramatic students go to work in the high schools. Candidates for the degree of master of arts have begun to turn their attention to research in this field. Yet the situation is so fresh and is changing so rapidly that only eight systematic studies of high-school dramatics have been made, and the first seven are already out-of-date. The latest—a master's thesis by Dina Rees Evans, of the University of Iowa—has supplied me with a great deal of statistical material to correct or to strengthen personal observation on a fourteen thousand mile survey of the non-commercial theater made for the Carnegie Corporation and the American Association for Adult Education. Miss Evans sent a questionnaire to one-tenth of the high schools in America, and received answers from close to a thousand. A third of the schools reported courses in dramatic production, and a half had dramatic clubs. Less than a fifth had nothing to offer except occasional plays, and only twelve schools reported no dramatics. The city of Washington, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast led in activity. New England was at the bottom. As Miss Evans chose the schools for her questionnaire on a systematic and representative basis, her results seem fairly certain to reflect the situation in all our high schools.

It is possible to believe that all this work is part of a dramatic renaissance which finds its expression in hundreds of community theaters and university theaters quite as much as on Broadway. From the practical point of view of the educator—who already has too much to teach and not enough facilities to do it properly—this addition of dramatics to the high-school curriculum is the reasoned product of a belief that the study of the active theater is an invaluable factor in the educational process. They believe that it develops personal and social qualities of the utmost importance.

To begin at the beginning is to begin with the ideas of Emma Sheridan Fry, a remarkable woman once in charge of the Children's Educational Theatre, a pioneer effort in New York some years ago. Mrs. Fry's theories and policies dominate school dramatics in California, and play a considerable part in this work all over the country. They should become increasingly important, for they look beyond culture and skill for an objective. They see drama reshaping personality, opening up and freeing character, building a better race.

Mrs. Fry recognizes that the personality which a child assumes in school years is an expression of only a part of the child's possibilities. It obscures many sides of the inner self and shuts off large areas of the life about it. Personality is a kind of uniform. It simplifies the adjustment to everyday existence. It allows only certain movements of the spirit and certain contacts with emotional life. Just as most of us use only a few of our muscles well and some of them hardly at all, Mrs. Fry believes we utilize only a part of our inner spiritual force, and come into understanding contact with only a portion of the life about us.

Through the dramatic instinct which develops from the play instinct the boy or girl can escape the restrictions of the single limited personality. He can escape from his individual environment. He can find new uniforms, broaden his personality. He can discover possibili-

ties in his inner self and appreciate new aspects of the life about him.

In practical terms, this theory implies a good deal more than the value of allowing a boy or girl to act in a play. It implies choosing for him—or leading him to choose—a part which will act as a corrective or an amplification of his own personality. It means giving him a new uniform, perhaps dozens of new uniforms. And here we come up against one of the phrases familiar to everyone who has thought about the greatest æsthetic evil of the Broadway theater system—type-casting.

The clash between the acting ideal of a Continental repertory company and the acting ideal of an American long-run company is simple and clear enough. The actor in the first kind of company impersonates various sorts of characters created by the dramatist. The actor in the second kind impersonates himself, and the producer merely sees to it that he hires the personality which agrees with the part. "Practical buyers among the managers," says John Anderson, the critic, "shop for actors as we shop to match a piece of silk." Oddly enough, the conditions of the community theater—with its ideal of letting as many people as possible act each year for the sake of "self-expression"—result in the defeat of true self-expression and in as much type-casting as on Broadway. The diffident young man plays the diffident young man; the seamstress plays the seamstress. The high-school theater is almost the only theater in which type-casting is taboo on principle.

Teachers who see beyond good speech and good literature are stressing the necessity of casting parts to improve the students instead of casting students to improve the parts. They are not so much interested in giving good performances as in correcting and readjusting personalities. Mere repetition of a certain kind of part would be bad unless, as one educator says, "our boys and girls were repeating themselves in molds heroic, beautiful, strong, and true. . . . For a girl always to repeat the silly flapper or the shrewish mother, or a boy constantly to succeed himself as butler or young cook, promotes mental stagnation." The theorists and practicers in this field of dramatic therapeutics go beyond even this. They study the child and try to cast him in parts which will correct defects in his personality. The dull and sullen youngster who is cast for a prince is thus forced into a new field of expression. The self-constrained and bashful girl must be shown what it means to play a vivacious heroine. At a conference of the Drama Teachers Association of California I heard example after example of how such "casting against type" had broadened personality and even saved many a youngster from tendencies that would have ended in mental misery, perhaps neuroticism.

Psychiatrists who have studied the problem join the teachers in indorsing the therapeutic values of high-school dramatics. They see our city life producing unusual emotional and nervous tensions, and they find in the acting of plays ample, healthful, and effective outlets. It is more than an interesting diversion which can improve literary and æsthetic taste. As Dr. V. H. Podstata has put it, acting "offers an expression to emotions in terms of equivalent and well-co-ordinated muscular responses—the ideal outlets. It converts destructive imagination and day-dreaming into open play with definite aims. It favors and tends to stabilize social contacts when under the leadership of a good instructor. It offers to the teacher many an opportunity for the detection in the pupils of abnormal trends, hysteria, shut-in tendency, etc."

The teachers of drama try, of course, to make the students give as finished performances as they are able; but they do not make a god of skill. I have heard one of the best, Doris E. McEntyre of Oakland, California, inveigh fiercely against "training the animals to perform tricks," against turning the high-school boys and girls into a kind of

dog-and-pony show. She prefers teamwork to individual display because she believes it develops "those traits that constitute the foundations of fine citizenship: self-control, and emotional mastery, self-reliance and self-confidence, adaptability, initiative that drives through obstacles to altruistic ends, tolerance and understanding, a sense of personal responsibility, a loyalty rooted in the principle of each for all and all for each, an enthusiastic co-operative spirit, fitness for companionship, a sense of fair-play."

How intense is this work in drama? In many schools it is doubtless very sketchy. In others it is really extraordinary in scope and vitality. You may take as the peak Huntington Park, California. Principal K. L. Stockton reported to the ninth annual conference of the Drama Teachers Association of California—a conference which first awakened me to the extent and importance of high school dramatics—that his school had four elementary and two advanced drama classes, that these classes had produced 85 plays as class work up to the spring of 1929, and that they would produce more than 20 during the remainder of the year. Most of these were short plays, but 2 long plays were also to be given. Twelve of the short plays had been presented at Playgoers' Matinees—performances given free on Wednesday afternoons to audiences of about 700 students—and 10 others were ready for similar presentation. Nine plays had been presented at special assemblies, class meetings, and similar gatherings, and 7 performances had been given before community organizations outside the school. This, mind you, was all curricular work—100 one-act plays and 3 long ones. In addition, the students were preparing on their own hook 3 other long productions, the junior "Vodvil," the student body play, "Nathan Hale," and the senior play, "The Show Shop."

The number of courses and classes and the length of the instruction are unquestionably greater in California than elsewhere. Stockton, for instance, offers juniors and seniors a half-year course called Drama, and a full-year course in play production, and it provides for the sophomores as well as the juniors and seniors a full course in stagecraft, which includes scene design. The Stockton student can thus take two and a half years of dramatic work. Two high schools in Los Angeles, the Franklin and the Fairfax, each provide two years of this sort of instruction.

The equipment of the high schools is often rudimentary, but sometimes exceptional. The Huntington Park High School is as fully equipped as any road theater, with the exception of a minimum of dressing rooms. It has a forty-foot proscenium opening, the stage is thirty feet deep, and there is plenty of gridiron height. Twelve out of the fourteen high schools of Cleveland have modern stages in connection with their auditoriums, and the boxed-in platforms of the other two have been broken out into acceptable playing space. The John Hay High School is exceptionally well equipped. The high school of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has a theater with two balconies and a forty-foot-wide paint frame. The McKinley Technical High School in Washington, D. C., provides an exceptional theater that, like most of the high-school theaters of California, is at the disposal of any community group of actors that cares to use it. The Technical High School of Omaha, according to Miss Evans, has the best stage in the city; it is 42 feet deep by 100 feet wide, with an opening of 50 feet. A goodly number of schools have classroom stages or laboratories in addition to their auditoriums. In Cleveland, three have studio theaters of this sort. The Roosevelt High School in Seattle has a cleverly arranged stage placed between two classrooms so that it can be used by either.

In the high schools with good manual-training departments and in the technical high schools the building of elaborate

models and sets is done in the carpentry shops; and there are special groups of students told off to handle the stage and often—as in the Technical High School of Omaha—to learn the trade of stage carpenter, property man, and electrician. Students from the East Technical High School in Cleveland receive academic credit for work in the stage crew of the Cleveland Play House.

The plays that the boys and girls produce vary greatly, of course, though the plays that they study in their courses maintain a pretty even level of excellence. The weak spot is the dramatic clubs of high schools which have no formal instruction. There the level is the level of the Broadway success. The plays most produced by the dramatic clubs are such comedies as "The Goose Hangs High," "The Patsy," "The Charm School," "Seventeen," "Captain Applejack," "The Youngest," "Clarence," and "Merton of the Movies." "The Blue Bird," "The Admirable Crichton," even "You Never Can Tell" occasionally get themselves produced, but not oftener than "Charley's Aunt" and "Friendly Enemies." The dramatic courses work mainly with the one-act play; and Lady Gregory's farce, "Spreading the News," and Synge's tragedy, "Riders to the Sea," seem as popular as any. The long plays staged as class work run to such pieces as "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Rivals," "Sun-Up," and "The Doll's House."

Methods of teaching vary equally. In California they are beginning to use the French device of the "*matinée lyrique*"—which means having a group of students, seated on the stage, read but not act out in movement plays and poems, dividing the lines among themselves, and leaving to a leader a kind of guiding thread of stage direction.

I have found at least one teacher who argues that the formal play may not be the best way to use dramatic art in education. Clarissa Meynell believes this so far as beginners go. She and a considerable school of instructors depend on the improvisation of episodes—"life situations" they call them—to shake the beginner out of his timidity and self-consciousness and set him acting. The teacher begins perhaps by making her pupils sit about her. Then she starts a piece of pantomime like this, which she carries out herself as she watches the others fall in: "Each of you has a bowl of water on your knees. Lift it carefully. Don't spill a drop. Remember, it's heavy! Be careful. Be sure you feel it in your hands." Then she sets them walking round the room, and finally she suggests that they are meeting at the departure of a steamer and talking to her—she is the deck steward. After that she launches them into the acting and improvisation of such episodes as this:

> In a store. Sally, in charge of the lace-collar counter, discovers at the close of the day that a lace collar is missing. Not finding it after a search, she accuses Mary, who works at the counter with her, of stealing it. Mary denies this There is a short dispute. Then the two take the matter to the manager, who tries to solve the problem. Sally alone knows whether she is sincere in accusing Mary. Mary alone knows if she is innocent. The manager must settle the controversy. You are Sally; you, Mary; you, the manager.

The dramatic courses have required reading, of course, and reports on plays, as well as the learning and acting of parts. Sometimes the student has to try his hand at a one-act play or sketch, or at keeping a dramatic scrapbook clipped from newspapers and magazines. Then there may be a short paper to write on a topic like "The Art of Pantomime" or "The Purpose of the Little Theater." If you go into a class you may find the first few minutes given up to voice or group pantomime. The rest of the hour may be used for individual work or work in small groups—one knot of students working out a pantomime for presentation later, two students conferring with the teacher about some work on properties. Or the whole class may go to the auditorium for re-

hearsal; those who are not in the cast will turn to scene-painting or some other of the many details of production. Throughout the course-work the newer theories of self-direction for students come rather thoroughly into play.

Just as the study of dramatics goes on into college from high school, it is also reaching back into the elementary schools. Not a great deal of progress has been made there as yet, for there are practically no satisfactory textbooks of plays suited to children below adolescence. Missouri uses a dramatic reader for its first and second grades; but, in the main, teachers find it better to try to stimulate their children to create their own dramas as well as to act and set them. Thus in the Walden School, a private institution in New York, I have seen students in a class which mingles history and social science make a play out of the life of the Egyptians and their kings. They initiated the whole thing themselves, chose the subject, divided it up into the life of the merchants and the sports of the court, and then began to create characters, assign parts, and improvise the dialogue. Next came a good deal of reading and museum-going, many weeks of work on costumes, wigs of wool, and painted hangings, and finally a performance. But work like this—creative and informative—is the exception in primary schools to-day.

What it will be to-morrow is another matter. A study of the high schools and the universities makes me believe that we are traveling very fast. Broadway may be dying, but never was the theater so alive in the rest of the United States. Hundreds of little theaters act Shaw and Shakespeare, Milne and Molnar, Barrie and Barry. A hundred universities are training men and women to direct these theaters and teach high-school dramatics, as well as to act and to write plays. And in the high schools literally hundreds of thousands of boys and girls are getting a critical and a practical acquaintance with drama at an age when we used to see only a few plays a year. It is very new and very experimental—this training for leisure—but it is growing fast and growing surely. What I have written here will be a very inaccurate underestimate in less than a year. The one thoroughly accurate statement which I can make is that an extraordinary new audience is being born in the high schools of the United States. They will come out looking for something besides talkies.

# *The Lion's Mouth*

## TIMIDITY: OUR NATIONAL SIN

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

NOT long ago I found myself in Spain and, like most Americans, I desired to see a bullfight. But there were two fears at my heart: one that I should faint; the other, that I should not.

Leaving the vast arena, a little sick, I encountered a fellow-countryman. "A hideous spectacle," I said, "and yet I never looked at the poor horses—thanks to the forethought of a Spanish friend who sat at my side."

"Oh, stuff and nonsense," answered my American acquaintance. "A bullfight is the greatest sport in the world and the finest spectacle a real he-man can witness. You're like all the rest of them back there"—pointing vaguely to where he thought the United States of America might be—"you're getting soft and flabby. We need something like this to get the iron of manhood back into our blood." And he turned away, rather disgusted with me.

I was amazed and not a little disgusted with him. Yet what he said remained in my mind for many days. Like all such startling statements, I had, at first, taken it too literally. I doubted later if even my thoroughly masculine compatriot would have wished to see matadors in Pennsylvania and Texas, Michigan and Iowa. Nor would he have cared, in our own land, for the spectacle of blindfolded animals tortured and disemboweled. Of course not.

But, returning to my native country, I found much to ponder over. It was true that the Spaniards countenanced a cruel sport; and yet I had found them as a people, paradoxically enough, the gentlest I had ever met. And we, who pride ourselves upon our national sanctity—well, one of the first items I read in one of our newspapers was the brutal burning at the stake of a native American negro. Do such actions put the iron of manhood back into our blood? No nation is "manly" because it is brutal. It is simply brutal.

But in looking around me I found much to justify the remark of that fellow-traveler in Spain. We *have* taken on some of the attributes of the jellyfish.

I went into a high office building. As the elevator ascended swiftly with little for the operator to do, so wonderful was the mechanical arrangement of the car, I noted that the floor after the twelfth was labeled, not the thirteenth, but the fourteenth. As if calling it that made it so. It was still the thirteenth. Genius had created an elevator with doors that opened and closed silently, surely, quickly. The mere touching of a button and we moved with precision, like a band of robots, to our higher destination; and steel and iron did our bidding. Yet we surround ourselves with little superstitions that exasperate the thoughtful and bring solace and peace to the average occupants of our lofty skyscrapers. We cannot bear to call things by their right names. We have a passion for euphemisms. Some words terrify us. "She died of cancer." "Hush!" comes a swift rebuke, "you must not say that." What, in the name of clarity, should one say then?

"Safety first" is our national slogan,

in a land and an era of slogans. No one, unless he be a fool, will deny the desirability of being cautious amid the rush of our perilous times. But what if Lindbergh had hesitated when he stepped into that little machine which was to take him above those wastes of water in the greatest flight of all history! "Hold fast!" the conductor used to cry to us in our exultant youth when aboard a Broadway car we were nearing Dead Man's Curve. Laughter arose. True, we held on—we who were huddled in goodly companionship on the rear platform or snugly together within the rushing car. And none of us feared anything at all. Even when we in our carefree way disregarded the warning, nothing serious happened to us. We might have been tossed about for a second or two, but what of it? Somehow, as I look back, I think it did us a lot of good to be swung from our feet and perhaps whirled ingloriously into a fellow-passenger's lap for a lively instant. Now, self-conscious, alert, with signs everywhere to guide us and direct us, are there not as many accidents as before? Catchwords and phrases, no matter how clever, have not the serene strength of fire-escapes and iron doors that open outward in case of panic. Surely only children need such safeguards as continually surround us.

Alas! we are a nation of children. We delight in the same moment in a paternal government and rebel at the restrictions it places about us. We are censored and censured at every turn; and we glory in our bondage. We call it sweet; and the strong acid of wrath is never awakened in us. We dumbly submit, and are rather proud than otherwise of our abasement. In our smug complacency, we ride in our expensive cars through streets lately torn up and never quite repaired as they should have been. The bumps annoy us—while we are being bumped. In London an irate lord would write to the *Times* about the upheaval of the roads; and something would be done about it. But the spirit of laissez-faire is abroad in America. "Let George do it" was a slogan which did more to crush our initiative than any other single group of words. We are afraid to speak, to voice our protest. It is so much easier and pleasanter to "sit pretty" and let the other fellow tell the world.

Only, we do not "sit pretty." We shrink and weep at the high cost of going to the theater and then rush to the nearest speculator for our orchestra chairs—in the nineteenth row, at $6.60 apiece, to be conservative. We fail to protest when an institution as necessary to us as the theater refuses to sell us tickets at its own box-office but demands that we go down the street to view diagrams of its rows of seats and purchase our reservations there. We rail and fume at the dishonesty of such proceedings and whisper among ourselves that if a bookshop forced us to do likewise when we desired certain volumes we should close our account. Yet we know very well we should do nothing of the sort. We should do exactly as we were bidden.

We enter a motion-picture house, having been sold, presumably, a seat. Within a gorgeous corridor we are driven like the sheep we have come to be to a tiny fold, girded by silken cords, while a youth in shining uniform watches over us, and condescendingly allows us, two by two, or one by one, more likely, to enter at last the sacred precinct over which he stands guard. Our patience, for an impatient people, is limitless. Are we now "brother to the ox," and have we lost forever that iron in our souls of which my acquaintance so feelingly spoke?

We have an innate desire to be watched over. The Eighteenth Amendment is a symbol of our subconscious wish for a benevolent autocracy. We forget its dangers the while we bask in its perfumed clouds; and these clouds, we may discover too late, are but the fumes of its lethal chambers, slowly wafting us to an eternal mental sleep.

The stupid optimists have got hold of

us. Cheerio, when all goes wrong; that's the way, boys! Never face unpleasantness. Evade it and avoid it. Don't recognize its existence. Love everybody. (As if it were not as impossible to love everybody as it is impossible to hate everybody.) The little, futile thinkers, if one can flatter them with so august a word, are all around us. "Don't knock —boost." That is their misleading cry. And yet anyone with any philosophy or common sense at all knows perfectly well that it is as immoral to boost when a thing is not worth boosting as it is to knock when a thing is too good to knock.

Soon, if we keep on, we shall be afraid to expose cocktail shakers in our shop windows. That does not mean that cocktail shakers will cease to be manufactured or shaken. It simply means that, in our childish terror, we shall hide our toys from Uncle Sam's prying eyes and continue to make sad whoopee behind his back and behind our timid shutters.

## TURN TO THE LEFT

BY LAWTON MACKALL

As a person of modest ambition, who seeks merely the plums of life without insisting on melons, I have found what I consider to be the ideal career. It is a career more honorable than onerous, and, if not colossally lucrative, at least it enables one to put on a brave shirt-front before the world.

I say that I have found this perfect profession: actually I have only gazed upon it from a respectful distance. Certainly I did not discover it in one of those vocational guidance books which tell How to Succeed in 1001 Ways, explaining the aureate opportunities afforded by Steam-Fitting, Taxidermy, Bee-Keeping in Your Spare Time, and so forth. No; this distingué calling is on a higher plane, aloof from the moiling multitude. Though suffused with limelight, it remains a mystery, rebuffing description—as the reader will agree when I attempt to describe it.

It first came into my ken last winter at a concert in Calliope Hall, an affair designated as a violoncello recital, but which proved to be much more than that. You remember the great Magyar 'cellist who caused such a furor among the cognoscenti—Paprikisch, or something like that? (I am poor on names, but wonderful on faces, especially when they have whiskers.) At any rate he was one of the three who participated. He waddled forth from the little postern door (upstage right), carrying his instrument firmly by the nape of the neck as though it were a cat in disfavor.

Frankly I was a trifle disappointed; but he seemed vastly pleased, beaming and bowing full-beardedly. Subsequent bows were shared by the pianist, a tall man—loose-hung and lugubrious—from whose sleeves depended sinewy wrists. This assisting artist arrived empty-handed, his piano being already installed downstage left, approximately where the tea-table is placed in British dramaturgy.

But there was also a third individual—function unknown. I looked carefully to see if he had a bassoon or something. But, no; not even a piccolo: all he was carrying was a sheaf of music. Manifestly, though, from his important air and his smooth-shaven assurance, he was a virtuoso of some species.

Perhaps a spare musician in case of emergency? A 'cello-tuner? I wondered, and while I was wondering he and the tall man betook themselves pianowards and devoted a few earnest minutes to ottoman-testing: the pianist sitting experimentally upon the tufted tetrapod which served as *point d'appui*, and twisting a little bulge-control gadget to adjust matters to concert pitch—while the odd man hovered near-by, all solicitude. I had never seen anyone with so

keen an eye for the height of the meticulous. It struck me that in working out the seating problem this co-musician used his head; whereas with the pianist it was just the opposite.

Meanwhile the 'cellist, left to his own devices, had picked out a good place to spike and had settled there—on just an ordinary chair, although his build would have warranted at least a rocker. He was soothing his fiddle's nerves. As he stroked the high-strung thing, it purred.

Suddenly they were off—in full sonata. The 'cello burbled and twittered like a baritone canary, the pianist volleyed and thundered, and the third man, sitting slightly upstage of the keyboard, looked on serenely: an overseer among toilers.

The inexplicableness of him fascinated me. I had heard of cabinet ministers without portfolios; men who lent their prestige and their amplitude of wisdom to bolster up a government: possibly here was a similar case of luster-conferring, in the realm of music—a man of influence who never touched a key. Indeed, he hardly looked like a musician: his hair was not the free fantasia that tops off virtuosity; neither was his dress suit a musico-sartorial classic like Paprikisch's. Yet here he was in the thick of an *Allegro con brio.*

All at once this onlooker *de luxe* was electrified into action. He rose from his chair, reached forward, and seized a corner of the music from which the pianist was playing. It was a bent-up corner, and he nipped it Napoleonically, as one seizes Time by the forelock.

Watching him as he paused dramatically with the fate of the sonata in his grasp, I wondered what on earth the pianist would do. Heavily involved in chord complexities, he could only nod acquiescence—and the page was flung over and flattened into submission. A bold stroke, executed by a master hand. Having achieved it, the musical overlord resumed his chair as casually as if nothing had happened.

I kept watching him, though; sensing intuitively that other dramatic moments were in store. I felt certain that he and some new excitement would arise together. And, sure enough, a look of intensity came over him; a crescendo of purpose brought him to the edge of his chair, then lifted him gradually, till . . . (The rest is history, repeating itself.)

In a flash the whole thing dawned upon me. (I am quick like that.) The man was a professional page-turner! What a delightful way of making a living!

Then came a second flash (two in an evening was almost my record): Why could not *I*, too, be a page-turner? I had taste and feeling and that sort of thing. I loved music enough to have come to this recital. I could love it even more if I were paid for it, like this professional.

So I studied him to learn the secret of his success. I followed his rise from chair to piano-rack, noted how he pinched the corner of the page without blocking the view of a single dot and without jeopardizing his stomach by too close proximity to the bass endeavors of the other artist. It seemed to me that the ideal man for the job should be wasp-waisted and as long-armed as Coincidence.

I was taking in technic with both eyes, when matters were brought to a standstill by fiddle trouble, known as a *cadenza:* the toiler of the deep, in difficulties with his 'cello, made the rest of the party wait interminably while he seesawed and rampaged. At last, however, progress was resumed; but the pianist had only a couple of chords left to play, and the pianist's helper came off with absolutely nothing. And, to add insult to egotism, the next number was a Slow Movement! A *child* could have turned it!

But the Finale which followed atoned for everything. Here my unsuspecting preceptor was completely in his element—on edge continuously; hovering, darting, half-turning a page so that the bottom could still be read, then snapping it flat across. What a sense of the psy-

chological moment! And what frenzied nods he drew!

But the extent of the man's versatility was not fully revealed until the second half of the program, when he handled a number which had *repeats* in it. In the course of this piece he turned pages not only from right to left, but also vice versa; and not only singly, but also in entire bunches. His to-and-fro work was magnificent. It showed me that there was at least twice as much to this art as I had imagined. I left the concert hall doubly determined to shine some day as a man-about-pianos.

True, I had no information with regard to financial rewards: whether one were paid by the hour, by the piece, or by the page. It would make considerable difference; because if payment were by the hour or the piece, then slow movements would be profitable; but if by the page, then there would be no money in anything slower than an *allegro*, and cadenzas ought to be ruled out.

Personally I was against the "per page" idea. It would allow room for chicanery in program-making; and I could foresee friction on the subject of compensation for repeats—the moot point being the interpretation of the expression "pages turned." (Is a page turned twice still the same page, or does the re-turning turn it into a *second* "page turned"?)

In general, however, I felt confident that the remuneration must be substantial; otherwise the artist who first inspired my ambition could not have been so lavish in fine linen. For, certainly, his unpuckered bosom (in contrast to the rapidly wilting one of the pianist) was beyond reproach from where I sat in the fourteenth row.

To study his style and that of other eminent Attachés of the Piano, I have gone back to Calliope Hall for recital after recital—ofttimes in vain, I confess; for I find that the field of page-turning is limited, hemmed in by professional jealousy: solo pianists play only what they know by heart, to avoid having to share honors with another artist; string quartet performers use visible music, but turn it with their bows; and song accompanists even use their fingers. Orchestra conductors can turn pages with both arms high in air. Only "assisting pianists" use the services of an expert music manipulator like myself.

For I *am* an expert now, with hopes of being invited to join the Guild, or *Turnverein*. I have been practicing daily for months, using a tilted book-rest as my "piano rack," and a music book called Selected Songs of Sentiment. (The words make it more interesting.) I sit slightly to the left of the desk which serves as "concert grand" (with the book-rest atop it), gaze obliquely at the music, register increasing eagerness, rise in graceful slow-motion, grab the dog-ear, and "wait for the nod"—then FLIP! Over she goes as quick as lightning and as smooth as cream.

I only hope I get my first concert engagement before all the good pianists have gone into radio broadcasting—because if my artistry is to be fully appreciated, the audience must see me in action.

## *Editor's Easy Chair*

# MUCH ADO, AND MORE MAKING

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AFTER all, these are pretty lively times, and that person, unknown, who observed that "life was just one damn thing after another" could find in current news abundant justification of his assertion. We do not need to talk of Wet and Dry because there is nothing else to talk about, though that subject does still occupy minds quite obstinately. Neither do we have to concentrate our attention on airplanes and zeppelins for lack of things doing on the surface of the earth. We have plenty to discuss, plenty even from day to day to take our breath away. There was all that anguish over Snowden and his animated charge against the acceptance of the Young plan, which worked out finally so much to the advantage of his reputation. The negotiation about armament reduction goes on, especially as related to the navies of the United States and Great Britain. Not much sleep, however, is being lost over that because people in general think that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover, with such expert assistance as they need, will be able to work this problem out. Not so about the latest topic—the news from Jerusalem. One cannot quite say that it is alarming; but the problem involved is not one which invites confidence in the ability of the operating minds to solve it promptly. A row between the Jews and the Arabs in Jerusalem involves the very underpinning of the East. In some matters it is enough, or almost enough, to face the facts, but the main thing to be faced in this one is the feelings; the feelings of Jews, the feelings of Arabs—two races generally prone to agree, and with a long record of living together in peace, but now, in Palestine, in one another's hair.

Perhaps it is not quite fair to the Jews to say that, since in acts of violence they seem not to have been the aggressors; still the clash is because there is not room enough for everybody in Palestine, and the Arab bosses consider that so far as the Jews are concerned the saturation point has been reached.

The most curious complications affect the attitude with which the world observes a row between Jews and Arabs in Jerusalem. The anti-Jew people in various countries will have views based on general principles probably not related at all nicely to present facts. Their sentiments, however, are not, in this case, of practical importance. England is running the show and England is neither anti-Jew nor anti-Arab; but back of Parliament, back of the British government, is a nation of Bible readers, and when something is going on in Jerusalem they take notice and are likely to turn back to the Hebrew prophets to get news of what is likely to happen. What are the British-Israel people thinking about as they read their newspapers? Do they see in these disturbances the marks of Destiny, lunging onwards towards fulfillment?

It will be recalled that the British-Israel people believe that the Anglo

Saxons and various others are descendants of the Lost Tribes, and heirs of the promises made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob and to the claims of the House of David, and to Jerusalem itself. Accordingly, they have these positive convictions supported by a considerable body of literature, by an active organization, and a periodical press, that the British themselves rank second to none as heirs to Palestine and Jerusalem. So there you are; the Arabs with about a thousand years of possession, the Jews with the whole of their recorded history back of their claims, the British and other Christian people at one with both these others in their interest in Jerusalem as a sacred place, and, for good measure, the British-Israelites with their lively and interesting claims and the Bible to back them.

In Western New York in September they were celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Sullivan Expedition which drove out the British and Indians from the regions of the Genesee Valley, of what are now known as the Finger Lakes, and all the southwest part of the State. General Sullivan's expedition cleaned up that job just as General Morgan Lewis cleaned up a similar mess in the Mohawk Valley. That Tory-Indian marauding in the Revolution was very cruel and ugly. It looks as though the British might have on their hands a cleaning-up not unlike what Sullivan accomplished in Western New York; for the Arabs are dropping on Jewish settlers very much as the Indians dropped on the settlers in the Revolution. But the Indians were limited in number, whereas there are a lot of Arabs, estimates running from seven or eight millions to over fifty, with hundreds of millions of co-religionists in Africa and Asia.

WHAT everybody in this life has got to do in the end is to face the facts. If we dodge them here they may all be waiting for us on the other shore, so it is best not to attempt to postpone, but to face the facts as far as we can in this life. If we do not, they are sure to make us trouble even here. That is what the Drys have got to do, what the Wets have got to do, what the farm doctors, the tariff doctors, and our brethren of the reparations consultations in Europe and conferences on reduction of armament have all got to do. When we ignore the facts, presently they blow up on us.

Of that nature was the revolt in the prisons. It reminded one of that venerable remark, "Who will be free themselves must strike the blow." Few of the prisoners got free or even tried to, but they made a great remonstrance against the conditions under which they were living and they got sympathy, and will in time get reliefs that are more substantial. Anything that makes the general public think about people in prison is a good thing because they need to have very much more thought spent on them than they get. Not many people know much about what happens in prisons, and of those who do know a considerable proportion are dismayed and even horrified.

Just as it is somewhat better understood than it was that there are limitations to what can be done by force, so there is a better understanding of the uses of punishment and a wider agreement that punishment in itself is not especially useful and finds its main value in the prevention of crime or improvement of character. Punishment takes care of itself. What a man is, is what he has to live with. Whatever reckoning is due him, he will find. So it is getting to be felt that the reason for putting men in prisons is not so much to punish them as to protect the general community from being harmed by them. If you put a man in jail because it is not safe to have him go loose, that is a good reason. If you put him in jail to deter other people from doing something he has done, that also may be a good reason. If you put him in jail to improve or reform him, there is sense in that, but

if you set out to punish him for punishment's sake, you seldom do good to him or anybody else. Theoretical persons, who think about prisoners without seeing them are likely to be misled by lack of contact with the subjects of their thought; but even among prison officers, whose contact with prisoners is constant and who have the responsibility of keeping them in order, there is no lack of support for the opinion that in the care of them intelligence goes farther than severity. To be a changer of men, to make bad ones good, is one of the most notable jobs undertaken by man and as well worth the best thoughts of the best minds as anything else that one may think of. Prisons have had some of that best thought, but not enough, nor a sufficiently steady application of what they have had.

The epidemic of prison revolts advertised the fact that the prisons were scandalously overcrowded, that legislation had been directed to put more people into them and keep them there longer, and no adequate action had been taken to accommodate the increase. That is largely chargeable to Prohibition which has created new crimes, got men into jail who were able to take care of themselves out of jail, and turned a vast stream of money into the underworld for the instigation and encouragement of law-breaking. It is a fact that the Drys have got to face that Prohibition has helped materially to overcrowd the prisons. Of course the Drys will say the jails are filled because men violate the law. That is true, but that is not a fact to be faced, but a mere argument. Arguments do not have to be faced. Facts sometimes dispose of them, indeed, are quite apt to. You may win an argument and profit nothing if the facts do not support you, for this world is not a debating society. It is more nearly a mechanism, and when it won't go the remedy is not to talk about it but to fix it so it will go.

The Drys must face the fact that in various particulars their constitutional amendment and the laws enacted to operate it are unsatisfactory to a large and growing proportion of the people of this country. Perhaps a majority are opposed to it nowadays, but if not yet a majority, the prospect is that it will be a majority soon.

What the Wets have got to face is that liquor dealers are mighty unpopular; that rum in its various forms does a lot of harm and is more or less of a nuisance; that Prohibition on its economic side has been apparently a success. It is credited with an appreciable increase in production. It has diverted funds formerly spent for alcoholic drink to the purchase of other commodities, including candy and chewing gum, soft drinks, motor cars, stocks and radio sets. It is popular with manufacturers. They testify with considerable unanimity that since Prohibition came in they get more and better work out of their employees; that Monday is a far better working day than it used to be, and that in many cases the market for whatever they make is better than it ever was before. This does not apply to lines of business like textiles which are in the doldrums for reasons not connected with drink and where increased productivity cannot for the moment help the case; but manufacturers of marketable products like steel, gasoline, radio sets, or motor cars are inclined to think very highly of Prohibition.

On the other hand, the Drys should notice that it has not helped the farmers in their business, though in some cases it may have done something valuable for their families. It has cost the farmers one great market, that of the brewers and distillers; and how much that means to them, statisticians will doubtless tell us if we ask them. If beer came back it might help the farmers in their sales, but that is not an argument much used by the Wets.

We may ask though whether the economic argument is justified in use to support the Eighteenth Amendment. The real opposition to that Amendment

is political and moral. The company of those who feel that such a provision should never have been put into the Federal Constitution is large and more than respectable, but to the mass of contestants that objection does not appeal at all. They do not know enough about laws nor about the Constitution, nor even about history or human nature, to realize what there is morally, legally, or constitutionally objectionable in such an amendment as the Eighteenth.

The Drys do not face the fact that a very large proportion of the opponents of Prohibition want a better law and not merely a wetter law. They want an enforceable law. Most of the Dry exhortations imply that the alternative to what we have now is what we had in 1918. But that is not true. There must be a really alarming proportion of Wets who hate the law we have now and think it harmful, but who also hate the saloons, have no bowels of compassion for the liquor dealers, and simply want a new deal and a better game in which there will be more winners and worthier ones.

Henry Ford was quite safe in his threat to quit manufacturing if the saloons came back. They won't come back. They were recognized as a public nuisance and abated. They were hated. But speakeasies are almost popular. To people who have never been in one they stand for a semi-humorous disapproval of Prohibition. No governmental regulation of rum in this life will ever be entirely satisfactory. Rum is all right enough if handled with discretion, but men are very unequally gifted with that discretion and under any law imaginable there will be some messes.

MR. SNOWDEN'S talk at the reparations conference had a value in bringing out facts. They said he was not polite. Nobody said, as far as noticed, that in essential matters he did not speak the truth. Behind all of these discussions about Europe's debts and revenues, and about disarmament and who shall rule the seas and how much, and all such matters which involve nationalistic sentiments, there are facts that shrink obstinately from excavation and exposure. You cannot make over the world without digging up a lot of things that people do not want to face. The institution called the *status quo* pervades, more or less, business, politics, religion, law, medicine, science. The *status quo* does not care much for facts. Its great reliance and support is precedents. It wants matters to go along in that respectable and time-honored fashion that is favorable to itself. When somebody gives it a good, hard punch in the bread basket or the eye, it yells like fury and says that person has no manners. And that is quite apt to be so. Probably then all these conferences and such things that we sit in at as we read the papers are methods of bringing out the facts and making people willing to see them.

In the matter of navies, it looks as though Great Britain and the United States had come to a condition of sanity where it will be possible for them to discern and face the naval facts and adjust themselves mutually to them. As to the reparations, it may come about that the United States will have to recognize the fact which it has been reluctant to face—that she made money out of the War and, all things considered, has tried to collect from her debtors in Europe more than was wise or profitable, or than she should have been willing to have them pay. It may be part of Mr. Snowden's errand to bring back to discussion the debt-settlement between Great Britain and these States.

# *Personal and Otherwise*

THE readers of this Magazine will be surprised and shocked to learn from ***Marcus Duffield's*** article the extent of Fascist activity in America and to discover how lightly those responsible for it regard the rights of American citizenship. Mr. Duffield, a young New York newspaper man, has made a close study of the Fascist movement in this country and has accumulated documentary proofs of many a flagrant case cited in his article. It seems to us that the evidence which he sets forth in his article should interest the State Department.

We have published one previous story by ***W. R. Burnett:*** "Round Trip," in our August issue (the story of a gangster who left Chicago for the safety of Toledo and was forced to return at the point of a gun). Mr. Burnett is the author of *Little Cæsar*, which was the Literary Guild's selection for last June; he has spent most of his life in Columbus and Springfield, Ohio, but more recently has been living where do most of his favorite fiction characters, in Chicago.

***Elmer Davis*** has been a New Yorker these many years although, like most New Yorkers, he was born and brought up elsewhere. His present article was written before the municipal campaign opened, when it could hardly be foreseen that the Republicans would resurrect the Rothstein case as a major issue; or that a District Attorney left in the lurch by his own party would proceed to a court action which he had but a few days earlier pronounced inadvisable.

Since her last appearance in HARPER'S ***Ruth Suckow*** (whose name, we might add, is pronounced Sewko) has been living in Santa Fé and working on her new novel, *Cora*. She was married last March in San Diego to Ferner Nuhn, who like herself is a writer. Miss Suckow is an Iowan and most of her stories (several of which have found their way into anthologies of the best American short fiction) are of the life of her native state; but "Sunset Camp" grew out of her observations on a motor trip which she made last year from Iowa to the Pacific Coast, stopping at tourist camps.

As we go to press, Gastonia is seizing the front-page headlines, and renewed riots and arrests testify to an intensified and appalling bitterness of feeling. Readers of HARPER'S who are asking what lies behind this violence and hatred, how it all began and on what it is based, will welcome ***Mary Heaton Vorse's*** first-hand account of her experiences and observations in Gastonia. Mrs. Vorse, a journalist and HARPER contributor of long experience, spent some time at the scene of the strike during its early days last spring and has subsequently revisited it more than once. In her latest letter to us, suggesting some final alterations in her proofs, she declares that the things which have happened in North Carolina since she began writing her article make it seem "the wildest understatement." The strike in its early stages, she says, "was a mere Sunday School picnic" compared with the subsequent mobbings and shootings. She was almost mobbed herself, she reports; the car in which she was riding was apparently taken for one containing union speakers and was set upon by a crowd, "but the police came up in time. They (the crowd) were going to take us for a ride, they said."

***John Langdon-Davies,*** the brilliant young English author of *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Woman*, recently spent some time living in Spain; and being especially interested in the status of women—witness the second of the books cited above—was struck by the contrast between the romantic Carmen of our chocolate-boxes and fancy-dress parties and the Spanish woman

as he actually saw her. Hence his present article, which comes to us not from Spain but from Totnes in Devon, where Mr. Langdon-Davies has just built himself a new house. He will be remembered by HARPER readers as the author of a defense of foreign lecturers which appeared in our pages last spring.

No man of science in the United States commands more respect in the scientific world than ***George Ellery Hale,*** honorary director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, chairman of the Observatory Council of the California Institute of Technology, and honorary chairman of the National Research Council, who tells of the great adventure in which he and his associates are now involved —the building of the most powerful telescope in the world.

"The Ten Tin Cans" would seem to have been based to some extent on fact, for we have been sent a photograph of the dope-running lugger and another of ***George Bowles*** himself standing on a dock with the ten tin cans at his feet. Mr. Bowles is the dean emeritus of New York theatrical press agents; he retired some years ago and is now living abroad, mostly on the Riviera. In the hey-dey of his New York career he was renowned for his publicity stunts; it is he, we are told, who invented (among other things) the milk-bath story which brought Anna Held such great prominence.

We never cease wondering that a man who makes his living by writing about sports, as does ***John R. Tunis,*** tennis critic of the New York *Evening Post*, should be able to see them in perspective as something less than the most vital concern of man. But Mr. Tunis has proved in many a HARPER article—"The Great Sports Myth," "The Mother of a Champion," "The Great God Football," "Women and the Sports Business," etc.—that he has a keen eye for the line which separates real amateurism from shamateurism and recreation from business. Some of the material for his present observations on the state of football was collected last spring when he visited several Eastern colleges on behalf of the *Evening Post*.

Having discussed the United States as an example of "A Business Man's Civilization" in our July number, ***James Truslow Adams*** brings his knowledge of American history to bear on the easy reply of those who defend the excesses of that civilization: "Ah, but give us time; we are such a young country still." Mr. Adams is the author of several volumes on the early days of our country and of many well-remembered HARPER articles; perhaps his most popular contribution to date has been "The Mucker Pose," which we printed just a year ago this month.

Those who recall the engaging article in our April number on "How the English Middle Class Lives" will be glad to read the same author's reflections on the English attitude toward personal rights. But if they wish to argue with him, let them write him in our care and not try to find him in London, for though he lives there, ***Geoffrey Layman*** is not his real name.

***Kenneth Macgowan's*** personal interest in the theater is centered on Broadway, for he is a producer with several plays in view for the current season; but recently, at the instance of the Carnegie Corporation, he toured the country to collect material for a book on the dramatic situation in the United States, and was so vastly impressed with the part which the theater plays in the high schools on innumerable Main Streets that he has written an article on this new evidence that the drama is far from dead, no matter how often its supposedly dying condition is lamented. Mr. Macgowan, by the way, is the same man who collaborated with Dr. G. V. Hamilton, a year or so ago, in the preparation of two HARPER articles on Dr. Hamilton's researches into the present condition of marriage.

❦ ❦ ❦

Of the three poets of the month, two are newcomers to HARPER'S: ***Mary Brown Onstott,*** whose sonnet about the expatriate comes to us from Tucson, Arizona, where there are many who have to drive back thoughts "of maple trees and snow"; and ***Gerald Raftery,*** of Elizabeth, New Jersey. The third, ***James Weldon Johnson,*** author of *God's Trombones*, is the secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People; we published last November his article on "Race Prejudice and the Negro Artist."

The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are ***Charles Hanson Towne,*** editor of *Harper's Bazar*, whose poems are represented in many an anthology of the best American verses of our time, and ***Lawton Mackall,*** a New York humorist whose work appears frequently in the magazines.

❦ ❦ ❦

***James McBey,*** whose etching, "The Critic," is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, was born in Scotland in 1883 and lived in a Scotch fishing village till he was fifteen. He took a position in a bank, but began drawing and etching in his spare hours (his first etching was made on a rough piece of copper obtained from the local plumber) and finally, at the age of twenty-six, gave up his job at the bank and devoted himself entirely to an artistic career. Since his first show in London in 1911 he has been recognized as one of the most distinguished British etchers of his time.

❦ ❦ ❦

A New Jersey reader boils over after reading in our September issue "It Paid To Be a Bargain Wife," and shows us that there are some people to whom a fifty-fifty marriage seems simply a courting of disaster:

I have read "It Paid To Be a Bargain Wife" with interest and no sympathy. Incidentally bargains are never cherished; "precious stones" would cease to be precious could they be tagged cheap.

Man is a lazy animal unless driven on by a great ambition, a strong interest, and self-effacing love. Many men, oh very many, are not self-motivated towards achievement in terms of careers, homes, or families. I have no doubt my son would be willing to have the hefty end of his responsibilities carried by his father, since in his case the traditions of his milieu would not countenance a wife going fifty-fifty in earning the upkeep of a family. But I am glad to say I am not obliged to father this particular kind of cad.

Boiled down, the fundamental trouble of Bob and his wife was defect of character. Bob was not sensitive but selfish, not sensible but self-indulgent, not self-respecting but self-seeking. (I can't help the alliterations.) Intelligence? Yes, a fair amount, but not enough to make a workmanlike job of their marriage. Heart? Bob was a fish and his wife, in spite of her generosity in giving, had not warmth enough to rebel for the common good. In heaven's name where did she expect to end, keeping quiet when Bob saw his Alices off for Europe and left her the housework and the children—and on her so-called vacation, too? I can imagine my wife's reception of such a proposition, and my mother's. But we can read with sympathy and understanding Walter Hines Page's last letter to his wife at the end of his life when he tells her that a delay of fifteen minutes in starting his homeward journey to her would be unbearable to him.

❦ ❦ ❦

Apropos of Stuart Chase's article, "Laid Off at Forty," we are informed that two readers of the article are thinking of buying a share each of voting stock in some of the corporations whose policy it is to lay men off at forty or forty-five, and then of going to a stockholders' meeting and requesting the resignation of the president and all directors who are over forty-five.

❦ ❦ ❦

Hiram Motherwell's "Mussolini: Emperor of the Latins?"—which we published back in June—has been reprinted in part in Italian by an official Fascist publication in Italy. Apparently the Fascists, far from resenting Mr. Motherwell's theory as to Mussolini's imperial ambitions, are delighted with the article as showing how seriously Fascism is regarded by the outside world.

❦ ❦ ❦

Here are two comments upon T. Swann Harding's paper on "Diet and Appetite," in which Mr. Harding advanced the theory that appetite is a more reliable guide to diet than we have been led to believe. The first is from a physician whose name we suppress to save him possible embarrassment from those whose cases he cites:

Mr. Harding records the ingestion by an infant without bad results of "seven eggs or four bananas at one meal."

Let me report the case of a child of seven months who ate sixteen hard-boiled eggs at "one meal," and suffered no ill effects whatsoever.

Another infant of eight months, fed regularly on prescribed food under the care of a watchful nurse, died from acute gastritis.

A small boy neglected as to baths, feeding, and every other hygienic measure, grew into sturdy manhood, while a pampered child of a wealthy

family attended by doctor, nurse, and a watchful mother, died in his ninth year.

I am acquainted with a man of ninety-four whose whole life has been one of dissipation—wine, women and song, irregular meals, loss of sleep, heavy eating—who still is active and well, eats, sleeps, walks, rides with gusto. His nephew who diets, takes no liquor, doesn't smoke, is temperate in all things, has gone to a hospital to die.

The small son of a careless family who has run wild in the streets and has been injured several times by automobiles, is still alive, suffering only from scars, while a neighbor's boy carefully restricted in his activities by a maid, was run over the other day and killed!

*Cætera desunt.*

The second, from Kathleen Eddy of Port Washington, New York, reminds Mr. Harding that Pepys *did* suffer for his indulgence in over-eating:

In "Diet and Appetite," T. Swann Harding writes with envy and admiration of the irregular life and gluttonous appetite of Samuel Pepys. I wish Mr. Harding had completed his description of the good life as lived by the Restoration English with an account of the major operation performed on Pepys for gall-stones. This operation is described in *Post Mortem* by MacLaurin, and may raise a doubt as to the notion that banquets are any more notoriously ill-digested to-day than they were then.

❦ ❦ ❦

Harriet E. Hawley of Brookfield Center, Connecticut, denies that gentlemen like the "Mr. Smollett" described by Eugene Bagger in his September article on American expatriates abroad would find difficulty in wearing polka-dotted neckties and eating jam in these United States:

Having read with interest "Uprooted Americans" I am led to say that, with all due respect to Mr. Bagger's knowledge of Europeans, I do not think that he really knows the Americans, rooted or unrooted. If he truly did understand us he would not have been impressed with the international moron, "Mr. Smollett," who, as he states, left his country in order that he might wear a red necktie, flaunt a striped suit, dine with a divorcée, and eat jam in the afternoon.

Piffle! A man who's a man of independent thought and has brains, plus courage enough to be original, can eat jam twice in an afternoon if he wishes to and yet be quite the envy of all the so-called go-getters and prosaic conformists. Our own history proves that if there is one person more than another whom the American people delight to honor it is he who dares to be different. If this had not been the case, we should not have elected to the presidency such men as Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Grover Cleveland, and Herbert Hoover (who, I presume, has spent as much time out of this country as in it and is a born tradition-breaker.)

The truth is that a certain type of mind has always preferred Europe with its old traditions and its historic towns. Henry James, the most famous of all our expatriates, made England his home long before prohibition became the law in America. He preferred "The Portrait of a Lady" already completed to one in the process of being made.

Isn't that the crux of the matter—not considering, of course, those who wish to live in the grand style and cannot bluff it through at home? These, it seems to me, are rather counterfeits anyway, whether they be Americans or Asiatics, Europeans or South Sea Islanders. A genuine American finds the place that is best suited to the development of his personality and having found it he remains and "roots." After all we are of the same fiber as our own immigrants from Poland, Ireland, Italy, and the many other nations. When we wish to emigrate we do; why try to explain it by some far-fetched stretch of psychological imagination?

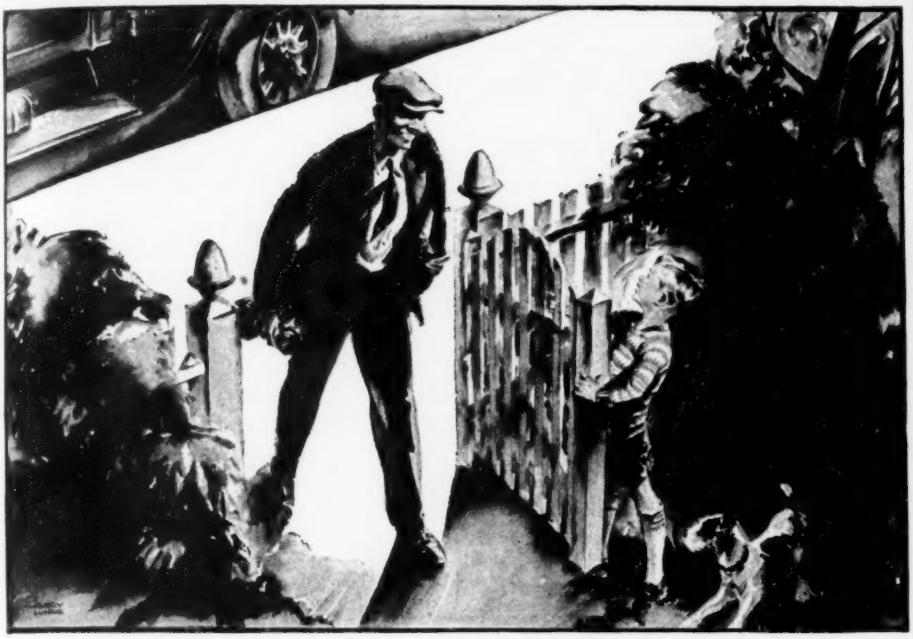
❦ ❦ ❦

The Washington *Herald*, in an editorial on crime and the Wickersham Commission, makes the following quotation from HARPER'S:

The increase of crime is becoming one of the most startling notices in our daily newspapers. Of the fact there can be no doubt. Three, four, five, and in one case, eight murders are announced in New York for one week. Like the reports of epidemic disease, they may sometimes show a decline, but on the whole, there is a steady advance. We are becoming familiar with what, twenty years ago, would have shocked the universal conscience. The burglaries, forgeries, arsons, are in like proportion.

From what issue of the Magazine should you say that quotation was taken? Did it come out of Justice Proskauer's article, or Jack Black's, or John Gunther's on "The High Cost of Hoodlums"?

Wrong. It was taken from "The Editor's Table" in HARPER'S for May, 1852.



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***By Hiram Motherwell***

Not only has the American tourist had a profound effect on the life of the countries he visits, but his huge expenditure of money has made possible the continuance of our foreign trade, and performed other seeming economic impossibilities.

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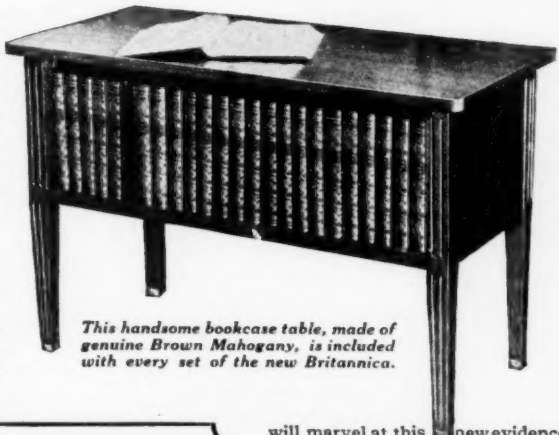

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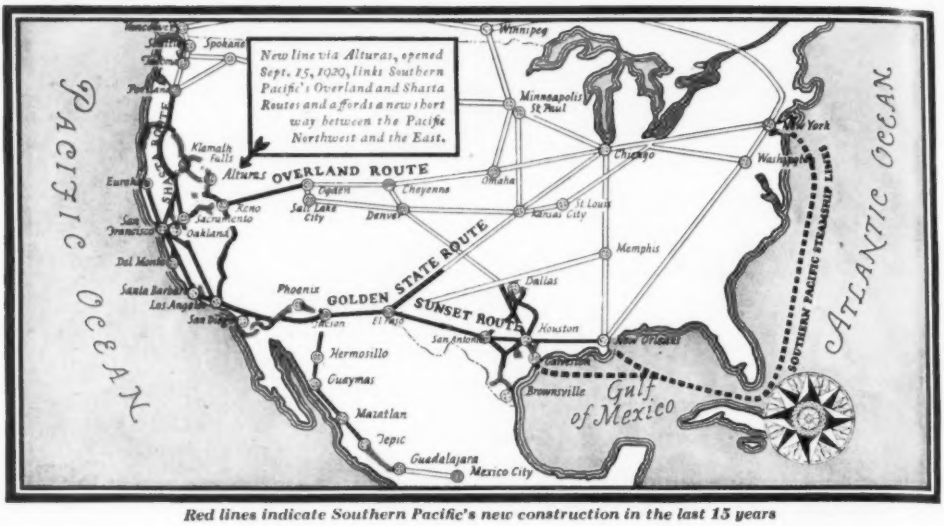


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The "last spike" they called it then. But the last spike will never be driven. Southern Pacific is still building with the West.

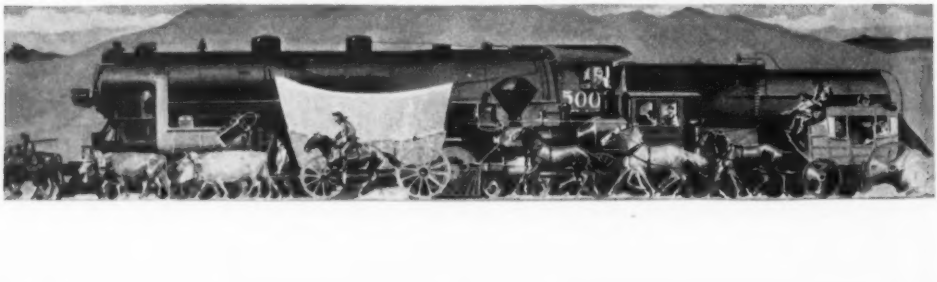
From Fernley, Nevada, to Klamath Falls, Oregon, new steel shines in the Western sun. Southern Pacific has linked it's SHASTA and OVERLAND ROUTES: another frontier is crossed and there is a new route between the Northwest and the East.

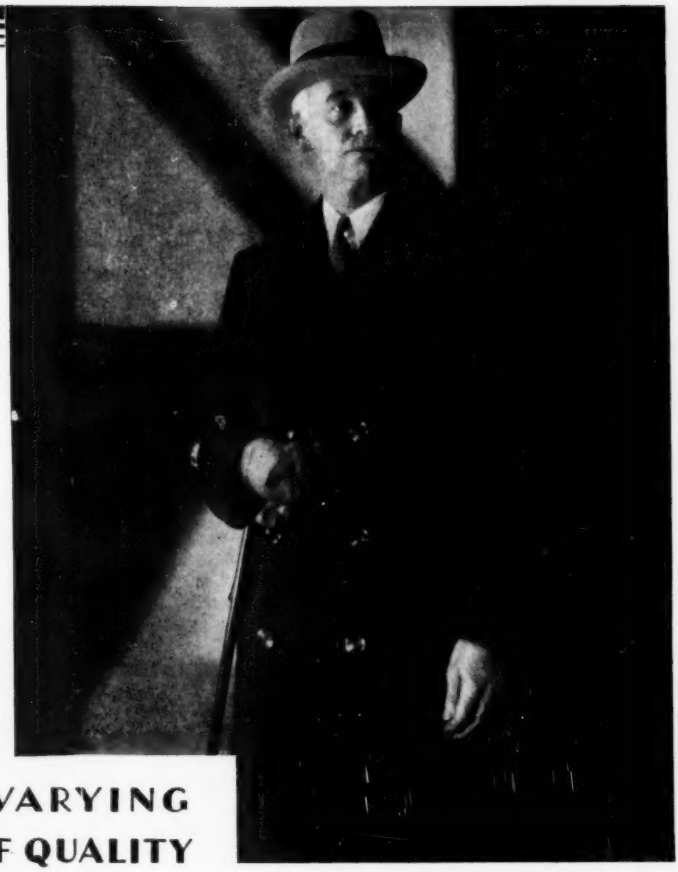
A vital part of the vast, growing territory which it serves, this pioneer railroad has kept pace, step by step. The completion of this latest project is only one item in Southern Pacific's unparalleled program of new construction during the last fifteen years. Other recent important projects include completion of the new Cascade line of the SHASTA ROUTE, an alternate line east of the Cascade Mountains through Klamath Falls, Oregon; double-tracking of the OVERLAND ROUTE across California's high Sierra; building of a new main line through Phoenix and the Salt River Valley in Southern Arizona; completion of the gap between Tepic and Guadalajara, Mexico, effecting a new through route down the West Coast to Mexico City and the interior; the building of a new line into the Magic Valley of the Lower Rio Grande, in Southern Texas.

From less than 700 miles of line in 1869 to more than 20,000 miles today—that is Southern Pacific's 60-year record.

With the building of it's four great transcontinental routes and it's tremendous pattern of lines along the whole Pacific Coast much of Southern Pacific's achievement is history, a part of the epic of the West. But the epic is not finished . . . and Southern Pacific builds on.

**Southern Pacific**



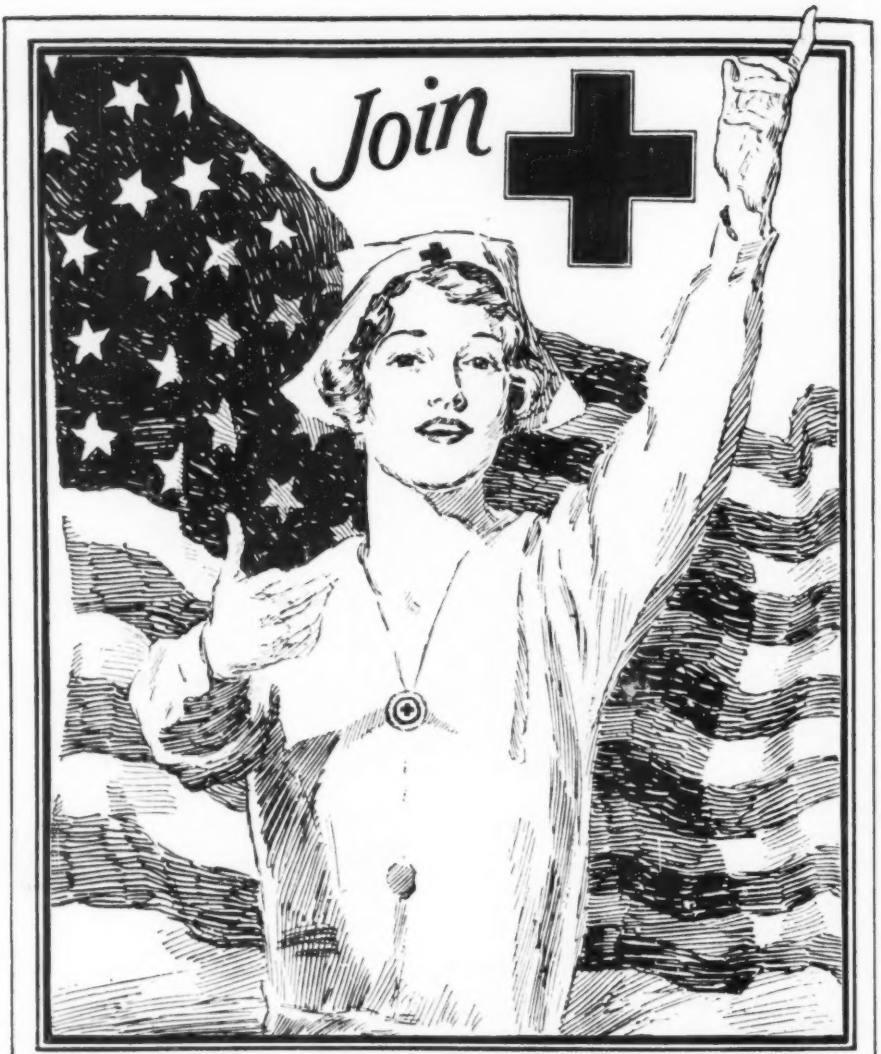


# AN UNVARYING STANDARD OF QUALITY

MEN usually are first attracted to Society Brand Clothes by their style—their distinguished cut. But it's the inherent fineness, the unfailing quality, of these clothes that makes men stay by them! The standard is maintained, unvaryingly. And the values grow—every season! *Alfred Decker & Cohn, Makers, Chicago, New York. Society Brand Clothes Ltd., Montreal.*

## *Society Brand* CLOTHES

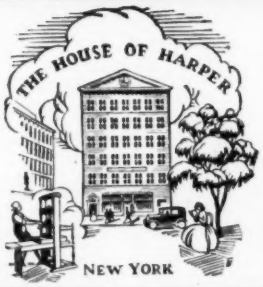
*Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers*




America's answer to humanity's challenge

# Where To Shop

Fall, everyone back in town, the shops brimming with tempting things, theatre openings, football games, Thanksgiving, and before you know it—Christmas.




Jane Loring is ready to serve your every need throughout these busy Fall weeks, and by enlisting her services you may shop early this Xmas, with great ease and satisfaction.

---

## BAILEY, BANKS & BIDDLE CO.

Jewelers Silversmiths Stationers

Established 1832
PHILADELPHIA

### DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS

Polished Girdle Diamonds are now favored for important Jewels

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### WEDDING INVITATIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

*(samples mailed)*

Showing Bailey Text and Bailey Roman — the most exclusive and appropriate Styles of Engraving

# Works of Art from the New York Galleries

This figure of a girl offering water for the birds to drink is part of the bird-bath fountain group executed by Bessie Potter Vonnoh for the Children's Garden in Central Park. Cast in bronze, 29" high, this charming figure is available for $500.00. Courtesy of the 6 East 56th Street Galleries.

"Masque d'Homme." An etching by André Jacques. Size 4¼" x 3½". Price $12.00. Courtesy of Kennedy and Company.

Jane Loring

will be glad to help you in the selection of anything you may wish from the New York Art Galleries.

"Two Children with a Rabbit." An oil painting by William Owen (1769–1825). Size 30" x 25". Courtesy of the Newhouse Galleries.

"The Lovers." A woodcut in black and white by Rockwell Kent. Size 10" x 6½". $125.00. Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries.

"Galata Bridge, Constantinople." An etching by Armin Landeck. Size 6¾" x 4¾". $12.00. Courtesy of Kennedy and Company.

*Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau*

*Silver Peppermill $20 Silver Tea Strainer on Stand $25 Silver Tea Caddy $10*
*Silver Sugar Nippers $10*

FOR Holiday gifts of importance these Crichton Reproductions carry with them permanency of appeal, value and satisfaction. Crichton Reproductions of Old English Silver pieces are hand made in London by skilled craftsmen, and are not excelled by any other trade models.

**CRICHTON & CO. LTD.**
**EXPERTS IN OLD ENGLISH SILVER**
***636 Fifth Ave.* NEW YORK *at 51st Street***
*Write for the Crichton Portfolio of Distinctive Gifts*

**MILCH GALLERIES**

***Paintings of Ireland***
**By POWER O'MALLEY**
***New Sculptured Works***
**By HEINZ WARNEKE**
***November 4th to 16th***
***Recent Paintings***
**By HAYLEY LEVER**
***November 18th to 30th***
*"Bear Cub" — Porcelain*
*By Heinz Warneke*

**108 WEST 57th STREET NEW YORK**

**a painting-well selected-makes the difference between house and home**

**Is your residence just the more or less attractive place where you happen to live?... Perhaps an original painting by one of the notable American artists—with proper care exercised in the selection—would transform it and make it really Home.**
*For suggestions, see our Art Notes—mailed on request*

**Macbeth Gallery**
**15 East 57th St. New York**

*Announcement*

Mr. Bertram Newhouse has returned from an extensive tour of the European Art Centers where he has acquired many important paintings. This collection of Old and Modern Masters is perhaps the most interesting group that has been shown in this country.

*The*
**NEWHOUSE**
**GALLERIES**
**11 East 57th Street New York**

GEORG JENSEN
HANDMADE SILVER, Inc.

Service for six, including knives, forks, soup spoons, salad forks

Butter-spreaders, tea spoons, $247.00

*Booklet and estimates on request*

ROSE DESIGN

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# These novelties . . .

**Chosen almost at random from our wealth of gift novelties, they give only a faint idea of our remarkable collection from the markets of the world.**

**No Battery Flashlight—$10.00**

Generates its own electricity by simply winding concealed motor. Light flashes continually as you wind. For yachtsman, motorist and camper and for use about the home; a never-failing light, nothing to wear out. Always ready.

**17-use tool knife—$2.50**

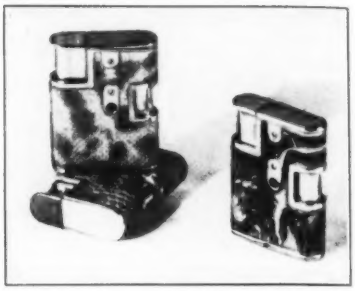
A unique and extremely practical novelty. A knife and tool kit combined. Has knife blade, corkscrew, bottle opener, screw driver and even a glass cutter among its various implements. Instructions for use with each knife.

**Lock treasure box—$5.00**

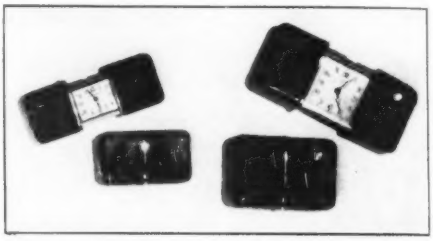
The perfect "treasure chest." Keeps valuables safe and will not open without your own personal combination. Excellent gift for anyone, boys and girls at school, travelers, etc. Green box of steel. Light but very strong. Fitted with Sesamee Combination Lock. Instructions for setting your own combination.

**ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.**
*The Greatest* SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

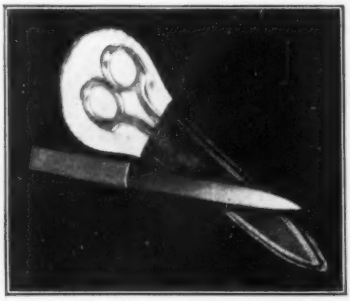
## For Men or Women



HERE is a brand new pocket lighter which embodies the latest features of practical construction. It has a draught proof, asbestos, everlasting wick, is chromium plated and hence untarnishable, and comes covered in pigskin, ostrich or various colored moroccos for the very reasonable price of $5.00. Postpaid. "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World" is sponsoring this lighter, and we believe it will prove a "best seller."



THE popular sliding watch, which may be carried nonchalantly in purse or pocket, is now being made in a small size for women, and in an improved style which automatically winds as it opens and closes. These watches are a marvelous gift, so convenient and so very smart looking. In all kinds and colors of leather, or in silver, the larger size, measuring 2" x 1¼", are priced at $60.00; the small size, 1½" x 1", at $85.00. Postpaid.

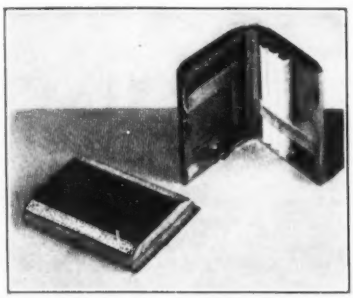


A SET of scissors and a paper cutter is an important adjunct to one's favorite reading table or desk. The scissors and paper cutter in this set are of good quality steel and have nice flat brass handles. Neatly contained in a silk-lined case of brown suede, equally suitable for a man or woman. 9" long, $6.00. Postpaid.

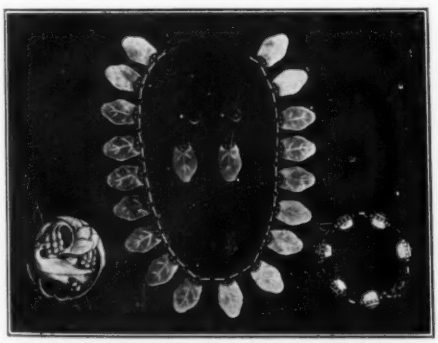
*Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau*

## To Please a Woman

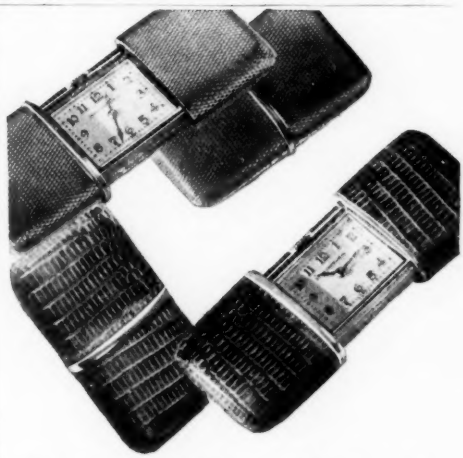
EVERY woman loves boxes, and here are quite the loveliest imaginable, imported from Italy and offered in time for Xmas at wonderful prices. Made of the finest quality Italian leather, hand-tooled with 22 karat gold in beautiful designs, and velvet-lined, they are really perfect gems. The colors are glorious, red, rose, maroon, tan, purple, green, royal blue, and turquoise, and they come in 5 sizes, all oval, as follows: 2¾" x 4", $1.50; 3¼" x 4½", $2.50; 3¾" x 5¼", $3.50; 4¼" x 5¾", $4.50; 5" x 6¾", $5.50. Postpaid. Get your order in early!



AN Oriental shop has a most attractive cigarette case of Japanese lacquer, either red or green, with a border of crushed eggshell. It holds about 12 cigarettes, and has the great advantage of not crushing them. $15.00. Postpaid.



IN this day of excessive novelty jewelry it is pleasant to see informal jewelry that is really fine. Georg Jensen does exquisite things in silver, all hand-made of course, and very distinctive. The necklace and earrings of leaf-shaped drops are unusual and rather modern in design. Necklace, $50.00; earrings, $15.00. The brooch shows a very striking bird design and is extremely handsome. 2¼" diameter, $16.00. The bracelet of heavy silver links has a clasp of lapis, carnelian, amber, onyx or labradorite. $25.00. All postpaid.



## *Something New in* WATCHES

**If you like the idea of carrying a watch in handbag or pocket, consider these dainty miniature Ermeto watches, sponsored by Brand-Chatillon.**

**Closed, they are but 1½ inches long. As you slide them open and shut, they wind themselves automatically. In gold $225.00. In leather — any kind — $85.00.**

**The combination slide and traveling watch, shown below, is of gold. Also $225.00.**

**THE BRAND CHATILLON CORPORATION**

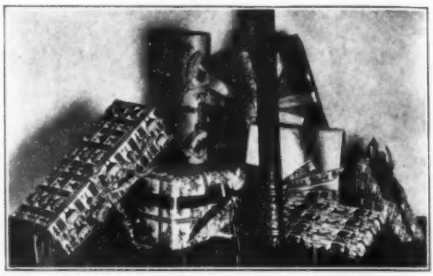
***775 Fifth Avenue, Savoy-Plaza, New York***

*Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau*

# Christmas Cards and Wrappings

FROM among the many lovely new Xmas cards *Jane Loring* chose six which seemed especially distinctive. All are original designs of artists and are worthy carriers of your best wishes. These three are designed in particularly lovely bright colors on heavy cream stock with matching envelopes. The centre one measures 6" x 5½", and the others 5¼" x 4¾". 25 cents each. The shop cannot fill mail orders for less than 6 cards, and 15 cents should be added for insured Parcel Post.

LAST year we showed an assortment of Xmas cards and were swamped with orders. This year the stationers have outdone themselves and gotten out this box of 21 cards, including a hand-colored etching, water-color prints, die-engraved cards, with lined envelopes and all very nice, *and* a box of 50 Xmas tags and seals; all for $1.00. Postpaid. This is a $2.70 value. Need we add — *please order early!*



TO our mind, Amy Drevenstedt's wrapping papers are the loveliest obtainable. Miss Drevenstedt designs them herself, so they are both original and exclusive, and the papers are very fine. For Xmas she is selling 9 assorted sheets on a roll, including a variety of papers and designs and colors, Chinese red and gold, blue and silver, jade green, silver, etc. The sheets average 30" x 20", and the roll is priced at $1.10. Postpaid.

RED chicks and gold notes make the 4-fold parchment card at the left very novel and attractive. Plain parchment envelope. 5¼" x 4". 15 cents. The centre card has a striking design in black and silver on silver paper and a jade green envelope. Very smart and sophisticated. 7⅛" x 5¼". 25 cents. The card at the right is designed in exceptionally lovely colors on a cream stock with deckled edge. Envelope to match. 5¼" x 4¾". 25 cents. We repeat — 6 is the minimum order and 15 cents should be added for insured Parcel Post.

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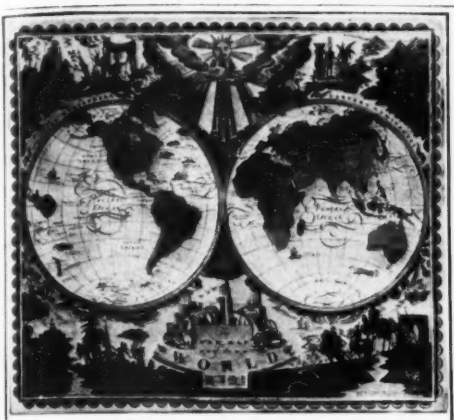
# WHERE TO SHOP



## Decorative Maps for Gifts

The New Map of the World is the first pictorial map of the world in many years. It is richly reproduced in ten colors, showing recent flights and explorations, one of the great favorites of all the decorative maps.

NEW MAP OF THE WORLD, Everett Henry. 31 x 36 in. $3.15
MAP OF PARIS, Ilonka Karasz. 27 x 36 in. $1.65
WONDERGROUND MAP OF LONDON TOWN, Mac-Donald Gill. 26 x 36 in. $1.65
MAP OF NEW YORK. Joseph Platt. Humorous 26 x 37 in. $1.65
WONDROUS ISLE OF MANHATTAN, C. V. Farrow. 25 x 40 in. $1.65
MAP OF BOSTON, Olsen and Clark. 29 x 38 in. $2.15
MAP OF CAPE COD, Melanie Leonard. 26 x 34 in. $1.15
LONG ISLAND, Revolutionary period, Coulton Waugh. 26 x 18 in. $3.15

**WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP**
**27 West Eighth Street** **New York City**

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## Ideal Xmas Gifts

## Distinctive Personal Stationery

*"Fifth Avenue" Stationery is the choice of Men and Women who appreciate quality*

**Monogram or Name and Address Like Die Engraving**
**Lustrous Raised Letters (Not Printed)**
*In Black, Blue, Green*
**LINEN OR RIPPLE FINISH PAPER**
**Club Size 6¾ x 5⅓ *White or Pearl Grey***

**100 SINGLE SHEETS and 100 envelopes, lettered, and 100 plain sheets or 100 folded sheets and 100 envelopes, lettered.... $2**

**SCOTCH GREY GRANITE PAPER, Club size..... $2**

## Monogrammed Bridge Cards

**Exceptional quality Linen finish cards**
**Two Decks Monogrammed contrasting color backs, in attractive cardboard case..... $3.25**

**SPECIAL GIFT BOX**
**6 Decks Monogram Cards**
Rich designs withdifferent color backs
**$6.50**

**Mention Initial or Surname**

*Sent postpaid within a week. Enclose Check or M.O. West of Miss. add 10% for Extra Postage, satisfaction guaranteed.*

## FIFTH AVENUE STATIONERS INC.

**505 Fifth Ave. at 42nd St., Dept. H, New York**
*Visit our showrooms, Fifth Avenue at 42nd St.*

**Illustrated Portfolio, showing personal embossed stationery, Monogram Bridge Cards and personal Christmas Cards mailed free on request.**

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**The Medici Christmas Cards**

**The Thayer Etching Christmas Cards**

**The Medici Prints** (beautifully framed)
Distinctive Gifts at

## Hale Cushman & Flint's Medici Galleries

**489 Fifth Avenue** (opposite Public Library)

*Christmas card catalogues sent postpaid to any address*

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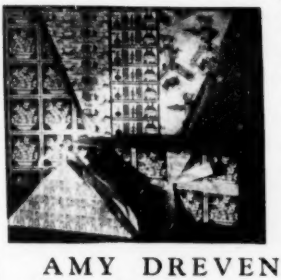
## Christmas Wrappings



Tube of nine assorted sheets—jade green, Chinese red and gold, blue, silver $1.10

Twelve enclosure cards $.60

Two rolls paper tape $.70

Twelve seals $.30

Postpaid

## AMY DREVENSTEDT

**31 East Tenth Street** **New York**

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## FRENCH XMAS CARDS

Gay cards, handblocked in lively colors, and having Xmas greeting, if desired. Each card is equipped with bright-colored silk tassel and lined envelope. Sold only by the finest jewelers and stationers. Sample dozen, assorted, $2.50; 50 assorted, $10.00; 100 assorted, $17.50.

**BEAUX ARTS GALLERIES**
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## BOOKS

Have your name placed on the mailing list of this famous bookshop.

Write to Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Bookseller and Publisher, 27 Lewis Street, Hartford, Connecticut, for list of his own publications.

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## An Individual Gift

Why not send a TRAVEL book to your friends who travel? We have books about every part of the world. Books in De Luxe editions, books moderate in price. $3, $5, $10. *All orders wrapped most attractively.*

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***Specialists in Travel Books***
**11 Broadway, New York City**

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# WHERE TO SHOP

## *Gifts from the Orient*

Chinese soapstone book-ends, hand-carved with the imperial flower jar design. 5½" high x 4⅝" wide. White jade color, $7.50; green or coral red, $10.50. Soapstone ash tray, in peach blossom design meaning "Long Life," red, green or white, $1.50. Both postpaid.

Gunn & Hulshoff, Inc.

ORIENTAL IMPORTERS
323 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

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**HANDMADE STERLING SILVER, FLATWARE, JEWELRY AND PEWTER**

**THE DANISH & SWEDISH SILVERSMITHS, INC.**
**159 West 57th Street** **New York City**
***Telephone Circle 10,000***

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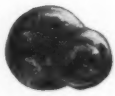
*Below*—Unique Venetian leather, glass lined ash trays. Large $2.75. Small $1.95.

**A Charming Bridge Set**

Yellow flower design with deep cobalt blue background, burnished amber finish. Sandwich plate $2.25. Individual plates $1.75. Complete set of 5 pieces $8.75. Many other beautiful gifts to choose from. Send for catalog.



**ALICE FOOTE MacDOUGALL**
**6 West 46th Street** **New York**

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**Jasmine Tea for Gifts**

Tender young tea leaves with a few fragrant jasmine flowers. Once this delicious tea could be tasted only in the Forbidden City; now you may enjoy it and have it sent to your friends. Packed in original Chinese baskets, 5¼ inches high, $1.25 a basket, postpaid.

**Krug Chinese Imports**
**2227 St. Paul St.** **Baltimore, Md.**

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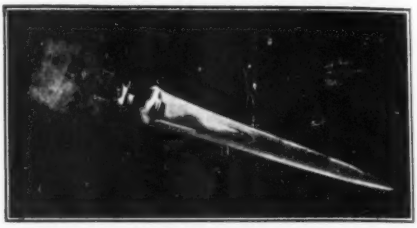
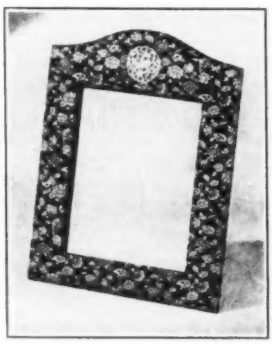
## Gifts from the Orient



THE divided blade of this paper cutter destines it for service as a book mark as well. The sterling silver blade is topped with a handle of genuine carved green jade of especially good color, making it a really fine piece. $18.00. Postpaid.



CHINESE silk brocade, with an inset of genuine white jade, makes a frame worthy of your most favored photograph. The brocade comes with the design in dark blue on an antique gold ground or in gold on a dark blue ground, and there are 2 sizes, 9" x 7", priced at $27.50, and 10" x 8", priced at $30.00. Postpaid.

A BOX from China is lacquered in Chinese red, with a dragon design, and fastens with an intriguing brass clasp. Suitable for either a man or woman, and useful for stationery, handkerchiefs, cards, or any of the many uses to which one can always put a new box. 13½" x 8" x 3", $6.00. Postpaid.

*Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau*

FIFTH AVE. AT THIRTY-FOURTH ST. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** MADISON AVE. AT THIRTY-FIFTH ST.
TELEPHONE: MURray HILL 7000
NEW YORK

# For Those Special Occasions...

the discriminating hostess chooses this lovely French Service Plate with a wide border of encrusted gold ...$4 and this set of creamer and sugar bowl of gold encrusted china ...$12. The purchase of one plate at a time is both possible and practical.

**CHINA DEPARTMENT**
**FOURTH FLOOR**

**EXTRAVAGANT POUPÉES**

*Frivolous silken ladies of the Louis Seize Court . . . new boudoir colors. Designed for and presented exclusively in the United States by Louis Sherry.*

POUPÉE BAGATELLE
*. . . Boudoir basket-doll . . . 23 inches high. Unfilled, $100*

POUPÉE PORCELAINE
*. . . filled with three pounds Sherry Confections . . . $50*

*. . . And half a dozen others . . . Prices $15 to $125*

Louis Sherry
748 FIFTH AVENUE...NEW YORK

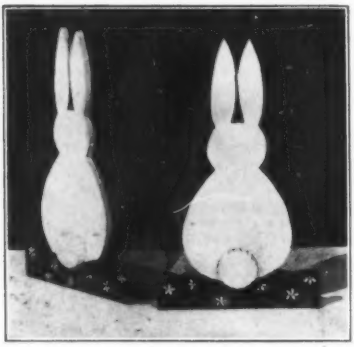
CHICAGO WASHINGTON BOSTON
YAMANAKA & CO.

A modern example of a very ancient art — these smart little red lacquer cocktail cups, lined with gold, are light as a feather and absolutely impervious to liquids.

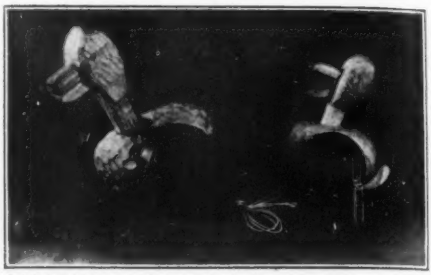
*$24.00 the dozen*

680 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

# Christmas Shopping in the Toy Stores



FOR the nursery or playroom, delightful "bunny" book-ends, which look awfully cunning and which the child will love. Of white wood with a metal rest to slip under the books, 10" high x 6" wide, $4.50 the pair. Postpaid.

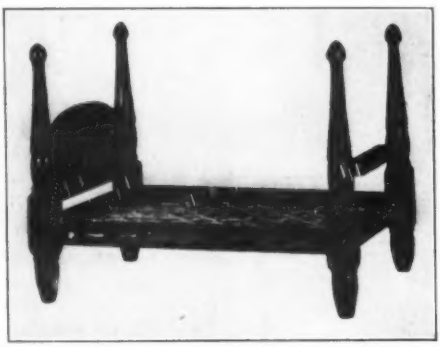


WE fell in love with these ducks at sight, and were interested to hear that they, and the many other fascinating *Waldorf* toys, are made in Germany from designs drawn by children in a German school. They are all rather primitive and have a childish naïveté which will appeal to children at once. All the toys are of wood, and the ducks, painted yellow, look like fat summer squashes on wheels. Their mouths are red and their heads wobble delightfully as they are pulled along. In 2 sizes. 12" high x 9" long, $3.00; 9" high x 8" long, $2.25. Plus 35 cents postage.

ANYTHING on these pages may be ordered through

*Jane Loring*

if you will send her your check. The names of the shops will gladly be given on request.



AN Early American four-poster corded bed has been reproduced to make this cunning doll's bed. We can't imagine the little girl who would not be thrilled to find this on Xmas morning. In solid walnut or maple, 19" long x 13½" wide x 14¾" high, $7.00. A mattress and pillows may be ordered for $2.50, and a little woven Colonial coverlet, in rose or blue, for $4.50. Set complete, $14.00. Express charges collect.

THIS baby doll is not only utterly adorable looking, with her pink cheeks and closing eyes and dimples, but she is soft and limp like a real baby! And, also like a real baby, she cries! Head, arms and legs are of an unbreakable composition, but the body is kapok-stuffed, and she is lovely to hold. Beautifully dressed in a knitted outfit in pink, blue or tan, with white kid shoes and white socks. 22" high, $10.00. Postpaid.

SOMETHING altogether unique is this *animal set* which a clever toy store has assembled. Ten little animals—those marvelous imported ones, about 3" long, made of real skin—and hedges and trees and fences with gates to make a farm or yard, are all sewn on cardboard. The child can arrange them in different ways and will find the set a source of many hours of entertainment. $10.00. Postpaid.

*Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau*

# Jane Loring
## *At Your Service*

FALL clothes (so entirely different that you need a complete new wardrobe to feel really up-to-date), wedding gifts, prizes and favors for parties, decorations for your home, and, sooner than seems possible, Xmas presents!

Whatever your shopping problem, Jane Loring is ready to help you. For weeks she has been seeing lovely things in the shops. Many of them are illustrated in this Section and more will be shown next month, but, of course, it is impossible to show you everything. If you don't find a solution to your problem here (it's a good idea to look through the "Where-to-Shop" Sections of your back numbers, as well), Miss Loring will be glad to offer further suggestions — in short, to make your shopping as easy and satisfactory as is possible. To better serve you satisfactorily during these busy months, Miss Loring begs you *please* to observe the following suggestions: —

Order early, allowing time for unpreventable delays.
Give names and addresses clearly and in full.
If possible give a second choice.
Remember to enclose cards for gifts.
Be sure to enclose your check or money order! We carry no charge accounts.
If your order amounts to more than $25.00, and you are in a *hurry*, send a money order.
Include postage charges where required.
In ordering from back numbers send clipping, or state the month of issue or give some identifying description.

Incidentally, we want to recommend a recent discovery — The Traveller's Bookshop. Devoted exclusively to travel books, this shop, tucked away in an office building at 11 Broadway, has a remarkably complete stock of travel literature for both grown-ups and children, and will send books anywhere in the United States, postpaid. They will also make attractive book packets for Bon Voyage gifts and deliver them to any steamer. You may write them direct or through Jane Loring.

You know, of course, that there is no charge for this Shopping Service. Just write Jane Loring of Harpers Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, where she is always — *at your service.*

# *Playthings from Mayfair*

From the master-craft shops of Europe and America, Mayfair has collected the best in Playthings, Toys, Games, Children's Books, and Sporting Goods. Everything for the entertainment of the children, family and guests.

## MAKE-A-CLOCK

YOUR boy or girl, and perhaps your husband will take a hand at constructing a very good, accurate clock from the array of springs, wheels and things included in this plaything . . . and have great fun doing it.

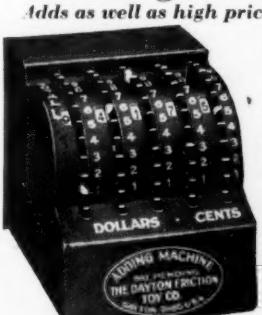
Make-A-Clock is a practical plaything . . . something constructive to keep the young folks busy. The clear and explicit directions make it easy for any youngster to construct a fine clock.

**Price $4.75 postpaid**

. . . .

## Miniature Adding Machine

*Adds as well as high priced machine*




CAN be used to check the children's arithmetic home-work, as register to show cash receipts . . . or as a practical adding machine for a small office.

Durably constructed to stand long, hard usage. Finished in attractive green enamel. Stands 4½ in. high, 5 in. across, with a 4 in. depth.

**Price $3.50 postpaid**

*Send for our Fall Catalog*

**Mayfair Playthings Store**
**9 East 57th Street · New York**

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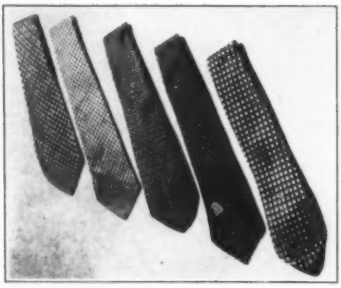
## DUDLEY G. ELDRIDGE Inc.

Founded 1905

SHIRT MAKERS HABERDASHERS

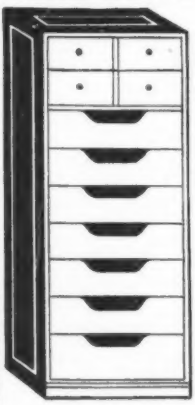


*Pridefully Presenting*
*Spitalfield Neckwear*

THE last word in style, color and design from the looms of this well-known English Cravat-Maker. Unusual opportunity is presented to satisfy individual taste and preference with absolute adherence to correctness.

AT THE ATTRACTIVE PRICE OF FIVE DOLLARS EACH

5 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK



## CLOSET FIXTURES

**Designed, Custom-Made & Installed by**

## INNOVATION

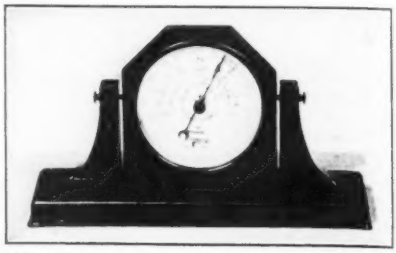
You can multiply the space in your Clothes Closets by installing the furore-creating "Innovation" Bars and Hangers, which are flexible, swingable, put-awayable, removable and transferable to your "Innovation" Wardrobe Trunk . . . You are cordially invited to see our Exhibit of ingenious Fixtures as well as Cabinets . . . We can also build Closets and Cabinets in your own home to suit your individual requirements perfectly . . .

Illustrated Catalogue sent free on request.

**INNOVATION FIXTURES**

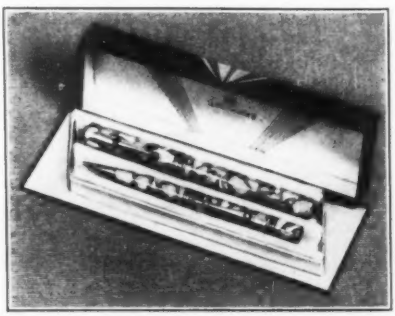
**13 EAST 47th ST., N. Y. C.**

## What to Give a Man



MEN always seem to enjoy keeping tabs on the weather and a good barometer is certain to be a welcome present. The Taylor Stormoguide barometer is thoroughly dependable and gives at a glance a 12–24 hour forecast. The barometer illustrated is of metal, finished in walnut, or mahogany, 11" long x 6" high and $4\frac{1}{4}$" in diameter. $15.00. Express charges collect. It is adjustable for use at any altitude from sea level to 2500 feet.

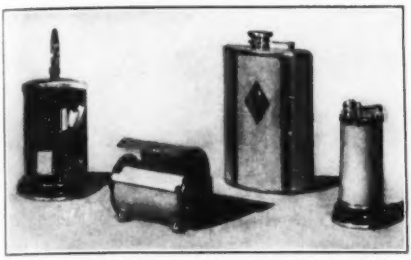
NOVELTY braces with garters to match are well toward the top of the list of what the well-dressed man will wear. These are gray with a sporting design, and you may have your choice of golf or the hunt. Braces, $7.00; garters, $1.50. Postpaid.



THE newest Swan Eternal pen and pencil set is of inlaid pearl, and is one of the handsomest we have seen. Nicely boxed as a gift set, the price is $15.00. Postpaid. There are other Swan sets in various styles and designs, for both men and women.

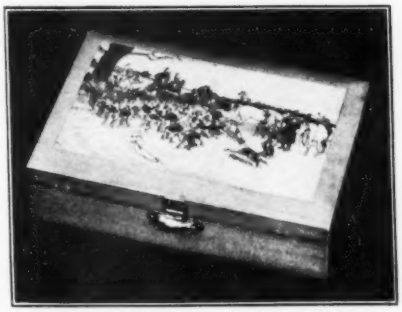

*Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau*

## More Gifts for Men



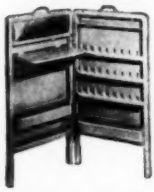
A GROUP of gifts for men, in brass and lacquer, either red or green, trimmed with black and gold, which are good-looking, novel, and not expensive. The flask comes in a half-pint size for $4.50 and a pint size for $8.50; the table lighter is priced at $7.00; the holder for cigarettes and matches is $9.50; and the barrel cigarette holder $3.75, or, in a larger size, $5.00. All postpaid.

THE simplicity and sturdiness of this Standish table lamp make it particularly appropriate for a man's room. Hand-wrought, of solid brass with an antique finish, it stands 13½" high, and is priced at $17.00. Plus 40 cents for postage. Can also be had in pewter finish at same price.



A VERY good-looking humidor is of wood, painted green or red, and topped with a colorful hunting print. Lined with porcelain and cedar, the box measures 12" x 8½" x 3", and is priced at $10.00. Plus 50 cents for mailing outside New York.

## HOUSEWARES *of a distinctly different character!*



**Sewette**

A compact, portable sewing cabinet. Opens like a two-piece screen, revealing three rows of spindles for thread, a flat pin cushion, drop leaf shelf, and two troughs for material, etc. Flower, leaf and modernistic designs; frames in gray, red and blue. 30" high, 15" wide, 3" thin when closed. Each **$13.25**

**Star Hanging Lantern**

"Let your light shine!" This one denotes hospitality indeed. Made of leaded glass, in amber, red or blue. 10 points. Imported from Germany. Height 19½ inches. Wired for electricity. Each **$30.00**

**Canvas Log Carrier**

A great protection for hands and clothes. Has strong leather handles and folds flat when not in use. Size 28" x 48", in brown or gray. Each . . . . . **$3.00**

**"Two-Step" Stool**

Adds those extra inches needed to reach top shelves, yet is small enough to be tucked easily away. Shows hinged compartment open for cloths and polishes. Lower step is 13" long by 9¼" wide by 13½" high. The total height, including the top step, is 21 inches.

Unfinished, ready to paint . . . . . **$7.75**
Antique maple finish, or lacquered any color. **$8.75**

**Cheese Preserver**

No wonder the French love cheese so! Here's their method of keeping it fresh and palatable. Made of glass with four rests to hold the cheese off the bottom, and a small trough for vinegar and salt to keep the cheese moist. Can be easily placed in refrigerator. Diameter 7 inches, height 5½ inches. . . **$1.00**

***Send check, money order, C. O. D. instructions, or charge account references***

**Hammacher Schlemmer & Co.**

57th St. ~ 145-147 East
*(near Lexington Ave.)*
NEW YORK CITY
*Telephone; VOLunteer 4700*

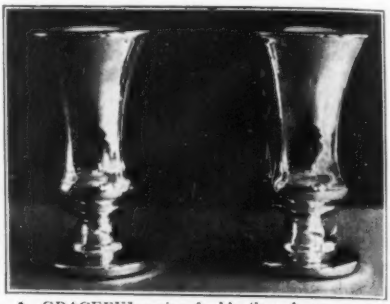
**Delivery Prepaid within 100 Miles—**
**To Points Beyond, Charges Collect.**

*Any Article on this page may be purchased through our Shopping Bureau*

## Jane Loring Shops for the Home

TO order anything shown in this Section, or anything else for that matter, simply write *Jane Loring* of HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, telling her what you want and where you wish the things sent, and enclosing your check for the amount.

A MIRROR is always a welcome gift for the home. Important for both practical and decorative purposes, one can always find a place for a small mirror like this reproduction Chippendale one. 19" long x 12" wide overall, in maple it is priced at $9.50; in mahogany at $8.50. Express charges collect.



A GRACEFUL pair of old silver lustre mantel vases have been faithfully reproduced, and are ornamental alone and lovely with flowers. 9" high, 5½" diameter at top. $6.50 the pair, $3.75 each. Express charges collect.

"OLD WALLER" is a beautiful old porcelain, newly rediscovered, which is being brought to this country for limited distribution at a moderate price. First made in the late 18th Century in a Benedictine monastery, this fine china is still being made with the same moulds and patterns, the same careful hand-work.

A process of under-glazing renders the design clear and the colors imperishable. There are several patterns, in blue, rose and green, on an ivory ground, and prices and further details will gladly be furnished. This china has a definite place in history and may be passed on as a heritage to future generations.

END tables for chairs or divans are practically indispensable, and we thought this one with a magazine rack underneath particularly nice and surprisingly reasonable. Simple of line, yet graceful, and very firm, it is of solid mahogany with a soft Tudor finish. 24" long x 24" high x 12" wide. $11.75. Express charges collect beyond 50 miles of New York.

THE demand for Italian alabaster has grown of late, and certainly an occasional piece of this soft, transparent marble, mined in Italy, provides an effective decorative touch. The vases are particularly lovely in pairs on a mantel, and both vases and urn are equipped to light from within. In light or dark amber, onyx green, and ivory, the vases, 14½" and 13" high, respectively, are priced at $18.00 each, and the urn, 12" high, at $35.00. Express charges collect.

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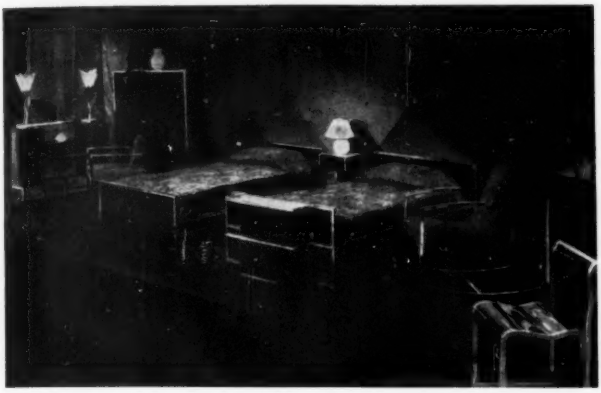


An interpretation of Art Moderne in burnished black and chromium nickel by Norman Bel Geddes. 11 pieces. Two types of beds are shown. Complete with plain end beds, $1015; with compartment end beds, $1115.

## HALE'S, *Largest Retailers of Simmons Sleeping Equipment*

420 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK ~ FISHER BUILDING, DETROIT
516 NO. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO ~ 1006 BROAD STREET, NEWARK

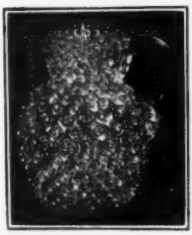
---

FOR Flowers or Beverages nothing could be more attractive than this replica of an old hob nail water pitcher in clear crystal. About 9" high.

**$3.00**

*Mail orders filled.*
*Express charges collect.*

**THE FUGUET'S ANTIQUE SHOP**
**Edgewater Park, N. J.**



***Exceptionally Graceful Aquamarine Glass Creamer and Sugar Basin***
3¼" high, $1.25 the set

---

## *Imported* RUSSIAN HANDCRAFTS

Hohloma Tabouret, gaily lacquered wood. Waterproof finish. Can be taken apart. Ht. 18", diam. 16"

$10.50 *Express collect*

CATALOG

**PETER'S SHOP**
**121 Lexington Ave.**
**NEW YORK**

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## *Winthrop Reproductions of Early American Furniture For Comfort—*

—a Sleepy Hollow Chair with Footrest

All hair filled. Denim covered or in customer's material. 3¾ yards 50" or 6⅓ yards 36" goods, with ¼ yard extra for the footrest.

Size of chair 35" high, 30" wide, 36" deep. Size of footrest, 14" high, 18" wide, 21" long.

**PRICE $80.00** *complete*

Kindly send $20.00 deposit with order, balance to be paid when the chair is received. Safe arrival of Winthrop Furniture is assured.

For Folders descriptive of the Winthrop line of Early American reproductions, kindly address Dept. P, specifying the type of furniture in which you are particularly interested.

**WINTHROP FURNITURE CO.**
**424 Park Square Bldg. Boston, Mass.**

---

Mayonnaise Set $5.25

**Plymouth Pewter Co.**
*Subsidiary of*
**Winthrop Furniture Co.**
**424 Park Sq. Bldg.**
**Boston, Mass.**
*Portfolio gladly sent on request*
*Dept. K*

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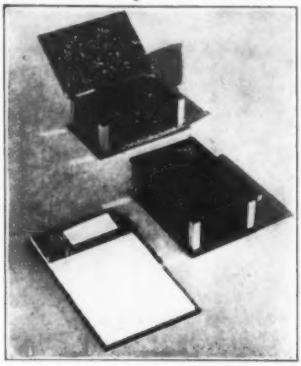
## DISTINCTIVE CIGARET BOXES

***monogrammed to your individual order***



The Ultra-smart in Cigaret Boxes. Made of delicately grained marbelite (dust of marble), fitted with brass pillars. Firmly hinged. Colors: black onyx, brown onyx, rose quartz, jade green. Size 2¼ x 4 x 6. Monogram initials outlined in gold, inlined in any color desired.

**Box with 3-letter monogram — $12.50**
4-letter monogram — $13.00

**MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE SCORE PAD** — a smart accessory for the bridge enthusiast. Made of marbelite. Colors: tortoise shell, lapis, black marble. Size 5" x 8". **Complete with refill. 3-letter monogram — $5.00**
4-letter monogram — $5.50

*10 to 14 days required for monogramming*

**Oliver A. Olson**
COMPANY
**Broadway at 79th Street**

## RENA ROSENTHAL

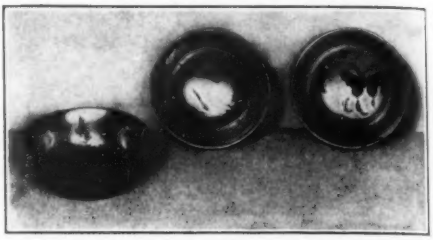
520 MADISON AVE. at NEW YORK CITY

**No. PC537**—If you have a gift to select, let the proud beauty of this pewter fruit or nut bowl be your choice. A gift of which you can justly be proud. Diameter 8¾" height 4". **$8.75**

*Antiques and Reproductions in Brass, Copper Pewter and Iron*

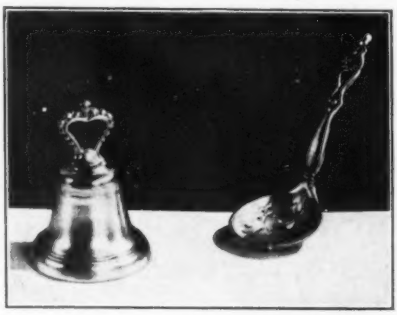
**B. PALESCHUCK**
*"The House of Metal Ware"*
**22 Allen Street** **New York City**
*Send for catalog P4*

## For the Hostess



FINEST Japanese lacquer finger bowls, black outside, gold lined, with design in delicate colors of birds, flowers or butterflies—what a lovely note these strike at the end of a dinner. And of course individually the bowls are charmingly decorative and lend themselves to many uses. $2.50 each. Postpaid.

A COFFEE SET—tray, pot, sugar bowl and cream pitcher—of either brass or copper, looks delightfully hospitable. All hand-made, the lines are very graceful, and the pieces are pewter-lined for perfect safety in use. The tray is 12" in diameter, and the set is remarkably priced at $5.50. Express charges collect.



JUST Andersen's pewter hardly needs any introduction. Always original in design, hand-made and with a lovely silvery sheen, his pieces are as beautiful as they are practical. Electric buzzers notwithstanding, we favor both the appearance and the tinkle of a table bell, and think this one extremely attractive. $3.50. Postpaid. The spoon, with its fine detail and workmanship, is of the ever-useful size for sugar, jelly, nuts, etc. $3.50. Postpaid.

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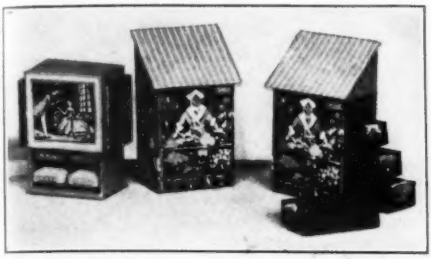
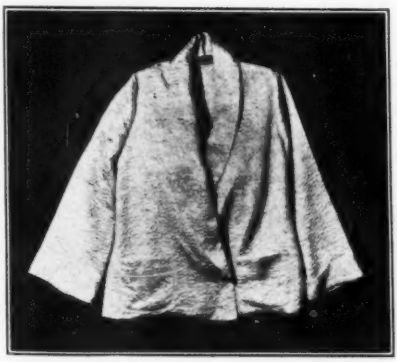
## Feminine Gifts



A BOX, shaped and decorated to resemble a *Florist Shop*, holds four cakes of fine French soap, each attractively wrapped. Something absolutely new and utterly charming. 6" high x 3¼" wide. $2.00. Postpaid.

The other box holds six small cakes of *hostess* soap, in as many colors and scents. 3¼" x 3¾". $1.65. Postpaid.

BEST'S quilted India print dressing gowns have been an instant hit with the young set, and no wonder—for school or college nothing could be more smart and practical. Rich India print colorings on grounds of cream, black, white, blue or green, the gowns are all one size, about 40" long, suitable for anyone wearing sizes 14–38. There are two styles, one with sateen lining at $9.75, and one silk-lined and finely tailored at $19.75. Postpaid.



ZANANA, a quilted silk with a wool backing, makes a dainty bed jacket which is warm without being bulky. In pink or French blue, lined with silk mull, the jacket—there is just one size—is priced at $12.75. Full length robes of the same material may be had in three sizes, large, medium and small, in orchid, rose or blue, for $19.75. Both postpaid. From Best and Company.


PERSONALITY MAKEUP

THE most exquisite cosmetics in the world have been created for you by Helena Rubinstein. Water Lily Foundation Cream provides a silken-smooth base for your powder (2.00) Water Lily Powder will delicately cling . . . use Novena for dry skin; Complexion for normal or oily skin. (1.50) Add Valaze Rouges—vivid Red Geranium; or Red Raspberry, flattering to every type of skin (1.00). And Water Lily Lipsticks—Ruby for day, Cardinal for evening. (1.25).

Helena Rubinstein

8 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

London · Paris · Boston · Philadelphia
Chicago · Detroit · Toronto

*Cosmetics and home-treatment creations of* Helena Rubinstein *are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the salons.*

J. P. H.

Hand painted file box with indexed partitions,

**$8.00**

***Unusual Gifts***
***No Catalogues***

**Jeanne P. Hodgman**
689 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

TURQUOISE for her dressing table or desk: quaint hammered brass boxes set with a mosaic of turquoise chips. These useful sizes are very acceptable gifts: 6" x 4" x 1¼", **$8.75**; 3" x 3" x ¾", **$3.50**; 2" x 1¾" x ¾", or 1¾" in diam., **$1.50**.

**J. T. BRAUNECK**
*231 East 60th Street* *New York City*
***Please note new address***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## PREFERENCE CIGARETTE CHEST

"I hope my selection includes your preference," says the modern host or hostess, offering guests a choice of cigarettes from the new PREFERENCE solid mahogany cigarette chest with four compartments to hold 20 cigarettes each. Removable nameplates indicate each brand. 20 nameplates furnished. Chest in red, green or black lacquer with English cover prints — ship, coach or hunt — in full color. Also in natural mahogany, plain cover. Order now for Christmas. Use order form below. Delivery free. Money back if not satisfied. Price each, $5.00.

**DANIEL LOW'S**
*Gifts for Sixty-two Years*

**Daniel Low & Co., 282 Essex St., Salem, Mass.**
Gentlemen: I enclose (check), (money order) for $5.00. Please send me a Preference Cigarette Chest, color.....; cover print....., I understand if I do not like it I may return it and you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....
(Please Print Name and Address)

## Fruit Cake

**Rich, dark, mellow—aged six months. Gorgeously decorated and wrapped — the perfect gift. In one, two and five-pound tins. $2.00 the pound, postpaid.**

**Palmyra** **New Jersey**

## *Give* A "Gypsy Pot"

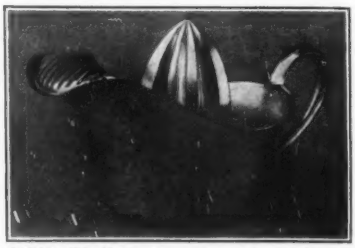
**For The Smoker's Cigarettes and Ashes**

A facsimile of the first cast iron Pot made in America, hangs on a wrought iron stand 8½" high. Pot holds 20 cigarettes. Raw servers as ash tray. Finished in Old Rust, or Red, Green and Black lacquer. No. 569. Complete postpaid for **$3.50.**

*The*
**TREASURE CHEST**
**Asheville, North Carolina**

## When You Entertain

A NEW playing card case cleverly combines beauty and novelty. Of tan leather, tooled in gold and decorated with bridge insignia, it opens in extension fashion, making the packs easily available. Fitted with the best quality linen cards, the 4 pack size is priced at $10.00, the 6 pack at $12.00, and the 8 pack at $15.00. Postpaid.



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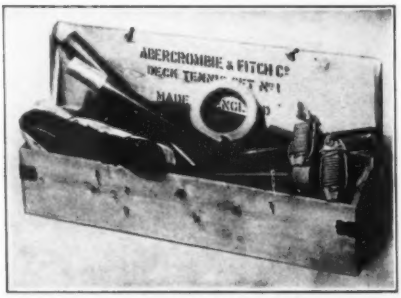


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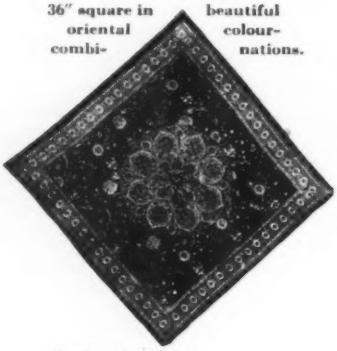

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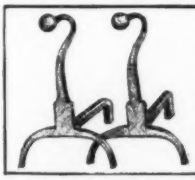

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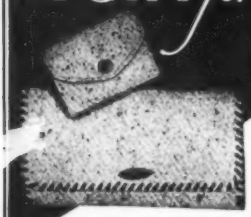

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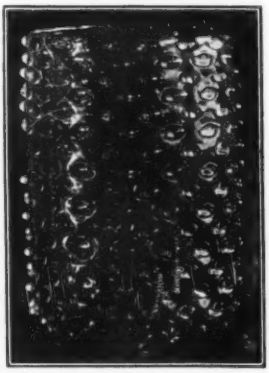

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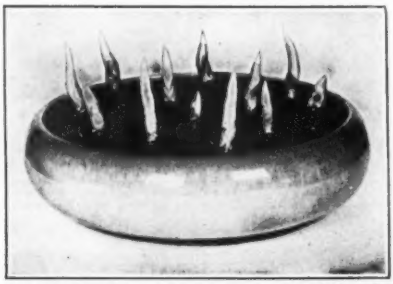

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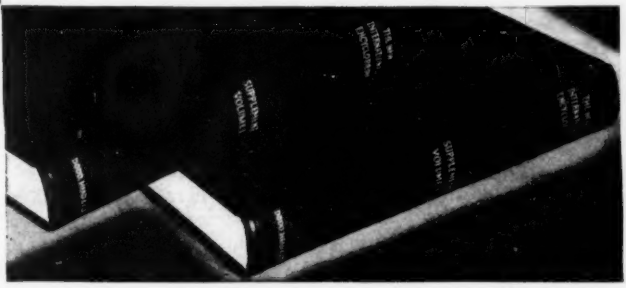

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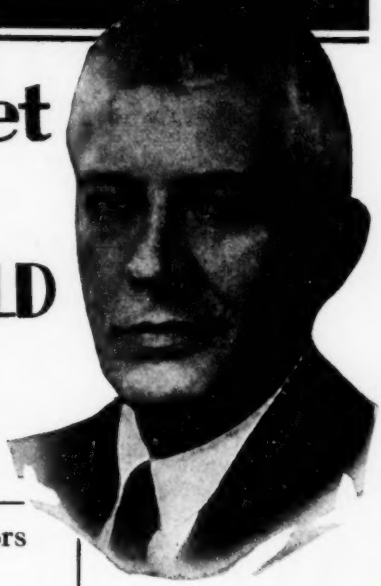

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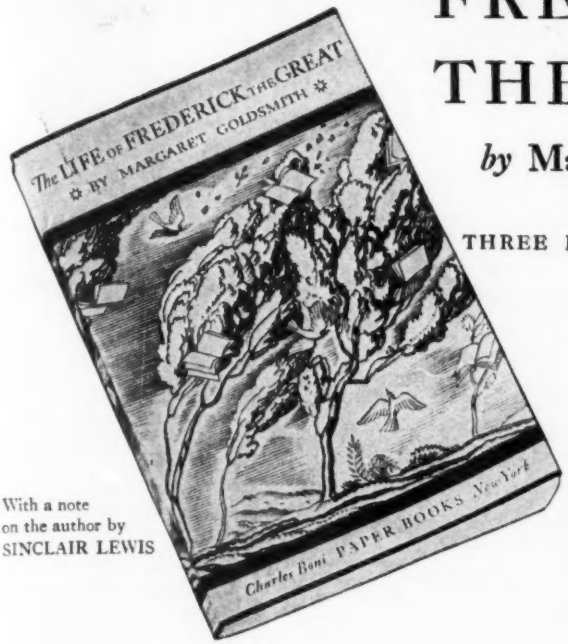


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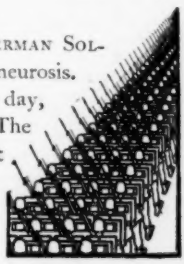

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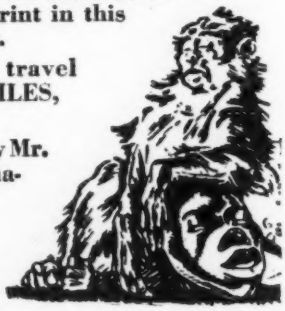

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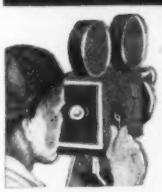

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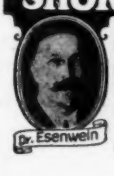


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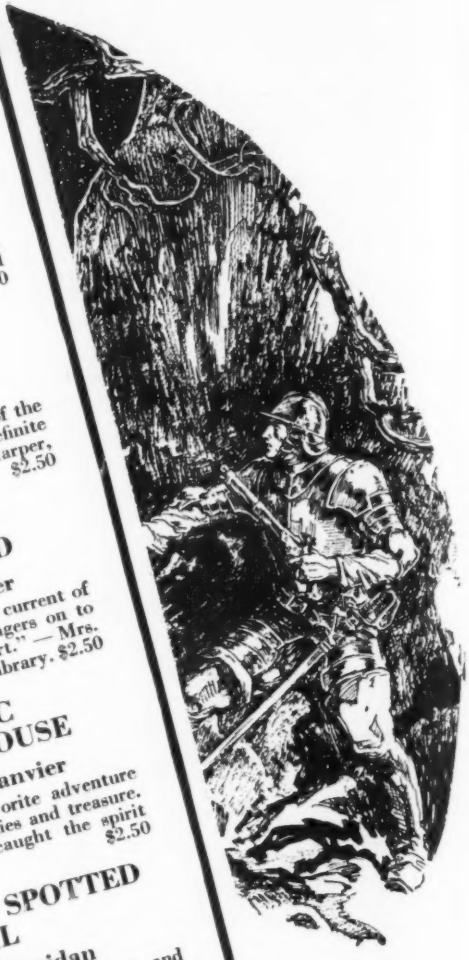

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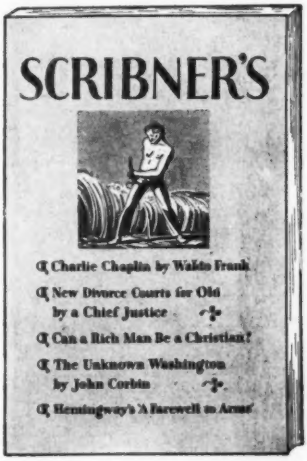
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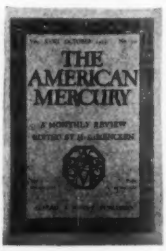


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Anne Parrish has sketched Pine Hills with her sharpest strokes. She has spared it nothing. In this little world of familiar *clichés*, of genuine kindness and appalling narrowness of ideas, is summed up a criticism of a whole layer of society. In *The Methodist Faun*, readers will rejoice to find Miss Parrish in her most brilliant vein. $2.50

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In the words of *Gerald Gould*, it is "a very good — indeed, a very beautiful — book. It would suffice to give distinction to a whole year of novel-production."

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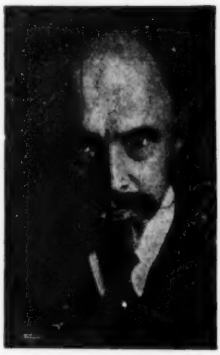

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1 ■

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The relations of religion to the Ethical Culture Movement, to Judaism, and to Christianity were discussed respectively by Dr. John L. Elliott, of the Ethical Culture Society of New York, Rabbi Samuel H. Goldenson, of the Rodef Shalom Temple, Pittsburgh, and Bishop Francis J. McConnell, President of the Federal Council of Churches, New York.

So widespread has been the interest in these lectures that they have been brought together in this new volume edited by Dr. Charles C. Cooper, and will be published November 13th at $2.00.

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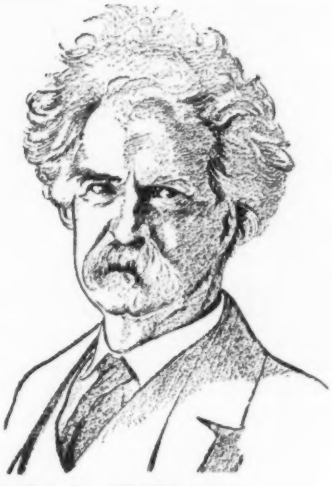

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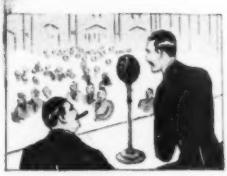

*Now all can hear in hotels' large rooms*

*The music reproducer at restaurant or country club*

*The school principal, by loud speaker, addresses all rooms*

*The Music Reproducer, ever ready to provide entertainment from records*

**Western Electric**

**PUBLIC ADDRESS AND MUSIC REPRODUCTION SYSTEMS**

DISTRIBUTED BY *Graybar Electric Company* OFFICES IN 72 PRINCIPAL CITIES

*Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers*

# Lucky Babies

LUCKY indeed is the baby who has a mother wise enough to follow the doctor's advice—"Bring the baby to me when he is six months old and let me protect him against diphtheria. That is one disease he need never have."

Last year more than 100,000 children who were not inoculated had diphtheria. About 10,000 of them died—an average of more than one every hour of every day in the year.

Will 10,000 innocents be sacrificed next year because some doctors have failed to warn mothers or because mothers have forgotten their doctors' warning?

Even when diphtheria is not fatal, it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts, damaged kidneys, ear trouble, or other serious after-effects. The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

*Diphtheria can be prevented by simple, painless inoculation which is lasting in its effect.* Call up your doctor now and make an appointment.

**_Prevention_ of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with _treatment_ of the disease by means of anti-toxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.**

**This disease has practically disappeared in many cities where the people have backed their health authorities in preventing diphtheria by inoculation with toxin-antitoxin. But diphtheria finds its victims wherever people have been misled by false reports as to the alleged danger of inoculation or have not learned to seek the protection which inoculation gives.**

**The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly cooperate through its local managers, agents and nurses, with State or city authorities to stamp out diphtheria. Detailed reports showing how various cities organized their successful campaigns for "No More Diphtheria" will be mailed free of charge. Ask for Booklet 119-H.**

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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The SWAN Pen
Pen of the British Empire
SINCE 1843

IN the African jungle, in the Australian bush, the effortless glide of a *Swan* ETERNAL PEN has written letters home from many a lonely adventurer.

On the page of an explorer's diary, an officer's notebook, its velvet touch has helped write the history of an Empire. At the Equator and close to the Pole, the *Swan* ETERNAL PEN has proved its enduring perfection.

Only craftsmanship as fine as that which fashions jewels can achieve such exquisite precision of adjustment, such unfailing continuity of performance. Only a pen made by hand, with the most meticulous care, can be guaranteed, not merely for a lifetime, but eternally.

FROM FIVE TO TEN DOLLARS.

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243 West 17th Street
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Swan PENS

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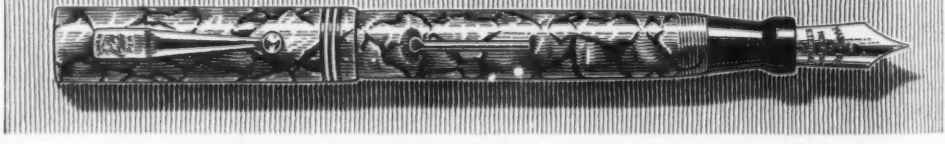
SYDNEY ~ CAPETOWN



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# *Two superb musical instruments*

## -IN A SINGLE CABINET - *TO GIVE YOU "Music from the air or records"*

**RCA RADIOLA 47**—*Screen-Grid Radiola, Phonograph and Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in a single cabinet for electrical operation.* $275*

**RCA RADIOLA 44**—*Screen-Grid Radiola, table type.* $110*

**RCA RADIOLA 46**—*Screen-Grid Radiola and Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet.* $179*

*Radiotron equipment not included in these prices.

When the Radiotrons of the new Radiola 47 are glowing with their incandescent light, you command "music from the air or records" with the amazing realism that only the Radiola can give.

At a touch of the switch the incomparable RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer within the beautiful cabinet fills your living room with the music of a distant orchestra—with all the beauty and volume of the original—or the wonderfully faithful reproduction of a famous Victor record.

And the new Screen-Grid Radiotrons in this superb instrument—with the special RCA Screen-Grid circuit—give a reserve of power such as has never before been possible in the electrical reproduction of sound.

RADIOLA DIVISION RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA
NEW YORK — CHICAGO — ATLANTA — DALLAS — SAN FRANCISCO

*Buy with confidence where you see this sign*

# RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

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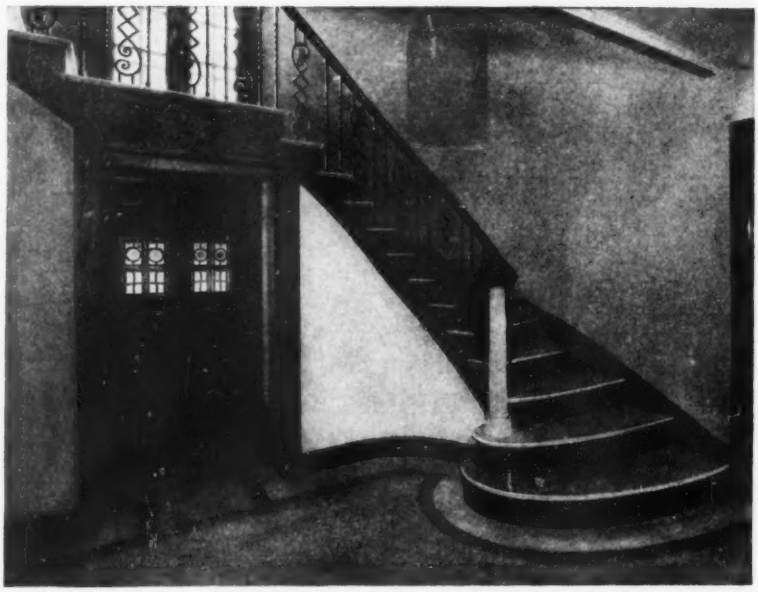


In this outstanding Michigan residence, the stairway, floor, door trim and wall base are of marble.

# *More is Expected of Marble*

—and those of taste and culture are never disappointed in its matchless beauty and varied colorings.

This condition is readily and surely evidenced by its almost universal use in homes where discriminating appreciation demands an atmosphere of distinction.

And, too, marble is easy to keep clean . . . remarkably durable . . . universally adaptable . . . and most reasonable in cost. Even the modest use of marble—in the home or garden—contributes much toward converting the *average* house into the *unusual* home.

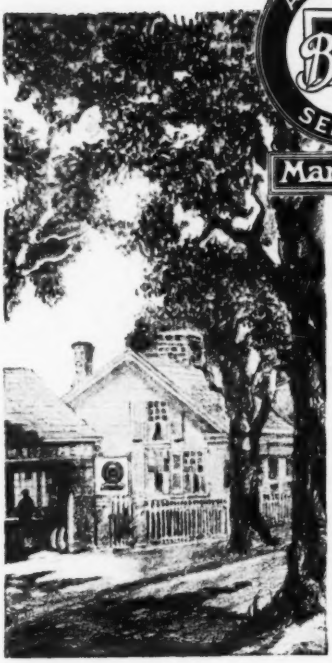
*We have recently published a series of books giving valuable facts and interesting suggestions about the use of marble in various buildings, including home and garden treatments.*

*Write us, naming the type of marble work you are interested in and a copy of the book covering that subject will be sent you immediately — without charge, of course. Address Department 5-V.*

*There is No Substitute for Marble*

**NATIONAL ASSOCIATION *of* MARBLE DEALERS**

**ROCKEFELLER BUILDING - CLEVELAND - OHIO**




# THIS FRIENDLY SIGN . . EVERYWHERE

## makes all America a Buick-Marquette neighborhood

ALL AMERICA is a Buick-Marquette neighborhood —because more than 4,000 Buick-Marquette service stations in all parts of the country are always neighbors to owners of Buick and Marquette cars.

The familiar blue and white insignia of authorized Buick-Marquette service extends a cordial greeting to these owners wherever they drive, in large towns and small, throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Buick built this service institution to provide an extra measure of owner satisfaction—to add *performance insurance* to the known reliability of its products—to assure Buick-Marquette owners perfect peace of mind.

In addition, Buick pursues a constant program of service education, including field service clinics for its representatives, that Buick and Marquette owners may enjoy thoroughly competent service.

These stations are manned by skilled mechanics, familiar with every phase of Buick-Marquette construction and pledged to uphold Buick-Marquette standards of workmanship.

They are equipped with special factory tools and supplied with complete stocks of genuine factory parts.

Moreover, Buick representatives dedicate themselves to the Buick service creed: to *satisfy the owner* —to serve him promptly, efficiently and courteously—to give him the maximum of service at the minimum of cost.

Buick-Marquette styling, Buick-Marquette performance and Buick-Marquette value have won universal favor. But there is this added reason why Buick and Marquette hold such outstanding leadership and have so many loyal friends:

*Buick and Marquette owners ride under factory safeguard at all times. They enjoy the highest degree of travel security of any fine car owner group. Countrywide service is standard equipment with every Buick and Marquette car.*

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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# They have something to say to you—

Oswald Garrison Villard
Editor of *The Nation* and author of *Some Newspapers and Newspaper Men.*

**Oswald Garrison Villard about Russia which he toured with the American delegation under the auspices of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce . . . and about some phases of journalistic development in the United States.**

**Stuart Chase about prosperity — "How prosperous are you?" he asks and writes eight articles to tell you . . .**

**Joseph Wood Krutch about current plays and fiction — a weekly feature . . .**

**Heywood Broun about various phases of human folly — a weekly feature . . .**

**Paul Y. Anderson about what is going on in Washington—a bi-weekly feature . . .**

Stuart Chase
Author of *Your Money's Worth* and *Men and Machines.*

Joseph Wood Krutch
Author of *Edgar Allan Poe* and *The Modern Temper.*

Paul Y. Anderson
Awarded the 1928 Pulitzer prize for outstanding reportorial service.

Heywood Broun
Columnist who rates his convictions above his job.

**NOW** one dollar will put you in a position to hear what they have to say by bringing you *The Nation* every week for twelve weeks.

**THEN** we will, if you wish, credit this dollar on an annual subscription which can be paid by sending $1 a month for four months.

THE NATION — 20 Vesey Street — NEW YORK

$1 enclosed for which please send *The Nation* for 12 Wks.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

$5 a year  Canadian $5.50  Foreign $6

*Payable $1 down and $1 a month for 4 months*

H.11-29

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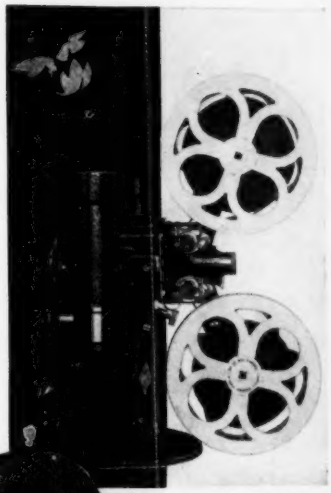
# Daily, 16 Million People see movies made by Bell & Howell Cameras

## What stronger endorsement could you ask in selecting your personal movie camera . . .



***Professional camera perfection in your personal movie camera.*** A majority of the cameras used in professional motion picture studios are made by Bell & Howell. The same mechanical perfection, the same skill and ingenuity in their design and manufacture, are present in Filmo—the Bell & Howell personal movie camera.

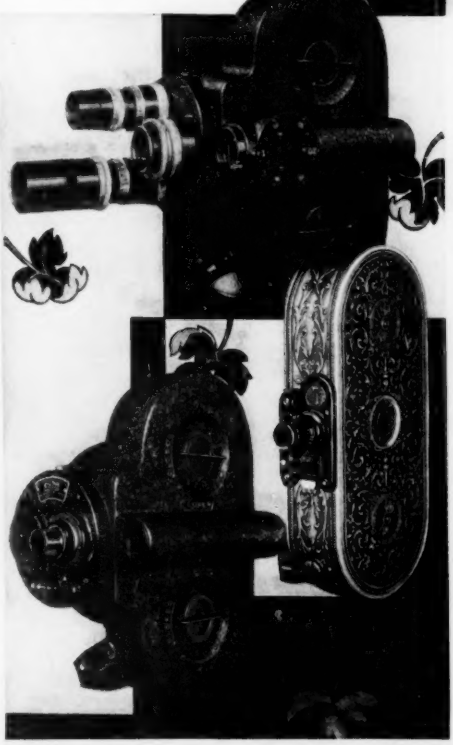
***A child can take good movies with Filmo.*** Filmo cameras are amateur cameras only in their utter simplicity of operation. They are really small professional cameras. You nee' only sight through the viewfinder, press the button, and "what you see, you get." Without experience, anyone can take theater-clear home movies of football, of hunting, of the family . . . anything!

***A price and a camera for every preference.*** It's just a question of which Filmo model you want. The new Filmo 70-D, "master of all personal movie cameras," takes s-l-o-w movies or fast "close-ups" 1,000 feet away. Filmo 70-A is the original personal movie camera. Filmo 75 is light, handsome, fits your coat pocket, and you have a choice of three smart colors.

***Filmos use either 50 or 100 foot films***

For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16 mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. Filmo cameras and Filmo projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere with Filmo projector.

Ask the Filmo dealer to show you these remarkable cameras. And write for the booklet "What You See, You Get."



**Filmo 57 Projector** *(above). Powerful illumination, silent movement, no flicker. $190 and up with case.*

**Filmo 70-D.** *Master of all personal movie cameras. Seven speeds, three-lens turret, variable viewfinder. In distinctive Mayfair case with Sesamee lock, $245 and up.*

**Filmo 75.** *Light, compact, pocket thin. The aristocrat of personal moviedom. Choice of three colors. $120 and up with case.*

**Filmo 70-A.** *The original personal movie camera. Two speeds, interchangeable lenses, spyglass viewfinder. $180 and up with case.*

***A Note to Early Christmas Shoppers***

Filmo cameras for the man who wants one, and Filmo accessories for the man who owns one—these make an ideal Christmas suggestion list.

# BELL & HOWELL

*Filmo*

WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET

BELL & HOWELL CO., DEPT. K, 1822 LARCHMONT AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.
New York, Hollywood, London (B. & H. Co. Ltd.) Established 1907

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# *"for Heaven's sake—* STAND UP STRAIGHT!"

"FOR centuries, irritated parents, tired from the day's work, or quailing at the prospect of it, have been lying back in their favorite chairs and snarling at their offspring, for heaven's sake to stand up straight" — writes Armitage Whitman, M.D., in November HYGEIA, the Health Magazine of the American Medical Association. In "Proper Posture," Dr. Whitman reveals a rare sense of humor and a delightful style. He entertains you while laying down definite, concrete ways for obtaining and maintaining correct posture. His article, like all HYGEIA articles, is a treat for everyone who enjoys straightforward facts about health problems.

## Other Features in November HYGEIA:

**"The Sanity of the Criminal,"** is a timely article in which Winfred Overholser, M.D., discusses the important role the psychiatrist plays in modern criminal courts.

**In "The Control of Pernicious Anemia,"** Julian W. Brandeis analyzes the insidious disease, pernicious anemia, and tells of recent successful advances to combat it.

**"Diseases of Some Famous Characters of History."** Were Caesar and Napoleon epileptics? What actually caused George Washington's death? You'll enjoy this informative and highly interesting article by James O. Nall, M.D.

**"Simple Lessons in Human Anatomy—Number IX."** Graphic illustrations add to the interest of this noteworthy series by B. C. H. Harvey, M.D. "The Alimentary Canal" is discussed in November HYGEIA.

## In Addition:

Besides the above features and regular departments, November HYGEIA includes: "The Aim of Mental Hygiene," "When the Doctor Takes a Blood Count," "Ptihsiophobia," "A New Foster Mother," "Retrieving the Carrot," "Prince Slipshod and Doctor Tidy," "How Undesirable Immigrants Are Discovered," etc. Mail the coupon and $1.00 for six months of HYGEIA, the magazine through which outstanding medical authorities talk to you in the quiet of your home just as your own family physician would if he had the time and opportunity.

**6 Issues for $1.00**

Regular Price $3.00 per year

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION Ha-N
535 N. Dearborn, Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me HYGEIA for six months beginning with the November issue.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

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# "We never dreamed we could afford it"

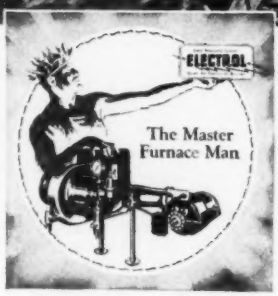
MANY people have denied themselves the comfort of Electrol automatic oil heat because of the mistaken idea that Electrol was beyond their means.

The error is a natural one . . . due in part to the widespread preference for Electrol among those to whom cost does not matter, and due also to the impressive praise accorded Electrol by users everywhere.

Electrol owners agree that its price is much lower than they expected to pay . . . that its higher fuel efficiency and longer, trouble-free service make it the outstanding oil burner value on the American market.

Entirely automatic and employing electric ignition, Electrol provides constant comfort, thermostatically regulated. Governed in every phase of its quiet operation by the exclusive *Master Control*. Sizes for every home, large or small. Convenient terms, if desired. May we send you descriptive literature?

ELECTROL INCORPORATED
227 East 45th Street New York City




# ELECTROL

***The* OIL BURNER *with the Master Control***

*Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories*

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# Spending Tax Money for Community Advertising

## *California and Florida Taking the Lead*

*By* DON E. MOWRY

CALIFORNIA and Florida are the two principal states in the Union that have adopted the policy of spending tax money for community advertising and promotion.

California has surpassed Florida in the total amount of tax money actually spent for advertising. The amount expended by counties in California runs well over a million dollars annually. This sum does not include about $250,000 which is raised in and around Los Angeles County. Forty-six counties in California use the publicity tax while only twelve do not.

All counties and cities in California may make a tax levy for colonization purposes. In one county this sum is $25,000 a year. The Board of Supervisors in one county, for example, make an annual appropriation to all of the chambers of commerce with the understanding that such money will be expended to stimulate colonization.

The idea of taxing for advertising and promotional purposes is rapidly spreading over the United States. St. Louis, Missouri, has been appropriating money for more than seven years for publicity purposes. The sum thus appropriated is matched dollar for dollar by private subscriptions. Asheville, North Carolina, brought its levy to one mill which created a municipal fund of $71,000. Many examples might be given to indicate the modern trend in community and industrial promotion.

The states that make legal provisions for spending tax money for publicity purposes are many. Tax money has been spent by states or by municipalities within their borders in the following states: California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Mississippi, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

George T. Armitage, executive secretary of the Hawaii Tourist Bureau, reports that although Hawaii is an integral part of the United States, few people on the mainland appreciate that the Island territory boasts of a budget of $115,000 for advertising. The Bureau is petitioning the legislature for $150,000 because of the effective results which have been produced through a wise expenditure of the money already appropriated.

Some twenty-six cities in Florida have levied a special publicity tax, and for the year just closed the total amounted to something over $869,000. Twenty counties in Florida, for the same period, levied over $261,000 for a special publicity tax. A total of more than $679,000 was appropriated from the general tax fund in forty-six cities; and an additional sum of over $100,000 was appropriated from the general tax fund in some eighteen counties.

Efforts to create appropriations for state advertising have been made in Arizona, Wisconsin and other states. Massachusetts has only three or four municipalities which spend tax money for publicity, and each municipality is limited to an expenditure of $5,000 on condition that an equal amount is contributed by the public, the whole to be spent under the direction of the city. Three or four states have indicated their desire to create state boards of publicity, defining powers and duties and making appropriations. In more than a dozen states the question of spending tax money for advertising and promotion is an absorbing question.

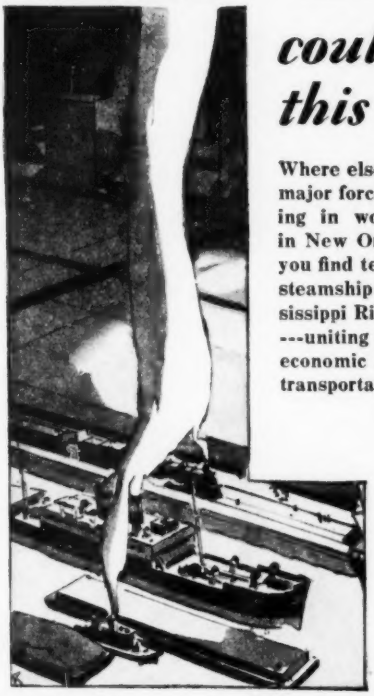
In 1927, the Wyoming legislature authorized the levy of 1/20th of a mill which is being devoted to the maintenance of a Department of Commerce and Industry, the duties of the department being to advertise the resources and advantages of the state. In 1929, the Wisconsin legislature passed a bill through the lower house authorizing the expenditure of $150,000 a year for two years, to advertise the industrial, agricultural and recreational opportunities of the state, but the bill failed of passage in the Senate.

The Canadian Government appropriated $500,000 some years ago for an advertising campaign that was practically world-wide in scope, with the object of attracting new citizens to the Dominion. South Africa is now carrying on a campaign endeavoring to attract tourists and maintains a central office in New York City. The New Zealand Government Publicity Office has been distributing very attractive literature in this country. The Swiss Federal Railroads have been carrying on a campaign for tourists since 1908.

Five states have specific laws authorizing the expenditure of tax money for advertising by both cities and counties. California allows counties to levy a tax for advertising. A few states are like Florida in granting special authority in each individual case, while in other states money is spent by municipalities without specific authority. The State of Mississippi passed an act authorizing the cities and counties to levy a special advertising tax, which is the most recent step taken along this line by a Southern state. This act indicates that the state is planning to advertise fairly heavily and apparently is going to give Florida some rather severe competition.

NEW ORLEANS THE MEETING PLACE OF THE AMERICAS

# WHERE ELSE could you see this sight?



**Where else could you find the three major forces of transportation working in world-embracing unison as in New Orleans? Where else could you find ten major railroads, ninety steamship lines, and the reborn Mississippi River Transportation System ---uniting to form an efficient and economic solution to your every transportation problem?**

## New Markets for Your Products . . .

**On one side the vast and fertile markets of the Mississippi Valley . . . on the other the ever-expanding trade territories of Latin America. In New Orleans, you command, not only a domestic market of 38,000,000 people, but also loyal and profitable foreign markets that have already established in New Orleans their point of contact with the United States.**

**Co-ordination of transportation facilities speeds the wheels of trade.**

**The Inland Waterways of the Mississippi Valley and the Ocean Lanes of the World meet at New Orleans for the interchange of raw materials and finished products.**

# NEW ORLEANS
ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE

*Send for*

**1** **New Orleans Industrial Survey, a most important survey by nationally known engineers concerning advantages of New Orleans for your business.**

**2** **New Orleans Specialized Survey, compiled by Engineers employed by the Association of Commerce, according to the needs of your industry.**

**3** **The Climate and Health Folder . . . an intimate and photographic presentation of the things that combine to make life in New Orleans so complete.**

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## COMMUNITY & INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

### UTICA, N. Y.

A city of industrial opportunity—located at the Center of the World's Greatest Market. Let us send you a survey on the manufacturing economies possible here.

CITIZENS TRUST CO., UTICA, NEW YORK

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Make Southern California your Mecca this Fall and Winter. Send for booklet "Southern California through the Camera."

ALL YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Sec. U 10-1151 South Broadway, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

### NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

A most interesting booklet on the growth of New Orleans entitled "Through 95 Years" issued by

CANAL BANK & TRUST CO.,
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

### DISTRIBUTION CITY

To America's fastest growing market, the rich South. Let us show you the figures on distributing and manufacturing economy.

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

## COMMUNITY CONSULTANTS

Practical and workable guidance given in solving advertising, publicity, survey, industrial and utility relationships. Negotiations conducted in re-location of industries or the establishment of branch plants. Confidential investigations.

***Don E. Mowry and Associates***

**521 Graybar Building, New York City**
**301-2 Beaver Building, Madison, Wisconsin**

## To Manufacturers

The Community and Industrial Department will act as a clearing house of information for any manufacturer who is contemplating a change of locality in the interests of lower distribution and production costs.

Any manufacturer can write to this bureau in the full confidence that his name will not be revealed without his permission, and will be given full information concerning the advantages offered for his particular business by cities, towns and localities in any part of the United States. Write to

**Community and Industrial Department**
**HARPERS MAGAZINE**
**49 East 33rd Street, New York City**

## *Community and Industrial Information*

**THERE are available many interesting booklets issued by various Communities and Industrial Centers. A list of these booklets is given below. Harpers Magazine offers, through its Community and Industrial Department, to send without charge any or all of these booklets. The coupon below is for your convenience and must be attached to your business letterhead.**

1. THE KEY TO ATLANTA. Industrial Bureau, Atlanta (Ga.) Chamber of Commerce.
2. ST. LOUIS AS IT IS TODAY. St. Louis (Mo.) Chamber of Commerce.
4. PORT OF NEWARK. Port Newark (N. J.) Development.
9. SACRAMENTO — CALIFORNIA'S INLAND INDUSTRIAL CENTER. Sacramento (Calif.)
12. GENERAL INDUSTRIAL REPORT OF LOS ANGELES, CALIF. Los Angeles (Calif.) Chamber of Commerce.
15. A SURVEY OF THE NEW ORLEANS INDUSTRIAL ZONE. New Orleans (La.) Association of Commerce.
19. SALT LAKE CITY AND UTAH. Salt Lake City Chamber of Commerce.
20. INDUSTRIAL REPORT OF PORTLAND, OREGON, AND THE COLUMBIA COUNTRY. Portland (Ore.) Chamber of Commerce.
21. ASHEVILLE, LOGICAL DISTRIBUTING CENTER FOR EASTERN AMERICA. Asheville (N. C.) Chamber of Commerce.
23. WINNING HEALTH. Welcome Club of Colorado Springs (Colo.).
24. MARKET ANALYSIS OF THE SOUTHWEST. Dallas (Texas) Chamber of Commerce.
37. THE WORLD'S GREATEST WORKSHOP. Philadelphia (Pa.) Chamber of Commerce.
45. IN VIRGINIA. For Tourists. State Conservation and Development Commission, Richmond, Virginia.
46. SPOKANE, WASHINGTON. Spokane (Wash.) Chamber of Commerce.
47. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA THROUGH THE CAMERA. All Year Club of Southern California, Los Angeles, Calif.
48. JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA. Believers in Jacksonville, Jacksonville, Florida.
49. HAWAII. Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 234 McCann Building, San Francisco, California.
50. UTICA — A CITY OF INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITY. Citizens Trust Co., Utica, N. Y.
51. WHY LOCATE IN BALTIMORE? BALTIMORE PUSHING TO THE FOREFRONT. BALTIMORE — INDUSTRIAL CENTER OF THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD. Three booklets available through the Baltimore Trust Co.
53. THE BOOK OF KANSAS CITY FACTS. Chamber of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo.
54. WHY MANUFACTURERS CHOOSE SAN FRANCISCO — CALIFORNIA VACATIONS — SAN FRANCISCO. Three booklets offered by Californians, Inc., San Francisco, Calif.
55. SUNSHINE BOOKLET. Offered by the Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club, Tucson, Arizona.
56. CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA. Booklet offered by Chamber of Commerce, Camden, S. C.
57. ALBUQUERQUE FOR HEALTH OR TOURIST NEW MEXICO. Albuquerque Civic Council, Albuquerque, N. M.

*Literature will be sent only when coupon is attached to your business letterhead*

COMMUNITY AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT
HARPERS MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33d St., New York, N. Y.

I would be pleased to receive Booklets Nos.....
which I understand you will send to me without charge.

*Name*.....

*Bus. Address*.....

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# In short—

# *to make profits*

That is what your business is trying to do—there's no question about that. But where to make profits and how to make profits are questions.

## Where to make profits?

Where there is a market. Where there are many people with plenty of money, high standards of living, liberal habits of spending. Where large sales volume and low sales cost leave respectable margins of profit. No market fills these requirements like metropolitan New York—that is where to make profits.

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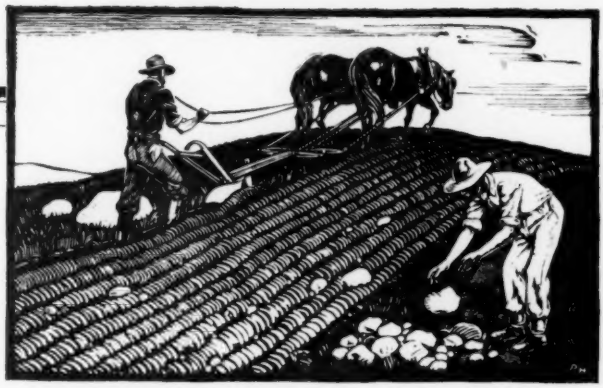

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# IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

## The Federal Reserve System

By PAUL TOMLINSON

EVERY investor who keeps in touch with the current financial news—and every investor should—has seen innumerable references to the Federal Reserve System and its activities. Do these readers understand these references to our banking system? Do they know what the rediscount rate is, and what it means? What about "open market operations," reserves, notes in circulation? It is of course impossible to do justice to so broad a subject in one brief article, but it may be helpful to those who are unfamiliar with the workings of the Federal Reserve System to attempt a brief elucidation of some of its activities and functions.

ONE of the most frequent references to the Federal Reserve banks is in connection with the rediscount rate. Will this rate be raised? Will it be lowered? Will it remain the same? These are questions with which investors are always concerned, and oftentimes the price of securities is directly affected by the answers to them. Under our old banking system each bank, in time of emergency, was accustomed to hold tight to its reserves because it is upon reserves that banks depend for much of their strength. Under the Federal Reserve Act, however, the Federal Reserve Board is empowered "to permit, or, on the affirmative vote of at least five members of the Reserve Board, to require Federal Reserve banks to discount the discounted paper of other Federal Reserve banks at rates of interest to be fixed by the Federal Reserve Board."

NOW, obviously, if paper already discounted is discounted again it is rediscounted, and the rate fixed by the Federal Reserve Board is the rediscount rate about which we have been hearing so much in recent months. This means that if there is an exceptionally heavy demand for reserve money in some section of the country, and the banks of that section find it difficult to meet, the Reserve banks in other sections where the supply is more plentiful will come to the rescue, and rediscount the paper of the Reserve bank in the district where the strain is felt. The chances are they will furnish this aid voluntarily, but if not they can be compelled to help by

action of the Federal Reserve Board. Such action naturally causes a flow of cash from the reserves of those whose reserves are ample to the reserves of those whose reserves are strained, and the situation is quickly and easily corrected.

NOW the Federal Reserve banks who seek to have their paper rediscounted must have acquired this paper from some source, in the first place. This source is the banks in their district which are members of the Federal Reserve System. Federal Reserve banks always stand ready to rediscount in time of need eligible paper for member banks, banks which in the first place have obtained this paper from their customers—individuals or business concerns. There are, of course, limitations upon the kinds of paper eligible for rediscount, and member banks naturally favor those kinds which fulfill the requirements of the Federal Reserve Act. First of all there is the limitation of time; with the exception of bills and notes drawn for agricultural purposes, or based on live stock, paper rediscounted must have a maturity at the time of rediscount of not exceeding ninety days. Then there are but two classes of paper eligible for discount: first, notes, drafts, and bills of exchange bearing the endorsement of a member bank or a Federal intermediate credit bank, and drawn "for agricultural, industrial, or commercial purposes, or the proceeds of which have been used, or are to be used for such purposes"; and second, notes, drafts, and bills of exchange bearing the endorsement of a member bank and issued or drawn for the purpose of carrying or trading in "bonds and notes of the Government of the United States."

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"Nothing I could say could dissuade him. He sold out his $35,000 in securities, and put it into the theatrical production—'that was sure to be a whirlwind success.'

"Today he is working a few doors down the street for $30 a week.

"The other young man, the mechanic, came to us a few years ago, wanting to borrow the money to buy two automatic screw machines. We looked him up. He had a savings account with us. He had a modest reserve of sound securities. He had built a small shop for making screws and had paid for the machinery he already had out of his earnings.

"We gladly loaned him the money. He paid off his notes regularly out of his increased business, and the moment the notes were paid he started right in again saving money and making conservative investments.

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IT should be noted that, except for United States Government securities, Federal Reserve banks cannot rediscount paper issued or drawn "for the purpose of carrying or trading in stocks, bonds, or other investment securities."

NOW suppose that you as an individual want to borrow ten thousand dollars from your local bank—a member of the Federal Reserve System. The purpose for which you want this money meets the requirements of the Federal Reserve Act with regard to rediscounts, and the bank lets you have the money at six per cent, taking your note as security for the loan. The note runs for sixty days, and your bank can take it to its Federal Reserve bank and have it rediscounted at, say, five per cent, if five per cent happens to be the rediscount rate. Your bank has accommodated you, makes one per cent on the transaction, and secures cash, or a credit, from the Federal Reserve bank to strengthen its reserves. Suppose, however, that the rediscount rate should be raised to six per cent; in that case the interest you would pay would be offset by the discount the bank would have to meet, and obviously your request for a loan would not be greeted with as much enthusiasm as under former conditions. Credit becomes curtailed; money becomes scarce.

IF money for "agricultural, industrial, or commercial purposes" is hard to get, how much harder is it going to be to find funds "for the purpose of carrying or trading in stocks, bonds, or other investment securities"? The stock and bond business, like other businesses, is largely carried on through the medium of borrowed money, and under circumstances such as those described above


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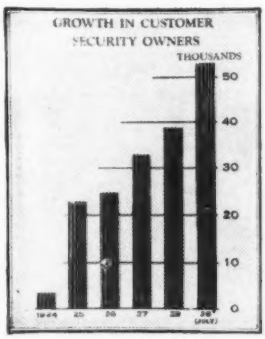


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this money will not be forthcoming in such large amounts; loans will be called, stocks will be offered for sale, and prices will go down. High discount rates encourage or force borrowers to pay off their loans, which tends to contract money and credit, and it is the danger of this happening that makes buyers of securities fear any changes upward. By the same token, however, these same people welcome any lowering of discount rates.

FEDERAL RESERVE banks also engage in what are known as "open-market operations." These banks of course are essentially bankers' banks since their stock is all owned by member banks and their only regular domestic customers are banks and the Federal Government. At the same time they possess certain rights of dealing with the public. They have these rights for two purposes: first, for making their discount rates effective; and second, so that they can employ their funds profitably in times of easy money when member banks are not calling upon them to rediscount paper.

SUPPOSE a Federal Reserve bank raises its discount rate, or tries by persuasion or other means to prevent what seems to its governors dangerous loan expansion on the part of member banks in its district. (There are twelve Federal Reserve districts, and discount rates may vary in different districts.) This has been done in New York during recent months in an effort to curb what many have considered too great enthusiasm on the part of the public for the stock market. Now it might happen that the efforts of the Federal Reserve would not accomplish the end desired, and loans would keep on expanding in

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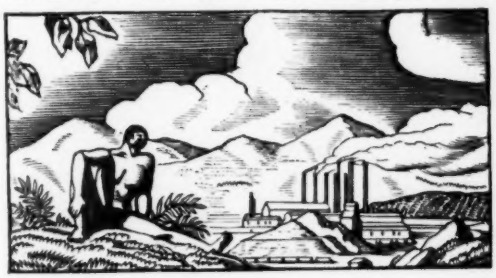

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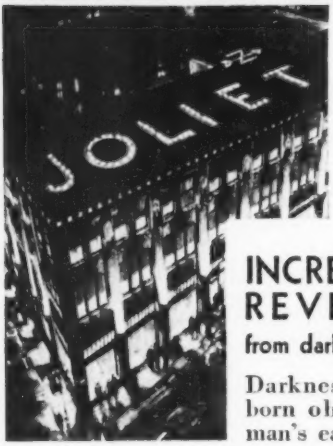


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spite of all they might do to the contrary. In order to meet this situation the Federal Reserve bank may go into the open market and from its portfolio sell commercial bills of exchange, Federal Farm Loan bonds, bankers' acceptances, certain specified kinds of government obligations, municipal warrants, and other investments it is empowered to hold; by withdrawing the funds received from these sales it is entirely possible that a money shortage could be created and loan rates forced up to a point that would automatically restrict the volume of loans and accomplish the end that the Federal Reserve bank had failed to gain by milder methods.

BANKS which are members of the Federal Reserve System are required to keep their legal reserves on deposit in their Federal Reserve bank. They may keep balances in other banks if they care to, but the reserve funds which the government considers the minimum below which the public interest demands the banks should not go, must *all* be kept on deposit in Federal Reserve banks. This means that with the country's reserve money concentrated in a few centers instead of being scattered about in hundreds of different places, much more efficient use can be made of these funds. With money readily available at any time, and in large quantities, the danger of financial panic is greatly diminished and public confidence is inspired.

THE Federal Reserve banks, the custodians of the member banks' reserves, do not keep all this money on

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(4) Has the business a healthy capital structure—i.e., is it properly balanced as to the amount and type of its funded debt and the amount and type of its capital stock.

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hand. Like all banks they invest their surplus funds, but they are required by law to keep a reserve of at least thirty-five per cent against deposits. In actual practice they always keep much larger reserves than this legal minimum, and this results in the Federal Reserve banks having a margin upon which to call in time of emergency; they have something to work on, so to speak, before their reserves would be down to the minimum required.

FEDERAL RESERVE banks issue bank notes, bills, the so-called Federal Reserve Notes which the paying teller gives you when you cash a check, and it is to be hoped that every reader of this article has an ample supply on hand. These bank notes are not only obligations of the United States Government, but a first and paramount lien upon all the assets of the issuing Federal Reserve bank, and are a liability of member banks as well. They have back of them, specifically pledged as security with the Federal Reserve agents, collateral to the amount of at least one hundred per cent of the issued notes. This collateral may consist of the kind of paper previously mentioned as being eligible for rediscount at a Federal Reserve bank, bills of exchange endorsed by a member bank, bankers' acceptances bought by the Federal Reserve bank in the open market, gold, and gold certificates. In other words, the security for these notes is so good that no instance can readily be recalled of anyone ever refusing to accept them when proffered. The law also provides that each Federal Reserve bank must keep a gold reserve of not less than forty per cent against its outstanding Federal Reserve notes.

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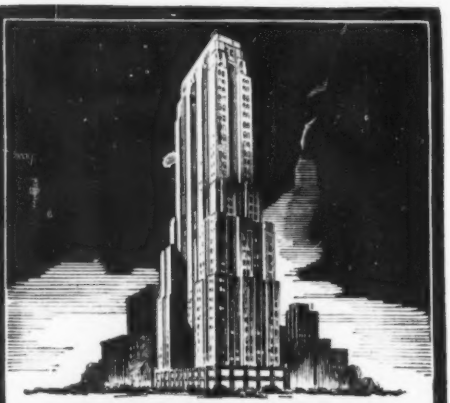

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# Harpers

MAGAZINE

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affects every one of us every day of our lives, and yet there are surprisingly few people who have even a nodding acquaintance with its organization and workings. The Federal Reserve Act affects not only our domestic lives and businesses, but plays a very large part in our commerce with the other nations of the world. Enacted in 1913, it was of tremendous assistance in the financial prosecution of the war, in the successful promotion and sale of liberty bonds, and in meeting the vast problems of finance which faced us in the reconstruction period following the war. Nor do our problems grow easier of solution as time goes on. Under our old banking system, decentralized, with inelastic credit, defective organization, and a cumbersome exchange and transfer system, we should have been hard put to it indeed to meet the requirements of modern business.

NOT that the Federal Reserve is a perfect system. It is, after all, to some extent a creature of politics, and politics in business is not always the best thing for business. In recent months, moreover, there has been considerable criticism of the methods employed by the Federal Reserve banks in their attempts to handle the credit situation. Many people have felt that the Federal Reserve Board was tampering with economic laws, and as one man expressed it, "No one has ever gotten away with that yet."

CRITICISM of all human institutions is to be expected. It is safe to say, however, that fair-minded people stand ready to admit that the Federal Reserve System has performed an outstanding service, not only to banking, but to American industry. And whatever helps banking and industry helps the people who invest their money in stocks and bonds.

# Why over 500,000 investors own Cities Service securities

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## *Investment Information*

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

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WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

A SOUND POLICY FOR INVESTORS: A booklet describing a well varied program of security buying is offered by Peabody & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

A VALUABLE AID TO BANKS AND INVESTORS: A booklet describing how the Department of Economics and Survey serves investors by furnishing investment counsel, free, to individuals and institutions. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

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(*Continued on second page following*)

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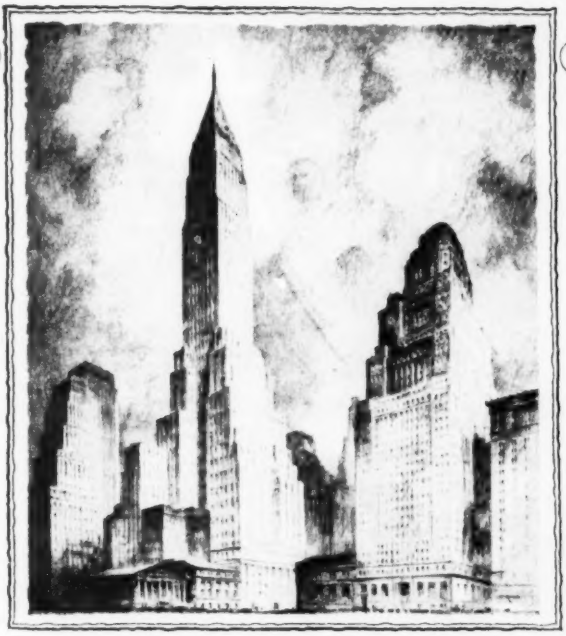

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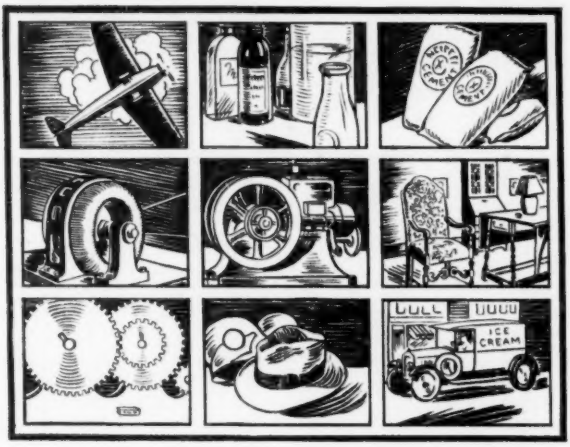


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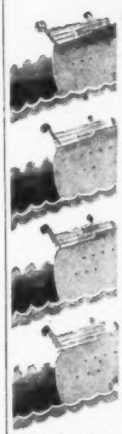

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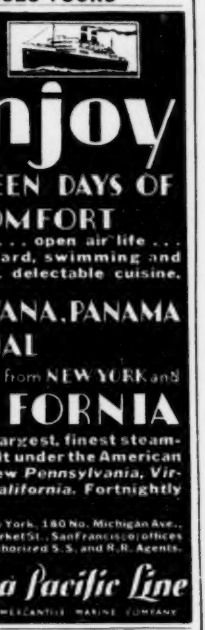
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The standard travel guide for a world cruise in an attractive limp leather binding — pocket size. $5.00

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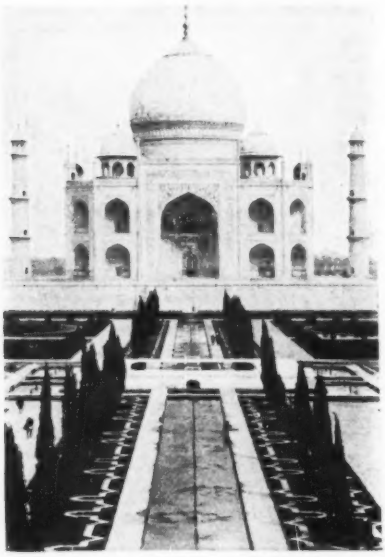
***For Other Travel Announcements See Following Pages***

# AROUND THE WORLD

ON THE CUNARD SUPER-CRUISING STEAMER **FRANCONIA** SAILING FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 11 NEXT



The Taj Mahal

## WONDER OF WONDERS

India—palaces emblazoned with uncut jewels sparkling on golden spires...soft-voiced children playing in treasure-lined bazaars . . . and ghats, ever-burning by sacred rivers reflecting halls and mosques of Brahma, Siva and Vishnu . . . in Bombay and Benares, Agra and Delhi, Fatehpur-Sikri and Sikandra... just part of this living pageant.

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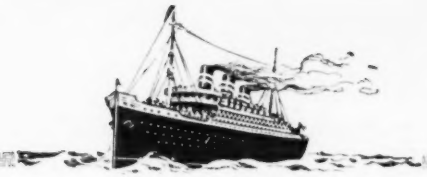

# STEAMSHIP SAILINGS

**SAILINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE**

**American Merchant Line** — **17 Battery Place**
New York to London

| | |
|---|---|
| AMERICAN SHIPPER | Oct. 31 |
| AMERICAN TRADER | Nov. 7 |
| AMERICAN FARMER | Nov. 14 |
| AMERICAN BANKER | Nov. 21 |
| AMERICAN MERCHANT | Nov. 28 |

**Anchor Line** — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
New York to Londonderry and Glasgow

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CAMERONIA | Nov. 2 | Nov. 30 |
| TRANSYLVANIA | Nov. 9 | Dec. 7 |
| CALEDONIA | Nov. 16 | Dec. 14 |

**Atlantic Transport** — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and London

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *MINNEWASKA | Oct. 26 | Nov. 23 |
| MINNESOTA | xNov. 2 | xNov. 30 |
| *MINNETONKA | Nov. 9 | Dec. 7 |
| MINNEKAHDA | †Nov. 16 | †Dec. 14 |

†Via Plymouth and Boulogne xVia Boulogne

**Canadian Pacific** — **Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.**
St. John to Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *MINNEDOSA | †Oct. 26 | †Nov. 26 |
| DUCHESS OF ATHOL | †Nov. 1 | Dec. 6 |
| MONTROSE | †Nov. 7 | Jan. 3 |
| *MELITA | †Nov. 8 | Jan. 24 |
| MONTCALM | †Nov. 14 | Dec. 12 |
| DUCHESS OF YORK | †Nov. 22 | Dec. 18 |
| *MONTCLARE | †Nov. 23 | Apr. 2 |

†From Montreal

Quebec to Cherbourg and Southampton

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND | | Oct. 31 |
| EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA | | Nov. 23 |

**Clyde Steamship Company**
New York to Charleston, Jacksonville

| | |
|---|---|
| MOHAWK | Oct. 29 |
| IROQUOIS | Oct. 31 |

N. Y. to Charleston, Jacksonville and Miami

| | |
|---|---|
| SEMINOLE | Nov. 2 |

**Cosulich Line** — **17 Battery Place, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Lisbon, Gibraltar, Marseilles, Naples, Patras and Trieste

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| VULCANIA | Nov. 2 | Dec. 7 |
| SATURNIA | Nov. 20 | Jan. 9 |

N. Y. and Boston to Azores, Lisbon, Palermo, Naples and Trieste

| | |
|---|---|
| PRESIDENTE WILSON | Dec. 7 |

**Cunard Line** — **25 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BERENGARIA | Oct. 30 | Nov. 20 |
| MAURETANIA | Nov. 6 | Nov. 27 |
| AQUITANIA | Nov. 13 | Jan. 17 |

N. Y. to Plymouth, Havre and London

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *TUSCANIA | | Nov. 1 |
| LANCASTRIA | | Nov. 15 |
| ALAUNIA | | Nov. 30 |

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) Liverpool

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| FRANCONIA | | Oct. 26 |
| *SCYTHIA | | Nov. 2 |
| CARINTHIA | | Nov. 9 |
| *LACONIA | | Nov. 16 |
| SAMARIA | | Nov. 23 |

Montreal to Plymouth, Havre and London

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ALAUNIA | | Nov. 1 |
| AURANIA | | Nov. 8 |
| AUSONIA | | Nov. 15 |
| *ASCANIA | | Nov. 22 |

Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| LETITIA | | Nov. 1 |
| ANTONIA | | Nov. 8 |
| ATHENIA | | Nov. 15 |
| ANDANIA | | Nov. 22 |

**Dollar Steamship Line** — **604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**
N. Y. to California via Panama, Around the World
Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PRES. GARFIELD | | Nov. 7 |
| PRES. POLK | | Nov. 21 |

**Eastern S. S. Lines** — **Pier 25, No. River, N. Y.**
Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk, Va.
Regular Sailings daily except Sunday, in each direction
Boston & Yarmouth S.S. Co. (India Wharf, Boston)
Boston to Yarmouth

| | |
|---|---|
| Regular Sailings | Mondays and Thursdays |

**French Line** — **19 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre-Paris

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ILE DE FRANCE | Nov. 8 | Dec. 6 |
| FRANCE | Nov. 22 | Dec. 12 |

N. Y. to Havre-Paris

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *DE GRASSE | Oct. 30 | Dec. 5 |
| *ROCHAMBEAU | Nov. 21 | Dec. 26 |

New York-Vigo-Bordeaux

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *ROUSSILLON | | Dec. 4 |
| LA BOURDONNAIS | | Dec. 11 |

**Furness Bermuda Line** — **Whitehall St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Bermuda

| | |
|---|---|
| Regular Sailings | Wednesdays and Saturdays |

**Grace Line** — **10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Canal Zone and West Coast, South America via Havana

| | |
|---|---|
| Fortnightly Service | Sailing Thursdays |

**Hamburg-American Line, 39 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| DEUTSCHLAND | | Nov. 23 |
| WESTPHALIA | | Dec. 3 |

N. Y. to Cobh, Hamburg

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CLEVELAND | Nov. 2 | Dec. 7 |
| *THURINGIA | Nov. 5 | Dec. 21 |

**Holland-America Line** — **24 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| NEW AMSTERDAM | | Nov. 2 |
| VOLENDAM | | Nov. 9 |
| STATENDAM | | Nov. 20 |
| VEENDAM | | Dec. 7 |

**Italian Line (N. G. I.)** — **1 State St., N. Y.**
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AUGUSTUS | Oct. 26 | Nov. 30 |
| ROMA | Nov. 14 | Dec. 12 |

**Lloyd Sabaudo Line** — **3 State St., N. Y.**
New York to Gibraltar, Naples and Genoa

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CONTE BIANCAMANO | Nov. 9 | Dec. 10 |
| CONTE GRANDE | Nov. 23 | Jan. 4 |

**Lamport & Holt Line** — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Barbados-Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| VOLTAIRE | Nov. 9 | Jan. 18 |
| VAUBAN | Nov. 23 | F b. 1 |
| VANDYCK | Dec. 21 | Mar. 1 |

**Clyde-Mallory Line**
New York to Miami and Galveston

| | |
|---|---|
| HENRY R. MALLORY | Nov. 2 |

**Morgan Line**
(Southern Pacific Steamship Lines)
Sailing every Saturday from New York to New Orleans

**Munson S. S. Lines** — **67 Wall St., N. Y.**
New York to Rio de Janeiro-Santos-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

| | |
|---|---|
| Fortnightly Service | Sailing Saturdays |

New York to Nassau, Bahamas

| | |
|---|---|
| Weekly Service | Sailing Fridays |

**New York and Porto Rico S. S. Co.**
N. Y. to San Juan and Santo Domingo

| | |
|---|---|
| SAN LORENZO | Oct. 31 |
| COAMO | Nov. 7 |

**North German Lloyd** — **57 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cobh-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BERLIN | Oct. 26 | Dec. 7 |
| *MUENCHEN | Oct. 31 | Nov. 28 |
| *KARLSRUHE | | Nov. 9 |
| *STUTTGART | Nov. 13 | Dec. 11 |
| BREMEN | Nov. 15 | Dec. 15 |
| *DRESDEN | Nov. 21 | Dec. 24 |
| COLUMBUS | | Dec. 20 |

*One class cabin steamer

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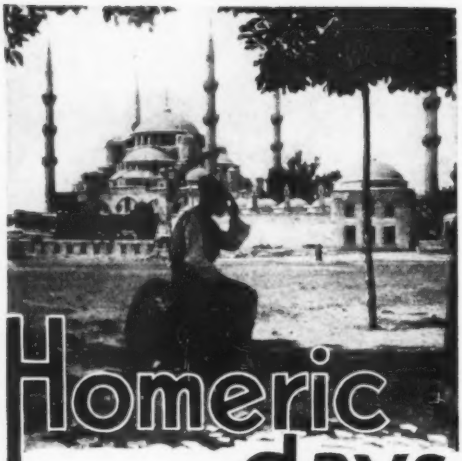

# Homeric days

In Constantinople. The real, the unreal. Hero and Leander, St. Sofia; Jason and the Argo; Pan and Aphrodite, Pera, Stamboul and Scutari. The East, the West—a racial panorama—living, seething, throbbing on Galata Bridge. Mosques and minarets, coffee houses, bazaars. Bewilderingly beautiful—Constantinople, visited on the

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from New York January 25th next

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## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

**Pacific Line** — **26 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Havana-Panama-Callao-Valparaiso
Regular Sailings ..... Every Four Weeks

**Panama-Pacific Line** — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to California and return via Havana and Panama Canal

| From New York | | From San Francisco | |
|---|---|---|---|
| CALIFORNIA | Nov. 2 | VIRGINIA | Oct. 26 |
| VIRGINIA | Nov. 16 | PENNSYLVANIA | Nov. 9 |
| PENNSYLVANIA | Nov. 30 | CALIFORNIA | Nov. 23 |

**Red Star Line** — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

| | |
|---|---|
| ARABIC | Oct. 26 |
| LAPLAND | Nov. 2 |
| PENNLAND | Nov. 9 |

**Royal Mail** — **26 Broadway**
N. Y. to Bermuda
S.S. AVON ..... Sails Every Thursday

**United States Lines** — **45 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| LEVIATHAN | Nov. 2 | Nov. 21 |

N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| AMERICA | | Oct. 26 |
| PRES. HARDING | Oct. 30 | Nov. 27 |
| PRES. ROOSEVELT | Nov. 6 | Nov. 30 |
| REPUBLIC | Nov. 9 | Dec. 11 |
| GEORGE WASHINGTON | Nov. 13 | Dec. 14 |

**Ward Line**
New York to Havana

| | |
|---|---|
| SIBONEY | Nov. 2 |
| ORIZABA | Nov. 9 |

**White Star Line** — **1 Broadway, N. Y.**
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| OLYMPIC | Nov. 1 | Nov. 23 |
| HOMERIC | Nov. 9 | Nov. 30 |
| MAJESTIC | Nov. 15 | Dec. 6 |

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown)-Liverpool

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ALBERTIC | Oct. 26 | Nov. 23 |
| ADRIATIC | | Nov. 2 |
| CEDRIC | Nov. 9 | Dec. 7 |
| BALTIC | Nov. 16 | Dec. 14 |

Montreal-Quebec-Liverpool

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| LAURENTIC | | Oct. 26 |
| DORIC | | xNov. 2 |
| REGINA | | xNov. 16 |

x Via Glasgow and Belfast

**American Mail Line**
Seattle and Victoria, B. C., to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Round the World. Fortnightly sailings from Seattle and Victoria, B. C., on Saturdays

| | |
|---|---|
| PRES. JEFFERSON | Nov. 2 |
| PRES. LINCOLN | Nov. 16 |

**Canadian Pacific**
Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| EMPRESS OF RUSSIA | Nov. 2 | Dec. 21 |
| EMPRESS OF ASIA | Nov. 23 | Jan. 11 |
| EMPRESS OF CANADA | †Dec. 7 | Feb. 8 |

†Omits Nagasaki

**Dollar Steamship Line**
Los Angeles and San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World. Weekly Sailings from Los Angeles on Mondays; San Francisco on Fridays

| | |
|---|---|
| PRES. WILSON | Nov. 1 |
| PRES. GRANT | Nov. 8 |
| PRES. HAYES | Nov. 15 |
| PRES. CLEVELAND | Nov. 29 |

**Los Angeles S. S. Co.**
Los Angeles to Honolulu

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| CALAWAII | Oct. 26 | Nov. 23 |
| CITY OF HONOLULU | Nov. 16 | Dec. 14 |

**Matson Line**
San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, Australia.
San Francisco to Honolulu Service

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| MALOLO | Jan. 11 | Jan. 25 |
| MANOA | Oct. 30 | Nov. 27 |
| MAUI | Nov. 6 | Dec. 4 |
| SONOMA | Dec. 12 | Feb. 13 |
| MATSONIA | Nov. 20 | Dec. 18 |
| VENTURA | Oct. 31 | Jan. 2 |
| SIERRA | Nov. 21 | Jan. 23 |

**Nippon Yusen Kaisha (N. Y. K. Line)**
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki Shanghai and Hongkong

| | |
|---|---|
| YOKOHAMA MARU | Nov. 2 |
| MISHIMA MARU | Nov. 30 |

The only South America Cruise that visits all South America—West Coast, East Coast and the Straits of Magellan

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

# Round South America Cruise

*Sailing February 1, 1930*
*on the Cunard Liner, "Samaria"*

¶ The most unusual of all cruises—run only by Raymond-Whitcomb and only every few years ⇝ In its complete circuit of South America it visits all the great cities and interesting sections—the Inca ruins of *Peru*, *Arequipa* in the high Andes . . . the famous Nitrate Country, the Chilean Lakes and Fjords, brilliant Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos and the matchless Rio de Janeiro. All in two months of the late southern summer.

*Rates, $1250 and upward*

*Send for the booklet*—"ROUND SOUTH AMERICA"

## West Indies Cruises

¶ Four winter cruises on new Holland-America 31,000 ton liner "Statendam" . . . notable for the luxury of her Public Rooms, the size of staterooms and generous deck space. Sailing on December 21, 1929, January 9, January 29 and February 25, 1930 . . . Rates, $200 and upward

***Land Cruises to Mexico***
**on the Raymond-Whitcomb special Land Cruise Trains**

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**Agents in the principal cities**

VENICE! As a matter of course the Raymond-Whitcomb Mediterranean Cruise will go to *Venice*, Queen of the Adriatic. And to *Egypt* (for ten memorable days) and the *Holy Land*—to *Constantinople* and *Athens*—*Naples*, *Sicily*, and the *Riviera*—*Spain* and *North Africa*. For all these are essential to any complete Mediterranean Cruise. ¶ And because it is a Raymond-Whitcomb Cruise with traditions of furnishing more than the usual program—and of seasoning the route with picturesque, out-of-the-way places—it will go also to *Valona* in quaint, unknown Albania—to *Ragusa* and *Cattaro*, two typical Balkan towns—to *Cyprus* with memories of Othello and the Crusades—and to ancient, walled *Rhodes*, city of the Knights of Malta.

Take it for a winter holiday!

RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

## *Mediterranean Cruise*

Sailing January 23, 1930, on the S. S. "*Carinthia*"
*Rates, $1000 and upward*

## ROUND THE WORLD CRUISE

On the North German Lloyd Liner "*Columbus*," largest and fastest liner to sail round the world. With less time at sea than any other world cruise, yet complete in its calls and shore excursions. Sailing January 21. Rates, $2000 and upward.

***Land Cruises to California***
**on the Raymond-Whitcomb special Land Cruise Trains**

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# EGYPT . . . and the MEDITERRANEAN

Naples

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**Don't 'see Naples and die' . . . See Naples and eat *gnocchi* in the dining room of the Excelsior . . . drive out to brooding beautiful Pompeii. Listen to a brown fisher boy sing *Santa Lucia* in the tiny piazza at Capri . . . let the warm lazy charm of Sorrento and Amalfi have its caressing way . . . revel in the singing, sensuous, vine-sweetened Neapolitan drama. The Mauretania sails into the Bay of Naples when it is at its magnificent best . . . The superb Cunarder, with her familiar charm, her adherence to the best transatlantic traditions, calls at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche, Athens, Alexandria and Haifa, at the height of their seasons and at their most fascinating time. The Mauretania sails from New York February 20th . . . returns via Southampton.**

**N. Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche and Naples . . . . . $275 up**

**N. Y. to Athens, Haifa and Alexandria . . . . . $350 up**

# CUNARD LINE

## STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Cont.)

**Nippon Yusen Kaisha**—*Continued*
San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Keelung and Hongkong
ASAMA MARU . . . . . Nov. 6
TAIYO MARU . . . . . Nov. 20

## TOURS and CRUISES

### *Mediterranean*

**James Boring's Travel Service**
S.S. Calgaric . . . . . Feb. 15, 1930

**Canadian Pacific**
Empress of Scotland . . . . . Feb. 3, 1930
Empress of France . . . . . Feb. 13, 1930

**Frank C. Clark**
S.S. Transylvania . . . . . Jan. 29, 1930

**Thos. Cook & Son**
S.S. Homeric . . . . . Jan. 25, 1930

**Frank Tourist Co.**
S.S. Scythia . . . . . Jan. 28, 1930

**Holland-America Line**
S.S. Rotterdam . . . . . Feb. 6, 1930

**Raymond-Whitcomb**
S.S. Carinthia . . . . . Jan. 3, 1930, Apr. 8, 1930

**White Star Line**
S.S. Laurentic . . . . . Jan. 9, Feb. 27
S.S. Adriatic . . . . . Jan. 18, Mar. 8
S.S. Homeric . . . . . Jan. 25

### *Round the World*

**Canadian Pacific**
Empress of Australia . . . . . Dec. 2, 1929
**Thos. Cook & Son**
S.S. Franconia . . . . . Jan. 11, 1930
**Cunard Line**
S.S. Franconia . . . . . Jan. 11, 1930
**Hamburg-American Line**
S.S. Resolute . . . . . Jan. 6, 1930
**Raymond-Whitcomb**
S.S. Columbus . . . . . Jan. 21, 1930
**Red Star Line**
S.S. Belgenland . . . . . Dec. 20, 1929
**University Travel Association, & En Route Service, Inc.**
S.S. Letitia . . . . . Dec. 28, 1929, Jan. 4, 1930

### *West Indies*

**James Boring's Travel Service**
S.S. Calgaric . . . . . Jan. 18, 1930
**Canadian Pacific**
Duchess of Bedford, Dec. 23, 1929, Jan. 10, Feb. 11, 1930
**Cosulich Line**
M. V. Vulcania . . . . . Jan. 23, Feb. 14
**Cunard Line**
S.S. Franconia . . . . . Dec. 3, Dec. 21, 1929
S.S. Carinthia . . . . . Dec. 18, 1929, Jan. 6, 1930
S.S. Caronia . . . . . Dec. 26, 1929
S.S. Carmania . . . . . Dec. 27, 1929
S.S. Caledonia . . . . . Jan. 16, Feb. 15, Mar. 15, 1930
**Frank Tourist Co.**
S.S. Volendam . . . . . Jan. 25, Feb. 15, Mar. 8, 1930
S.S. Veendam . . . . . Feb. 11, 1930
**Hamburg-American Line**
S.S. Reliance . . . . . Dec. 17, 1929, Jan. 4, 1930
**Holland-America Line**
S.S. Volendam . . . . . Jan. 25, Feb. 15, Mar. 8, 1930
S.S. Veendam . . . . . Feb. 11, 1930
**Raymond-Whitcomb**
S.S. Statendam
Dec. 21, 1929, Jan. 9, Jan. 29, Feb. 25, 1930
**Red Star Line**
S.S. Lapland . . . . . Dec. 28, Jan. 11, Jan. 25
**Ward Line**
Regular Sailings

### *Mediterranean & Norway*

**Frank C. Clark**
S.S. Lancastria . . . . . June 28, 1930

### *Round South America*

**Raymond-Whitcomb**
S.S. Samaria . . . . . Feb. 1, 1930

### *Midnight Sun—North Cape—Europe*

**James Boring's Travel Service**
S.S. Calgaric . . . . . June 28, 1930

### *Oriental Winter Cruise*

**American Mail Line**
Pres. Cleveland . . . . . Jan. 25, 1930

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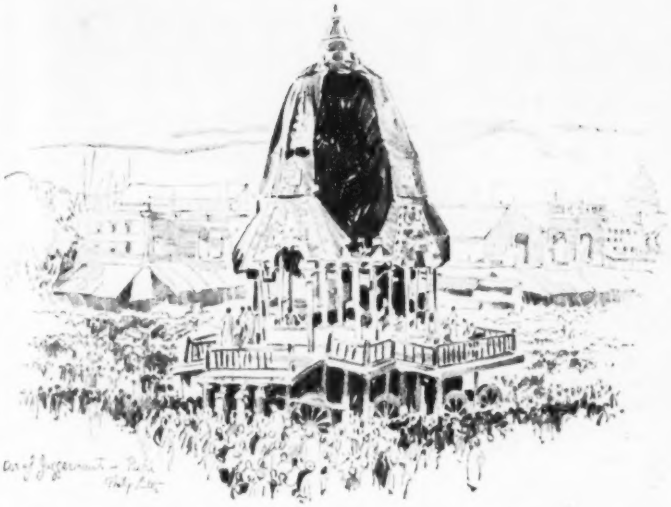

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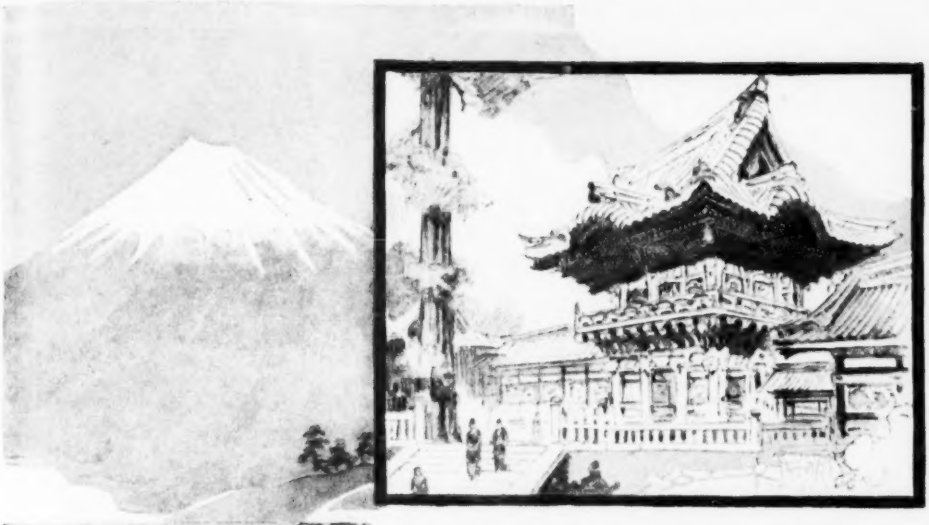

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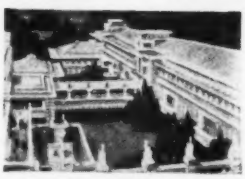

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There's the Côte Basque along the pounding Biscay . . . Biarritz, where the beret came from and the clever photographers go to snap the fashionables . . . St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye for golf . . . and then, across the Pyrenees where you stop for winter sports . . . the Côte d'Or and the Côte d'Azur, strung with resorts so many and so varied that all tastes are met . . . Marseilles, the greatest port in France, clustered about with beaches . . . Cannes, where the international set foregathers . . . Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, Villefranche, scene of the February naval Battle of the Flowers, Monte Carlo, where the battle is of wits.

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At Useppa you can play golf on one of the sportiest courses in the South. The holes are well trapped and the splendidly conditioned fairways roll from tee to green twixt rows of palms and beautiful stretches of water. And fishing — Useppa Island is right in the heart of the most famous fishing waters on the West Coast. All year round many varieties of fish are plentiful. Late in the winter and in early spring, the giant tarpon puts in his appearance. If you play tennis, courts of championship standard await you in a tropic glade by the water's edge. If you swim, the warm Gulf is tonic and Useppa's stretch of fine beach is ideal for "worshippers of the Sun." Guide boats will take you whither your fancy dictates.

At this early date, it is possible to make a selection of reservations. Until December 20th, please address communications to J. F. Valleley, Florida Gulf Coast Hotels, 220 West 42nd Street, New York. After December 20th, write to Useppa Inn, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida.

# *Colorful*...FALL AND WINTER IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

*Colorful Palm Springs painted by Hanson Puthuff*

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SUNSET in the desert! Words are but feeble things to tell of the aura of color . . . of the chromatic fantasy of tone . . . of the great blotched shadows of lilac, blue and green . . . painting the mountain sides . . . extending through canyons . . . and far out over the desert plain. Not to have seen the desert sun go to its rest is to have missed one of life's great experiences.

But what can you do in this marvelous desert country? Is it all sunset and scenery?

You may ride the hills; you may follow winding trails across the mesa; you may explore the bridle paths of the canyons; you may golf . . . play tennis. Fine pools invite you to a morning plunge. You will find here every kind of sport that you'll find anywhere and a perfect climate will add zest to your enjoyment—and a robust quality to your appetite.

For the desert has been tamed. Here in a Southern California desert oasis surrounded by vast stretches of sandy waste you will find everything that civilization can offer. Fine hotels . . . sports . . . and the kind of people you like to meet and know.

Southern California has wonderful diversions to offer for your pleasure. Come early this winter. Come to her mountains . . . her deserts . . . her coasts.

Los Angeles County's vast oil fields are a sight to see . . . its agricultural output approximates $95,000,000 yearly.

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NEVER make the mistake of underestimating the menace of a cold or sore throat. Either may develop into serious or fatal complications. You can probably recall such a case among your friends. Statistics show that every year respiratory diseases cause more than a million deaths.

At the first sign of a troubled throat gargle with full strength Listerine and call your physician. If the irritation is mild, Listerine will usually check it. If it is not, the doctor will diagnose the real trouble and treat it properly.

Against ordinary colds and sore throat, however, full strength Listerine is amazingly effective. It has nipped in the bud thousands of cases of sore throat. That is because it is fatal to germs which cause infection.

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*Mothers, note this*

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¶ Sophisticates enticed by the bizarre have opened the season each year a little earlier. They have come to know the rapture of Christmas under a velvet sky . . . windows ablaze in the palaces of departed Hawaiian Kings . . . clear-throated carols ascending to pendant stars that glow like orbs of fire through the fronds of swaying palms . . . They come in the mellow beauty of autumn to linger until languorous spring bursts into the crashing colors of Hawaiian summer . . . For them winter is only a fiction . . . They know tonight the miracle of a moon of molten silver pouring its translucent sheen over majestic mountains and dancing waters . . . the haunting harmony of sobbing steel-guitars and plaintive voices that rise and fall on vagrant breezes that drift in from the sea.

¶ They have learned that Hawaii is just a *few days* away... a land of enchantment where shimmering rainbows drape verdant golf courses... where friendly beach-boys weave native hats or conquer racing waves, erect on charging surf-boards... where sporty denizens of the deep lurk in constant challenge to the mettle of the ardent fisherman, or idle days may be dreamed away in tropic bowers still primitive and unspoiled.

¶ *You can go from any of the four great gateways of the Pacific in four to six days, according to the liner selected. And you do not have to bother with passports or other formalities. Hawaii is an integral part of the United States—as much so as your own State.*

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*autumn does not seem to fall for*

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this year — summer is still paying her such ardent court and wise folk are enjoying the balmy sea breezes and the pure violet sun rays from comfortable deck chairs on the porches of

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# COOK'S NILE SERVICES

Nomadic, life-giving, immortal—the Nile . . . beautiful theatre of Egypt's colorful history . . . age-old cities, temples, pyramids, treasures galore. Cook's Own Nile Fleet . . . the paramount service . . . the most luxurious, most comfortable steamers and private Dahabeahs . . . from Cairo to the First and Second Cataracts. Regular service schedule commences November 13.

**Thos. Cook & Son**
585 Fifth Ave., New York

in co-operation with

**Wagons-Lits Co.**

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Rock Island

NEW *de luxe*

# GOLDEN STATE LIMITED TO CALIFORNIA

**A Cruise Through a Topaz Sea**

and its archipelago of green oases—through the glorious sunshine of Arizona to California—where mountain-hemmed resorts, luxurious hotels and unique playgrounds summon the traveler to rest and recreation in a land steeped in sunshine and color. Plan to stop over.

**America's Newest, Finest Train**

***Convenient Schedule—Minimum daylight hours en route—Only 2 days Chicago to California—3 days from Coast to Coast.***

**Every Travel Luxury—No Extra Fare**

***Rock Island-Southern Pacific Golden State Route***

Best and shortest way Chicago to El Paso, Tucson, Chandler, Phoenix, Indio and Palm Springs. Quickest by hours. Thru sleepers from St. Louis and Minneapolis.

***Direct Low Altitude Route to Los Angeles and San Diego***

# ROCK ISLAND

***THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE***

***For detailed information, mail this coupon***

Rock Island Vacation Travel Service Bureau
764 La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me literature descriptive of Arizona and California and full information regarding train schedules and service via Golden State Route.

Name_____

Address_____

# Warm, dry *Sunshine* -all Winter in TUCSON

It's always springtime here! Blue sky and warm, dry sunshine from October to May. ♥ Come to Tucson for the sunniest winter in America—a real Western vacation. ♥ Ride the range with the cowboys, visit Indian villages, explore Old Missions, enjoy gay Mexico. ♥ Golf (guest cards to visitors), tennis, aviation, hunting—all convenient to shops, theatres and good hotels.

**Write the Sunshine Club for booklet, advice, reservations, etc. Use coupon. Winter rates and stop-overs on Rock Island and Southern Pacific Lines.**

*This advertisement authorized by Pima County Immigration Commission*

## *Tucson Sunshine-Climate Club* ARIZONA

**913 Old Pueblo Bldg., Tucson, Arizona**

*Please send me the free "SUNSHINE BOOKLET"*

Name_____

Address_____

# Camden

*South Carolina*

**THE-SUNSHINE-TOWN AMID-THE-PINES**

*Midway Winter Health Resort*

Come, rest and play—three excellent golf courses, hunting, horseback riding, polo, motoring, aviation, pine air and sunshine. Hotels and Cottages of all sizes and price range.

A sincere welcome awaits you.

*Write for Booklet*

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**
110 De Kalb Street, Camden, S. C.

*Going Abroad?*

MARBLE'S ROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL GUIDE

"The author, an experienced hand, has successfully filled a large order in compressing directions for a world tour into 400 pages with facts of many kinds and descriptions about the countries to be visited."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $5.00

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street New York, N. Y.

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# TO *everywhere* IN CANADA

YOU can board a Canadian National train at Montreal and travel to the Pacific or Atlantic coasts *without changing cars.*

Canadian National is the largest railway system in America, with more than 23,000 miles of tracks and an army of 108,000 employees in its service.

On Canadian National trains you have radio reception as in your home, observation compartments for sun-baths through Vita-Glass, perfection of dining service, the last luxury in sleeping accommodation. You have every refinement of travel which men can build.

If you wish to stop enroute there are Canadian National Hotels to serve you, Canadian National vacation resorts for your recreation, Canadian National fishing and hunting camps for adventure, and there are Canadian National Steamships, telegraph system, radio stations, express service—every service of travel or communication or recreation.

Tomorrow, perhaps, you will be able to telephone your office or home from Canadian National trains as they speed across the continent. Already this has been accomplished by Canadian National engineers for the first time in history. Tomorrow new marvels of oil-electric may replace the steam locomotives of today. All the maximums of luxury and efficiency which are the proud standard of today will be superseded by Canadian National tomorrow by something finer, better, greater.

To everywhere in Canada—Canadian National will take you and serve you. Canadian National is your open door and your guide to Canada.

## CANADIAN NATIONAL

THE LARGEST RAILWAY SYSTEM IN AMERICA

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| BOSTON<br>333 Washington St. | CINCINNATI<br>49 E. Fourth St. | DULUTH<br>430 W. Superior St. | MINNEAPOLIS<br>518 Second Ave. So. | PHILADELPHIA<br>1420-22 Chestnut St. | PORTLAND, ORE.<br>302 Yamhill St. | SAN FRANCISCO<br>689 Market St. |
| BUFFALO<br>420 Main St. | CLEVELAND<br>925 Euclid Ave. | KANSAS CITY<br>705 Walnut St. | | PITTSBURGH<br>355 Fifth Ave. | ST. LOUIS<br>314 No. Broadway | SEATTLE<br>1329 Fourth Avenue |
| CHICAGO<br>4 S. Michigan Ave. | DETROIT<br>1523 Washington Blvd. | LOS ANGELES<br>607 So. Grand Ave. | NEW YORK<br>505 Fifth Ave. | PORTLAND, ME.<br>Grand Trunk Ry. Sta. | ST. PAUL<br>83 East Fifth Street | WASHINGTON, D. C.<br>901—15th St., N. W. |

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# Advertisements are a guide to value

EXPERTS can roughly estimate the value of a product by looking at it. More accurately, by handling and examining it. Its appearance, its texture, the "feel" and the balance of it all mean something to their trained eyes and fingers.

But no one person can be an expert on steel, brass, wood, leather, foodstuffs, fabrics, and all of the materials that make up a list of personal purchases. And even experts are fooled, sometimes, by concealed flaws and imperfections.

There is a surer index of value than the senses of sight and touch . . . knowledge of the maker's name and for what it stands. Here is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship, or the use of shoddy materials.

This is one important reason why it pays to read advertisements and to buy advertised goods. The product that is advertised is worthy of your confidence.

# YOU know that California is the ideal place to spend the winter. YOU may not know the best way to get there

THE Santa Fe operates six daily trains to California. THE CHIEF is the fastest and only extra fare train to Southern California. The California Limited and Grand Canyon Limited are exclusively first-class—no extra fare. And then the Navajo, Scout and Missionary.

***On Your Way the Indian-detour and Grand Canyon.***

*Fred Harvey dining service is another exclusive feature. Block signal safeguards, too.*

Midwinter Escorted All-Expense Tours on certain days in January, February and March.

**clip and mail coupon**

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines
1213 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Please mail picture-folders checked below:

☐ Escorted all-expense Tours ☐ The Indian-detour
☐ Grand Canyon Outings ☐ California Picture Book

Santa Fe

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# HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR
## *Will Open January 1st*

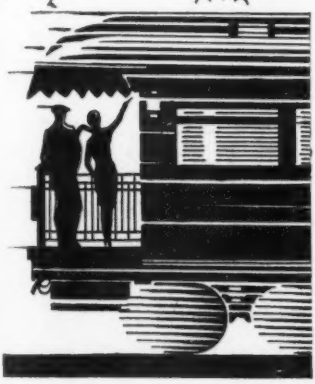
THE first of the year will bring the opening of the season at Hotel Charlotte Harbor, and a number of delightful interior refinements will be noted by the vanguard of our clientele. Each year it has been the pleasure of the management to announce the addition of new facilities and equipment designed to heighten the enjoyment of the guest at the Charlotte Harbor. Last season the magnificent swimming pool, the yacht basin and the vita glass Solarium were the prominent new features. This coming season the remodeled and redecorated interiors will make their bow, preliminary to their making life at the Charlotte Harbor more gracious than ever.

Looking to the outdoors one will find the Hotel Charlotte Harbor's 18-hole golf course in splendid condition. The swimming pool, set in the tropical park fronting the hotel, will claim its high place in the sun. The beach will give access to the tonic waters of the Gulf. Boats and tennis courts of championship standard will be available to guests. The traps will be open daily and the annual trapshooting tournaments will take place in February. Guides will be on hand to conduct hunting and fishing parties. "Sun bathing" in the Solarium, cards and dancing will be popular indoors. For further details and reservations write, P. P. Schutt, Manager, Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida. An illustrated folder will also be sent on request.

*The Hotel Charlotte Harbor is in Punta Gorda on the West Coast of Florida, about one hundred miles south of Tampa. Above shows the hotel course.*

# Union Pacific

## ·· LOS ANGELES LIMITED



### A DELUXE TRAIN BUT NO EXTRA FARE ···

**Aboard the Los Angeles Limited, travelling becomes a luxurious diversion—63 hours of restful adventure.**

***Train features*—Observation club car, dining cars serving the finest of meals, Pullmans, modern to the moment, barber, valet, bath, maid and manicure. *The route*—marvelously smooth through the West's most magnificent scenery. These are the factors that have made this train famous the world over.**

**Make your next journey to California on the Los Angeles Limited. We predict that you too will become one of its ardent admirers. Leaves Chicago 8:10 P. M.**

***Eight Other Fine Trains to California from Chicago and St. Louis***

**Including the new 58 hour extra fare Overland Limited, finest and fastest train between Chicago and San Francisco; 63 hour all-Pullman San Francisco Limited; Gold Coast Limited; Continental Limited; Pacific Limited; Pacific Coast Limited.**

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 366
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.

Please send me complete information and booklets on California ☐ Death Valley—(*famous California winter resort*) ☐ Hawaii ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

*Send coupon today for California, Death Valley or Hawaii booklets which fully describe these winter playgrounds and the Overland Route's famous fleet of fine trains.*

# Union Pacific

**THE OVERLAND ROUTE**

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# "Daddy's gone a-hunting"

His desk is clear. His office-door is locked. The evening paper lies heaped beside his chair. The detective story has slipped to the floor beside his bed, two chapters before the end!

The gate of dreams has opened—and another hunter has joined the happy throng.

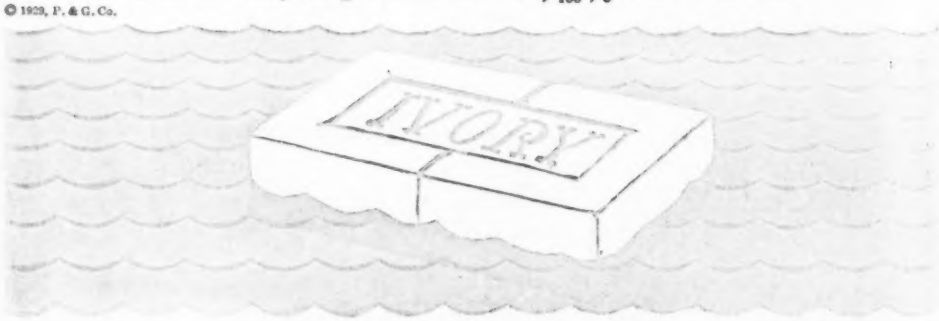
How quickly and silently they make that journey to dreamland—those smiling men and women, boys and girls, who end their busy day with a soothing Ivory bath!

But once there was a man who took his midnight bath with a cake of *sinker* soap. And all night long in his dreams he dived and dived. At dawn he woke, gasping for breath and weary with the struggle.

*Ivory* floats!

. . . kind to everything it touches · 99 44/100 % Pure · "It floats"

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

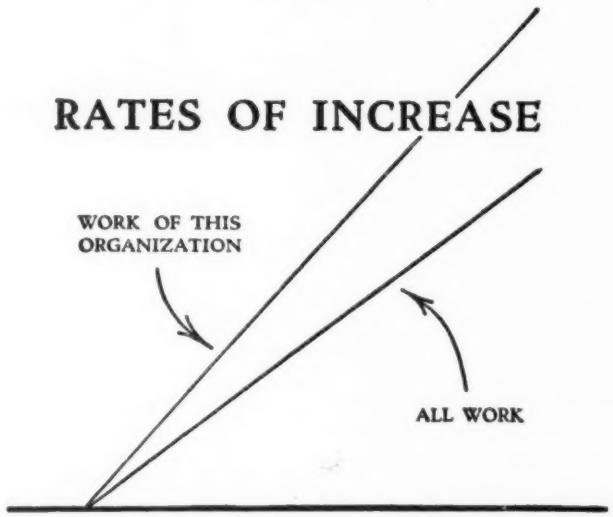



RUMFORD PRESS
CONCORD

# POWER CONSTRUCTION

The generating capacity of the country's power stations has doubled in the last seven years. The capacity of stations designed and built by this organization has doubled in less than five years.

## RATES OF INCREASE



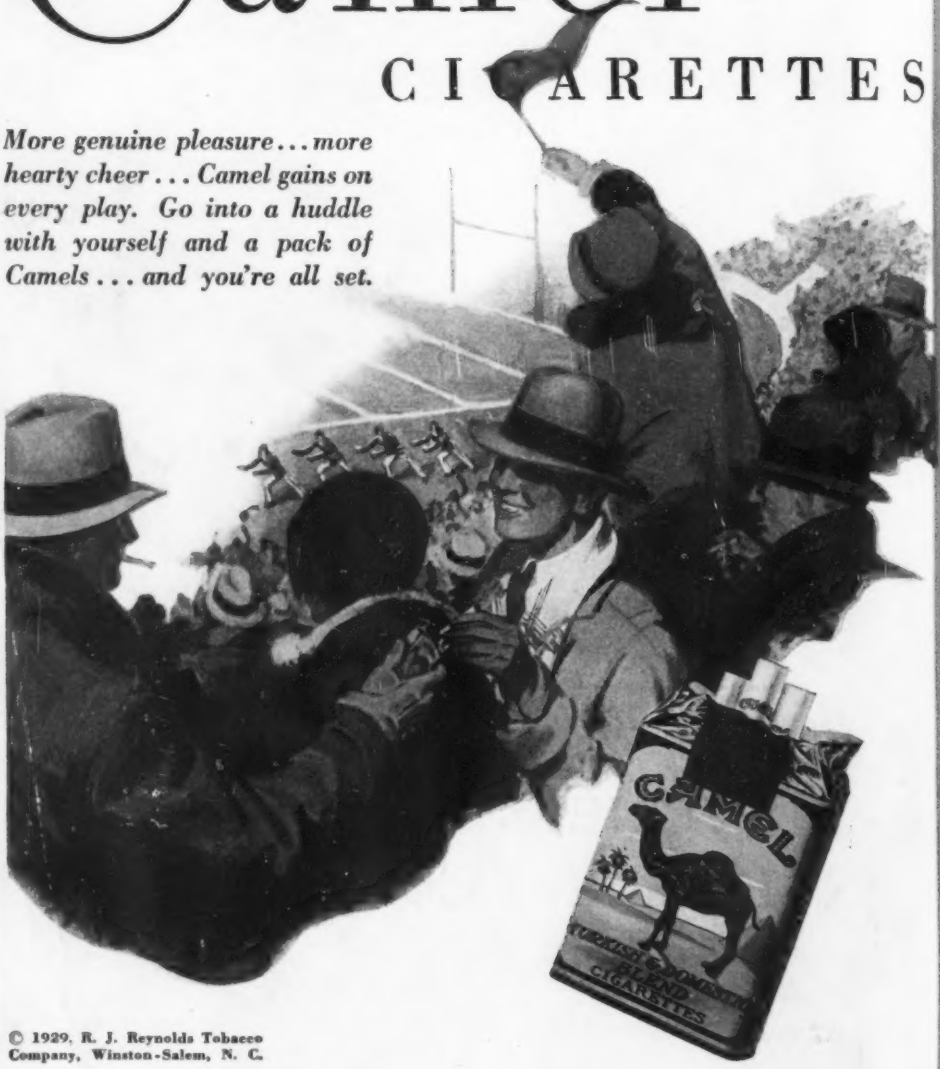

## STONE & WEBSTER ENGINEERING CORPORATION

*The cheer leader—*

# Camel

CIGARETTES

*More genuine pleasure... more hearty cheer... Camel gains on every play. Go into a huddle with yourself and a pack of Camels... and you're all set.*

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